MY FOLKS THE DIXONS

Volume II

Compiled by

CLARENCE D. TAYLOR

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MY FOLKS THE DIXONS
Volume II

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION I

My Folks The Dixons 2
Preface 3
Dedication to Maria Dixon Taylor 4
Photograph of Maria Dixon Taylor 5
Very Brief Life Sketch of Maria Dixon Taylor 7
Very Brief Life Sketch of Arthur N. Taylor 8
Dixon Arms and Crest 9
Photograph of Henry Aldous Dixon - Patriarch 11,12
Photograph of Sarah DeGrey Dixon 12
Photograph of Mary Smith Dixon 12
Photograph of First Generation Dixon Family 13
Children of Henry Aldous Dixon 14
"My Folks" (verse) by Rhea Dixon Reeve 15

SECTION II

Henry A. Dixon Family Articles of Incorporation 17
List of many of the Dixon Enterprises 22
Dixon Cousin Club 23
The Dixon Brickyard History 25
Taylor Brothers Company History 27
Taylor Bros. Building Photo - 1890 - 1900 - 1959 26
Wildwood Resort History 31
Wildwood Photo's : 37
Timp Hike - Tennis Court - River Tubing - Swimming in River - A.N.T. Cabin - Pasture - Walter Dixon on Glacier - Residents meeting train - Diving board - Stewart's Cirque and Brickerhaven
Wildwood Lot Plat 40
Listing of Wildwood lot owners - present and past 41
Brickerhaven History 43
Provo Ice & Cold Storage Co. History 47
Block print of Harvesting Ice from a pond in winter time 46
Dixon Taylor Russell Co. History 51
Photo of Dixon Taylor Russell Co. Building 50
Dixon Real Estate Co. History 55
Photo of Dixon Real Estate Building 50
Farmers & Merchants Bank History 56
Photo of Farmers & Merchants Bank Building 50
Taylor Investment Co. History 57
Photo of Taylor Investment Co. Building 50

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SECTION II (Continued)

Page

South Fork Cattle Co. History 57
Photo of Charles O. Dixon, Mgr. of South Fork Cattle Co. 58
Photo of cattle in South Fork, Provo Canyon 58
Photo of Walter Dixon & wife, South Fork, Provo Canyon 58
Some of Dixon Fruit Farms and Ranches 59
Photo of Peach Packing at Hillcrest Farm 63
Photo of Taylor children at Hillcrest Farm, Provo Bench 63
Dixon Family and Education, History 65
List of Dixon School Teachers and Educators 66
Photo of Dixon Junior High School Building - Provo, Utah 68
Photo of 1820 Settlers First School Building - South Africa 68

SECTION III

List of Second Generation Dixons - in order of birthdate 69
Table counting 1st generation Dixon Families 72
Children of H. A. Dixon - their dates of birth and death 73
Grandchildren of H. A. Dixon who died as children 74

SECTION IV

Histories and Photo's of 1st & 2nd Generation Dixons:

Very Brief Life Sketch of John DeGrey Dixon 88
Very Brief Life Sketch of Sarah Lewis Dixon 122
Henry Aldous Dixon II Photo 75
Lucile Knowlden Dixon Photo 75
Henry Aldous Dixon II Family Photo 76
Henry Aldous Dixon II Houses in Provo - Ogden 76
Henry Aldous Dixon II History 77

Stanley Lewis Dixon Photo 83
Luella Madsen Dixon Photo 83
Maurine Welker Dixon Photo 83
Photo's of Stanley Lewis Dixon Families 84
Photo of Stanley Lewis Dixon House in Provo 84
Stanley Lewis Dixon History 85

Arthur Dixon Taylor Photo 89
Maurine Goodridge and Arthur D. Taylor Photo 89
Arthur Dixon Taylor Family Photo 89
Photo of Arthur Dixon Taylor House - Provo 89
Arthur Dixon Taylor History 91

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION IV (Continued)

Lynn Dixon Taylor Photo 97
Celestia Johnson Taylor Photo 97
Lynn Dixon Taylor Family Photo 98
Photo of Lynn Dixon Taylor House - Provo 98
Photo of Brickerhaven summer home 98
Brief Sketch of Life of Lynn Dixon Taylor 99
"Our Home on the Hill" by Lynn D. Taylor 100
Photo of "Our Home on the Hill - 1933" 111
John & Janice Taylor, children on the Hill, Photo 111
Photo of "Telephone Booth on the Hill" 111
Photo of Stewart's Cirque and Falls 112
Photo of Lynn D. Taylor at Brickerhaven 112
Photo of North Fork Creek 112

Rulon Sterling Dixon Photo 113
Erma Murdock Dixon Photo 113
Rulon Sterling Dixon Family Photo 114
Photo of Rulon Sterling Dixon House, Salt Lake City 114
"Abe" Dixon Photo 114
Photo of Rulon with his prize winning BantamChickens 114
Rulon Sterling Dixon History 115

Elton LeRoy Taylor Photo 123
Ethel Scott Taylor Photo 123
Elton LeRoy Taylor Family Photo 124
Photo of Elton LeRoy Taylor House, Lakeview -Provo 124
Photo of Elton at Lakeview farm 124
Hillcrest farm Photo with Elton 124
Elton LeRoy Taylor History 125

Erma Dixon Boshard Photo 129
Arnold Boshard Photo 129
Erma Dixon Boshard Family Photo's 130
Photo of Erma Dixon Boshard House - Provo 130
Erma Dixon Boshard summer Home - Wildwood 130
Erma Dixon Boshard History 131

Maud Dixon Markham Photo 133
Fred Lewis Markham Photo 133
Maud Dixon Markham Family Photo 134
Photo of Maud Dixon Markham House - Provo 134
Wildwood summer Home of Maud Dixon Markham 134
Maud Dixon Markham History 135

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION IV (Continued)

Rhea Dixon Reeve Photo 137
Fenton W. Reeve Photo 137
Rhea Dixon Reeve Family Photo 138
Photo of Rhea Dixon Reeve House - Provo 138
Rhea Dixon Reeve History 139

Nancy Shearsmith McConachie Armstrong Photo 145
Anthon Armstrong Photo 145
Nancy, Doris, Mary Shearsmith Photo 146
Mary Doris Armstrong Photo 146
Nancy McConachie Armstrong House - Provo 146
History of Nancy McConachie Armstrong 147

Royden James Dangerfield Photo 151
Birthplace Photo of Royden James Dangerfield 151
Royden James Dangerfield History 153

Leah Dixon Ford Photo 155
Mayo Ford Photo 155
Leah Dixon Ford Family Photo 156
Wallsburg summer Home of Leah Dixon Ford, Photo 156
Salt Lake City House of Leah Dixon Ford, Photo 156
Leah Dixon Ford History 157

Henry Dixon Taylor Photo 161
Alta Hansen Taylor Photo 161
Henry Dixon Taylor Family Photo's 162
Photo of Henry Dixon Taylor House - Provo 162
Brickerhaven summer Home of Henry Dixon Taylor 162
Henry Dixon Taylor History 163

Vernon Lee Dixon Photo 169
Loleta Wiscombe Dixon Photo 169
Vernon Lee Dixon Family Photo 170
Photo of Vernon Lee Dixon House - Provo 170
Vernon Lee Dixon History 171

Fred Walter Dixon Photo 175
Helen Chipman Dixon Photo 175
Fred Walter Dixon Family Photo 176
BYU "Preferred" Man - Fred W. Dixon Photo 176
"Buck"Dixon, "Heintz" Taylor, "Putt" Thomas Photo 176
Photo of Fred Walter Dixon House - Provo 176
Fred Walter Dixon History 177

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION IV (Continued)

Paul Smoot Dixon Photo 181
Ora Anderson Dixon Photo 181
Paul Smoot Dixon Family Photo 182
Photo of Paul Smoot Dixon House - Salt Lake City 182
Paul Smoot Dixon History 183

Harold Dixon Dangerfield Photo 191
Florence John Dangerfield Photo 191
Photo's of Harold Dixon Dangerfield Family 192
"Gingerbread" House of Harold D. Dangerfield, N. Y. 192
Harold Dixon Dangerfield History 193

Clifford Dixon Dangerfield Photo 195
Birthplace Photo of Clifford Dixon Dangerfield 195
Clifford Dixon Dangerfield History 197

Alice Taylor Nelson Photo 199
G. El Roy Nelson Photo 199
Alice Taylor Nelson Family Photo 200
Brickerhaven summer Home of Alice Taylor Nelson 200
Photo of Salt Lake House of Alice Taylor Nelson 200
Alice Taylor Nelson History 201

Afton Dixon Wagstaff Photo 203
Dermont W. Wagstaff Photo 203
Afton Dixon Wagstaff Family Photo 204
Photo of Afton Dixon Wagstaff House - Orem, Ut. 204
Afton Dixon Wagstaff History 205

Donald Maiben Dixon Photo 207
Lettie Romney Dixon Photo 207
Donald Maiben Dixon Family Photo 208
Photo of Salt Lake House of Donald Maiben Dixon 208
Donald Maiben Dixon History 209

Vesta Dixon Booth Photo 213
Albert Booth Photo 213
Vesta Dixon Booth Family Photo 214
Photo of Provo House of Vesta Dixon Booth 214
Vesta Dixon Booth History 215

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION IV (Continued)

Lynn Dixon West Photo 219
Mabel May Hansen Photo 219
Lynn Dixon West Family Photo's 220
Brief History of Lynn Dixon West 221
Donald Lynn West's Search and Finding Dixon Family
His Conversion to the LDS Church 222

Glen Hands Dixon Photo 225
Elva Schemensky Photo 225
Glen Hands Dixon Family Photo's 226
Birthplace of Glen Hands Dixon - Provo 226
Photo of Glen Hands Dixon House - Provo 226
Glen Hands Dixon History 227

Verl Grant Dixon Photo 229
Adryne Hodson Dixon Photo 229
Virginia Poulsen Dixon Photo 229
Verl Grant Dixon Family Photo's 230
Photo of Verl Grant Dixon House - Provo 230
Wildwood summer Home of Verl Grant Dixon 230
Verl Grant Dixon History 231

Eugene Parl Dixon Photo 233
Photo of Eugene Parl Dixon House - Provo 233
Eugene Parl Dixon History 235

Allie Dixon Gardner Photo 237
Reed Snow Gardner Photo 237
Photo of the Reed S. Gardner Family 238
Photo of Allie Dixon Gardner House - Berkeley 238
Allie Dixon Gardner History 239

Clarence Dixon Taylor
Life History in Pictures 241

VaLera Dixon Ririe Photo 249
Martin C. Ririe Photo 249
VaLera Dixon Ririe Family Photo's 250
Photo of VaLera Dixon Ririe House - San Bernardino 250
Va Lera Dixon Ririe History 251

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION IV (Continued)

Grace Dangerfield Harding Photo 257
Curtis P. Harding Photo 257
Grace Dangerfield Harding Family Photo 258
Photo of Grace Dangerfield House - Salt Lake City 258
Grace Dangerfield Harding History 259

Harry Albert Dixon Photo 263
Cecile Clark Dixon Photo 263
Harry Albert Dixon Family Photo 264
Photo of Harry Albert Dixon House - Provo 264
Harry Albert Dixon History 265

Mary Dixon Aikele Photo 267
Hyrum Aikele Photo 267
Mary Dixon Aikele Family Photo's 268
Photo of Mary Dixon Aikele House - Santa Barbara 268
Mary Dixon Aikele History 269

Sarah Dixon Summerhays Photo 273
Clyde J. Summerhays Photo 273
Sarah Dixon Summerhays Family Photo's 274
Brickerhaven summer Home of Sarah D. Summerhays 274
Photo of Sarah Dixon Summerhays House - Salt Lake 274
Sarah Dixon Summerhays History 275

Reed Dangerfield Dixon Photo 283
Mary Matilda Hills Dixon Photo 283
Reed Dangerfield Dixon Family Photo 284
Photo of Reed D. Dixon House - Provo 284
Reed Dangerfield Dixon History 285

Edna Dixon Ballif Photo 289
Mark Squire Ballif Photo 289
Edna Dixon Ballif Family Photo 290
Photo of Edna Dixon Ballif House - Ogden, Utah 290
Edna Dixon Ballif History 291

Mildred Dixon Tangren Photo 295
James Colin Tangren Photo 295
Mildred Dixon Tangren Family Photo 296
Photo of Mildred Dixon Tangren House - San Leandro 296
Mildred Dixon Tangren History 297

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION IV (Continued)

Ruby Dixon Cowley Photo 301
Angus Wayne Cowley Photo 301
Ruby Dixon Cowley Family Photo 302
Photo of Ruby Dixon Cowley House - Provo 302
Ruby Dixon Cowley History 303

Ralph Dixon Photo 307
Ruth Ward Dixon Photo 307
Ralph Dixon Family Photo 308
Photo of Ralph Dixon House - Orem 308
Ralph Dixon History 309

Ronald Dixon Photo 311
Verneda Jackson Dixon Photo 311
Ronald Dixon Family Photo 312
Wildwood summer Home of Ronald Dixon 312
Photo of Ronald Dixon House - Provo 312
Ronald Dixon History 313

Howard Banks Dixon Photo 315
Fulvia Call Dixon Photo 315
Howard Banks Dixon Family Photo 316
Photo of Howard Banks Dixon House - Provo 316
Howard Banks Dixon History 317

Faye Dixon Bjorklund Photo 321
Erling Bjorklund Photo 321
Faye Dixon Bjorklund Family Photo's 322
Photo of Faye Dixon Bjorklund House - San Luis Obispo 322
Faye Dixon Bjorklund History 323

Maurine Dixon Childs Photo 325
Myron D. Childs Photo 325
Maurine Dixon Childs Family Photo 326
M. D. Childs Ranch, Diamond Fork Canyon 326
Photo of Maurine Dixon Childs House - Springville 326
Maurine Dixon Childs History 327

Orson Kenneth Taylor Photo 329
Ethelyn Peterson Taylor Photo 329
Photo of Taylor House, Briar Ave, Provo 330
"Kenwood" Brickerhaven summer Home, Provo Canyon 330
Taylor Terrace, 2208 Temple View Circle, Provo 330
Orson Kenneth Taylor History 331

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION IV (Continued)

Inez Dixon Denison Photo 337
Byron Leslie Denison Photo 337
Inez Dixon Denison Family Photo's 338
Photo of Dixon House - Provo 338
Inez Dixon Denison History 339

Edith Dixon Fallentine Photo 341
Bernard Fallentine Photo 341
Edith Dixon Fallentine Family Photo 342
Photo of Edith Dixon Fallentine House - Salt Lake 342
Edith Dixon Fallentine History 343

Stella Dixon Lewis Photo 345
Frederick Wesley Lewis Photo 345
Stella Dixon Lewis Family Photo 346
Photo of Stella Dixon Lewis House - Provo 346
Stella Dixon Lewis History 347

Amy Dixon Larson Photo 351
Doyle R. Larson Photo 351
Amy Dixon Larson Family Photo's 352
Photo of Amy Dixon Larson House - Provo 352
Amy Dixon Larson History 353

Helen Dixon Payne Photo 357
E. Junius Payne Photo 357
Helen Dixon Payne Family Photo 358
Photo of Helen Dixon Payne House - Scottsdale 358
Helen Dixon Payne History 359

George Smith Dixon Photo 363
Veon Collings Dixon Photo 363
George Smith Dixon Family Photo 364
George Smith Dixon History 365
Photo of George S. Dixon House - Santa Maria 364

Anna Dixon Barrett Photo 369
John Barrett Photo 369
Anna Dixon Barrett Family Photo 370
Anna Dixon Barrett History 371

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION IV (Continued)

Ruth Taylor Kartchner Photo 373
Fred Dixon Kartchner Photo 373
Ruth Taylor Kartchner Family Photo 374
Wildwood summer Home of Ruth Taylor Kartchner 374
Photo of Ruth Taylor Kartchner House - Provo 374
Ruth Taylor Kartchner History 375

Evelyn Dixon Smith Photo 381
Donald H. Smith Photo 381
Evelyn Dixon Smith Family Photo's 382
Evelyn Dixon Smith History 383

Alice Dixon Andrews Photo 387
Robert Bruce Andrews Photo 387
Alice Dixon Andrews Family Photo 388
Photo of Alice Dixon Andrews House - CanogaPark 388
Alice Dixon Andrews History 389

Norma Dixon Jess Photo 393
Richard G. Jess Photo 393
Norma Dixon Jess Family Photo 393
Norma Dixon Jess History 394

Bert Lester Dixon Photo 395
Helen Andelino Dixon Photo 395
Bert Lester Dixon Family Photo 395
Photo of Bert Lester Dixon House - Rochester, N. Y. 395
Bert Lester Dixon History 396

Raymond Lane Dixon Photo 399
Eva Ruthe Mildenhall Dixon Photo 399
Raymond Lane Dixon Family Photo's 400
Raymond Lane Dixon House - Provo 400
Photo of Raymond Lane Dixon House, Las Vegas 400
Raymond Lane Dixon History 401

Grant DeGrey Dixon Photo 403
Florence Marks Dixon Photo 403
Grant DeGrey Dixon Family Photo's 404
Grant DeGrey Dixon History 405

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION IV (Continued)

Vera Dixon Anderson Photo 409
Dean A. Anderson Photo 409
Vera Dixon Anderson Family Photo 409
Vera Dixon Anderson History 410

Owen George Dixon Photo 411
Florence Janeczko Photo 411
Owen George Dixon House - Long Beach, Calif. 411
Owen George Dixon.History 412

Eldon Arnold Dixon Photo 415
Sarah Jean Dastrup Dixon Photo 415
Ila Jean Nielsen Dixon Photo 415
Eldon Arnold Dixon Family Photo 416
Photo of Eldon's first owned home in Provo 416
Eldon Arnold Dixon History 417

Gladys Dixon Nelson Photo 419
Ivan William Nelson Photo 419
Gladys Dixon Nelson Family Photo 420
Photo of Gladys Dixon Nelson House - Phoenix 420
Gladys Dixon Nelson History 421

Virginia Dixon Schugk Photo 425
Percy John Schugk Photo 425
Virginia Dixon Schugk Family Photo 426
Photo of Virginia Dixon Schugk House - Salt Lake 426
Virginia Dixon Schugk History 427

Bruce Royden Dixon Photo 431
Colleen Callister Dixon Photo 431
Bruce Royden Dixon Family Photo's 432
Photo of Bruce Royden Dixon House - Provo 432
Bruce Royden Dixon History 433

Floyd Preston Dixon Photo 437
Lois Dickenson Dixon Photo 437
Floyd Preston Dixon Family Photo 438
Photo of Floyd Preston Dixon House - Simi, Cal. 438
Floyd Preston Dixon History 439

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION IV (Continued)

Melvin Rasmussen Dixon Photo 443
Carol Collard Dixon Photo 443
Melvin Rasmussen Dixon Family Photo 444
Photo of Melvin R. Dixon House - Salt Lake City 444
Melvin Rasmussen Dixon History 445

Gloria Dixon Richardson Photo 447
Thomas W. Richardson Photo 447
Gloria Dixon Richardson Family Photo 448
Photo of Gloria Dixon Richardson House - Saratoga, Calif. 448
Gloria Dixon Richardson History 449

Robert Norman Dixon Photo 453
Genniel Larsen Dixon Photo 453
Robert Norman Dixon Family Photo's 454
Photo of Robert Norman Dixon House - Orem 454
Robert Norman Dixon History 455

Douglas Wayne Dixon Photo 459
Helen Konopelski Dixon Photo 459
Douglas Wayne Dixon Family Photo's 460
Photo of Douglas Wayne Dixon House - Spring Lake 460
Douglas Wayne Dixon History 461

Doris Ann Dixon Christensen Photo 463
Bruce J. Christensen Photo 463
Doris Ann Dixon Christensen Family Photo 464
Photo of Doris Dixon Christensen House - San Jose 464
Doris Ann Dixon Christensen History 465

Very Brief Life Sketch of:

John DeGrey Dixon 88
Sarah Ann Lewis Dixon 122

Arthur DeGrey Dixon 398
Catherine Kezia Morgan Dixon 398

Alice Smith Dixon Dangerfield 194
Jabez W. Dangerfield 262

Sarah Ann Dixon McConachie 150
Alexander Collie McConachie 150

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Page

SECTION IV (Continued)

Very Brief Life Sketch of:

Maria Louise Dixon Taylor 7
Arthur Nicholls Taylor 8

William Aldous Dixon 272
Harriet Hands Dixon 368

Ernest DeGrey Dixon 314
Mary Ann (Mae) Painter Dixon 314

Charles Owen Dixon 414
Virginia Elizabeth Beckstead Dixon 414

Albert Frederick Dixon 300
Sena Rasmussen Dixon 446

Walter DeGrey Dixon 143
Luthenia (Louie) Maiben Dixon 144

Parley Smith Dixon 372
Mary Etola (Etta) Dangerfield Dixon 372

Le Roy Dixon 282
Electa LaPrele Smoot Dixon 362

Harriet Amelia Dixon West 218
George Washington West 218

Arnold Dixon 408
Latitia May Banks Dixon 408

SECTION V

"Third Ward Sandy Alley" Shield 469
List and location of Dixon Interments 471
Map of Provo City Cemetery 475

SECTION VI

December 31, 1979 Roster of Dixon Family Members 477
Index to Descendants of Henry Aldous Dixon 521
Explanation of I. D. (Identification numbers) 540

SECTION I

MY FOLKS, THE DIXONS

Their Births
Their Marriages
Their Children
Their Death

THEIR HISTORY

My Name
My Heritage
My Guide
My Goal
My Responsibility
My Future

MY FOLKS, THE DIXONS

Volume Two

PREFACE

In Volume I of My Folks The Dixons, its purpose was to bring together in a single binding, the written histories, stories, blessings and other historical notes about our Patriarch progenitor, Henry Aldous Dixon, his father, his father-in-law; and his two wives, Sarah DeGrey Dixon and Mary Smith Dixon and their sixteen children. Some of the material was collected from the remote corner of the world, South Africa, but most of it was located in many widely scattered areas of Utah.

Where there were no written histories, verbal information was taken and written up for inclusion in this first volume. Its acceptance by the Dixon Family was most gratifying; even to the extent that a second volume of 69 family members history was formulated.

Unlike the first volume where there were some written documents and histories; there were no individual written histories of the second generation, but all had to be written and accumulated for this second volume. For many, what began as a short life history, extended itself into an intimate, detailed, lengthy life story, for the benefit of only their own family; and which also fullfilled one of the requests made by the Church leaders.

Very few biographies give a physical description of the subject. Photographs in this volume makes it unnecessary. A picture of the house and address brings back many fond memories of the past.

Families are all together for such a short time - - - a family group picture preserves this family unity for life.

To include so many pictures in the volume has been most expensive, but over the years they will be most valuable and well worth to-day's cost.

In the Dixon Family Roster of December 31, 1979, in this book; you will find many changes in dates and spelling from the first roster of December 31, 1969, in the first volume. It is surprising how many persons memories do not agree with their written records, and which requires a correction when compared.

A conscientious effort has been made to eliminate and avoid all errors in this volume, but there will be many; and when they are found please report them so that future records may be correct.

Our thanks and appreciation to Vernon Lee Dixon and Loleta Wiscomb Dixon; the Arthur N. and Maria Dixon Taylor Family; and the Henry A. Dixon Family Organization; for their contribution of $1000 each, towards the printing of this book.

Clarence Dixon Taylor

This book is dedicated to the

memory of

MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR

A loving mother, who by her example, initiated the collection of family histories and family pictures for inclusion in a Dixon Family Book.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR

Born at Provo, Utah on January 5, 1872 to Sarah DeGrey and Henry Aldous Dixon.

Baptized in about 1880 by David Holdaway.

Rebaptized and confirmed on May 5, 1894 by T. N. Taylor. The Provo Third Ward records had been destroyed by fire in the Ward Clerk's home.

Married to Arthur Nicholls Taylor in the Salt Lake Temple on May 9, 1894.

Children:
Arthur D., Lynn, Elton, Henry, Alice, Clarence, Kenneth and Ruth.

Attended Provo Schools, including one year at the partly finished Parker School. For two terms attended the B. Y. Academy, temporarily meeting in the Z.C.M.I. warehouse.

After the death of her father, she worked in the Provo Book and Stationery store and for Robert Skelton, until her marriage.

While her young family was growing up, she worked in the Primary as teacher and in the Presidency of the Ward.

Served the rest of her life in the Relief Society as a teacher and Theology teacher for twenty years.

Treasurer of the Utah County Camp of Daughters of Pioneers. Historian of Camp Provo, Daughter of Utah Pioneers.

Chairman of Third Ward Widows to raise enough money to carpet the remodeled Chapel.

Her later years were spent in genealogical research, writing family histories and doing Temple work.

She died at the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City on February 17, 1947.

For her Autobiography see page 173, volume I
"My Folks The Dixons"

Very Brief Life Sketch of
ARTHUR NICHOLLS TAYLOR

Born at Provo, Utah on November 2, 1870, the son of Eliza Nicholls and George Taylor.

Baptized by Myron Tanner about 1878.

Confirmed by David Holdaway about 1878.

The Provo Third Ward records had been destroyed in the fire which destroyed part of the Ward Clerk's house.

Re-baptized and confirmed by T. N. Taylor on May 5, 1894.

Married Maria Louise Dixon in the Salt Lake Temple on May 9, 1894 by John R. Winder.

Children:

Arthur D., Lynn, Elton, Henry, Alice, Clarence, Kenneth and Ruth.

Attended the Provo City Schools and graduated from the B.Y.U. Business College in 1891.

As a boy he shared the vicissitudes and hardships of Pioneer life and learned the homely lessons of honest toil and integrity.

Became a Director of the newly organized Taylor Brothers Company in 1890, where he was associated for the next 30 years.

In 1921, he with other co-workers in Taylor Bros. Co. organized the Dixon Taylor Russell Co., a home furnishings store.

Served a mission in Birmingham, England, from October 1900 to February 1903.

Served in Utah Stake Sunday School and was a Utah Stake High Councilman for over twenty-five years.

Took an active interest in farming, reclamation, education, industry. He owned a dairy, a fruit farm, a chicken ranch, a hog farm, a pleasure resort (Provonna Beach). Organizer of Skipper Bay Drainage District, and Wildwood Resort in Provo Canyon.

Was a prime mover in getting Columbia Steel Co. to locate in Utah County.

Served on the Provo Board of Education for fifteen years.

He died September 10, 1935 at Provo, Utah.

Dixon

HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

Patriarch of our Dixon Family

Husband of two wives:

Sarah DeGrey Dixon
Mary Smith Dixon

Father of sixteen children:

Henry Alfred Dixon
John DeGrey Dixon
Arthur DeGrey Dixon
Alice Dixon Dangerfield
Sarah Dixon McConachie
Maria Dixon Taylor
William Aldous Dixon
Ernest DeGrey Dixon
Robert Smith Dixon
Charles Owen Dixon
Albert Frederick Dixon
Walter DeGrey Dixon
Parley Smith Dixon
LeRoy Dixon
Harriet Amelia Dixon West
Arnold Dixon

(Group picture on page 13)

As of December 31, 1979:

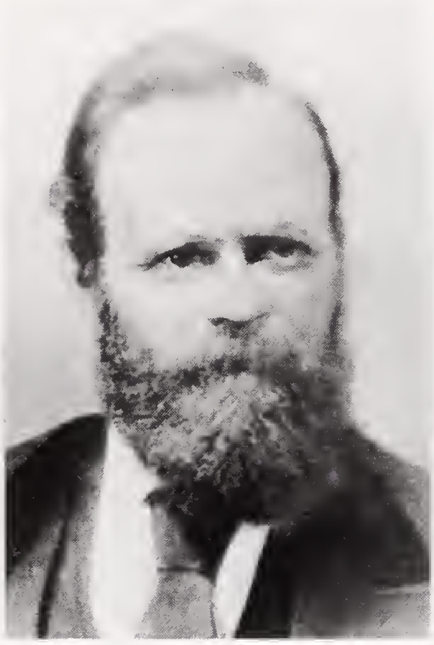
Grandfather to eighty-four children.

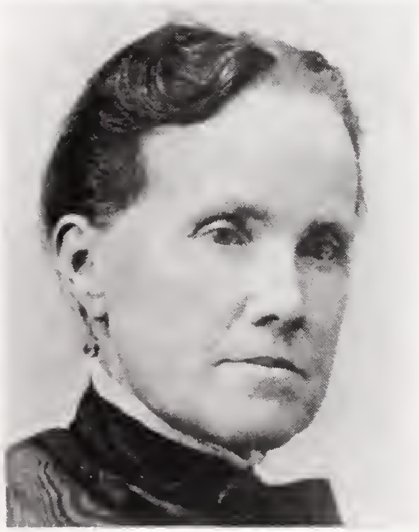
Great grandfather to two hundred twenty-six children.

Great, great grandfather to five hundred ninety-five children.

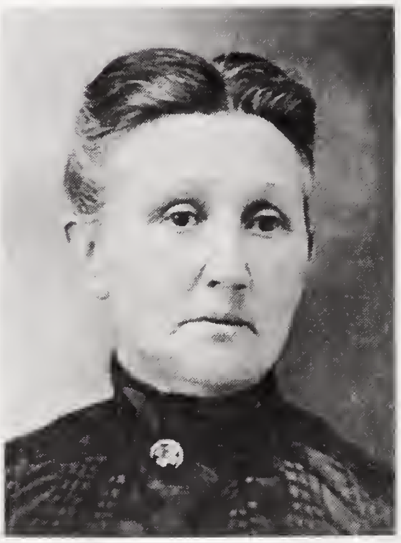
Born at Grahamstown, Cape Colony, South Africa on March 14, 1835. Emigrated to Utah Territory in 1857. Died at Provo Utah, May 4, 1884, at the early age of forty-nine years.

HENRY ALDOUS DIXON
1835 - 1884





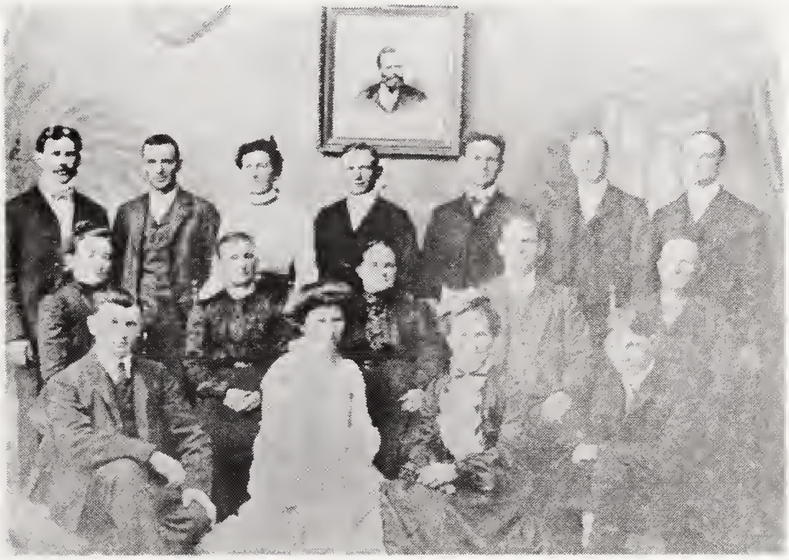
SARAH DEGREY DIXON
1844 - 1926



MARY SMITH DIXON
1852 - 1907

MY FOLKS

THE HENRY ALDOUS DIXON FAMILY



Left to Right

Top Row - Parley S., William A., Sarah, Ernest D.,
Charles O., Walter D., LeRoy.

Middle - Alice, Mary Smith, Sarah DeGrey,
John D., Arthur D.

Bottom - Albert F., Harriet, Maria, Arnold.

Picture on Wall - Henry A. Dixon

CHILDREN OF HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

	ID No.		Birth	Death
		HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
		Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
*		Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
	1	HENRY ALFRED DIXON	14 Nov 1865	1 Jul 1867
	2	JOHN DE GREY DIXON	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
	3	ARTHUR DE GREY DIXON	5 Oct 1869	5 Jun 1911
*	4	ALICE SMITH DIXON DANGERFIELD	29 Apr 1870	8 Dec 1948
*	5	SARAH ANN DIXON MC CONACHIE	7 Dec 1871	26 Dec 1950
	6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
*	7	WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON	21 Apr 1873	22 Jun 1937
	8	ERNEST DE GREY DIXON	22 Dec 1873	15 Jun 1938
*	9	ROBERT SMITH DIXON	10 Nov 1874	18 Dec 1874
	10	CHARLES OWEN DIXON	22 Nov 1875	3 Mar 1943
*	11	ALBERT FREDERICK DIXON	31 Mar 1876	18 Aug 1945
	12	WALTER DE GREY DIXON	15 Nov 1877	26 Nov 1922
*	13	PARLEY SMITH DIXON	9 Jun 1878	30 Jan 1947
	14	LE ROY DIXON	16 Oct 1881	28 Dec 1926
*	15	HARRIET AMELIA DIXON WEST	24 May 1882	23 Apr 1931
	16	ARNOLD DIXON	30 May 1884	1 Sep 1960

MY FOLKS

Dedicated to the posterity of HENRY ALDOUS, SARAH DE GREY and MARY SMITH DIXON

It has always been my priviledge
to have real folks around
For I was born among them,
None better can be found.
Some folks boast of famed Ancestors
Who first settled this wonderful land.
Others have titles and wealth
Live in mansions - costly and grand.
I boast of a birth-right from sturdy pioneers,
Whose courage surmounted all hardships and fears.
They did not endow me
With titles or gold,
But with virtues and values
That aren't bought and sold.
I cherish my heritage,
I'm proud of my kin,
I have no regrets of what might have been.
For I will not covet
The spoils of this land,
As long as I can be with folks
Who love and understand.

It must be very lonely
When your folks are far away,
To never know their heart-aches,
And what they do and say.
Or meet with them and clasp their hands
And pass the time of day,
Oh, I'm so very fortunate
To have folks steadfast and true,
Who appreciate understanding each other - - -
The way you folks all do.

It is said, "We can choose our friends,
But our relatives we have to take"
I'm very glad to claim you folks
I'll never you forsake.
It's such a satisfaction
To have brothers, sisters, uncles , aunts,

MY FOLKS (Con't)

Who are very choice among people,
With Personalities that enhance.
I hope we will stay united
Together share joys and tears,
With courage of Pioneer kin
Carry on! through-out the years.
May we, follow in their example
Love God and fellow man
Be prayerful and obedient,
Doing all the good we can

RHEA DIXON REEVE

SECTION II

FIRST and SECOND GENERATION DIXON ENTERPRISES

- Dixon Coal Co.
- Arthur Dixon Bldg. Contr.
- Farmers & Merchants Bank
- John D. Dixon Fruit Farms
- Dangerfield Printing
- Royden House Hotel
- Greer House Resturant
- Chesapeak Cafe - Salt Lake
- Taylor Brothers Co.
- Dixon Taylor Russell Co.
- Provonna Beach
- Hillcrest Farm
- Will Dixon Elect. & Gift Shop
- Ernest Dixon Masonry Contr.
- South Fork Cattle Co.
- Dixon Ranch Blue Bell Bench
- Parley S. Dixon Masonry Contr.
- West & Sparks Ranch, San Bern.
- Geo W. West Contr.
- Dixon Real Estate Co
- Provo Ice & Cold Storage
- Arnold Dixon Poultry Farm
- Rulon Dixon Supply Co.
- Boshard Electric Contr.
- Fred L. Markham A I A
- Henry D. Taylor Real Estate Co.
- Vern Dixon Masonry Contr.
- Paul S. Dixon Investments
- Harold Dangerfield, M.D.
- Clifford Dangerfield, M. D.
- Wagstaff Grandview Store
- Verl G. Dixon Contr.
- Harry Dixon Collection Agency
- Clyde Summerhays Agency (Ben, Life)
- Reed Dixon Masonry Contr.
- Ralph Dixon Contr.
- Fred Dixon Kartchner, M. D.
- Bert L. Dixon Contr.
- Raymond Dixon Sign Advertising
- Ivan W. Nelson Agency (Ben. Life)
- Bruce Dixon Associates, Architect
- Melvin R. Dixon, M. D.
- Bob Dixon Spray Service
- Chas. Dixon, Excavation & Drayage
- Skipper Bay Drainage
- Taylor Terrace
- Taylor Hill Subdivision
- Wildwood Resort
- Brickerhaven
- Bonneville Development
  - Oak Hills Subdivision
- Dixon Brokerage Co.
  - J. D. Dixon

And many others not listed

THE DIXON COUSINS

The Dixons love to talk, and they love to talk to each other! So it seemed only natural that they should want to have some kind of an organization where they could see one another, catch up on the latest doings of everybody, talk and just plain enjoy themselves. Whenever a group of them were together, sometime before leaving, some one would say, "Why don't we get together more often, it's sure been fun talking to you". So one day in the fall of 1961, a few of them got together and did something about it. Ruth T. Kartchner, Elayne Fisher, and Nan Stewart, got the ball rolling, by inviting all the Dixon Cousins to a luncheon at Ruth's home. It was such fun, and everyone enjoyed themselves so much, it was decided that very day, to make it a semi-annual, or even three times a year affair. So it was begun. The newspaper clipping of the event went as follows:

September 6, 1961:
"40 Cousins Enjoy Party at Provo Home".

"The birth of a unique group was initiated on Saturday at the home of Mrs. Fred (Ruth) Kartchner, when 40 of her cousins gathered to begin an organization known as the Dixon Cousins. Kin gathered from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Wallsburg, Orem and Provo.

Sparking the first meeting and instigating the idea were: Mrs. Kartchner, Mrs. Grant (Elayne) Fisher, and Mrs. Keith (Nan) Stewart.

A buffet luncheon was served and each guest gave a short statement of her present status, her husband and children; to bring everyone up to date.

Assisting the committee were Mrs. Arthur D. (Maurine) Taylor, Mrs. Elton (Ethel) Taylor, Mrs. Kenneth (Julia) Anderson, and Mrs. Boyd (Dixie) Frampton, Mrs. Mark (Ruth) Cannon, Mrs. Lynn (Celestia) Taylor, and Linda Kartchner.

It was decided to hold meetings three times a year with a family reunion in the summertime."

The next meeting was held in Salt Lake City at the Lion House, with the Salt Lake Cousins as hostesses. Mrs. ElRoy (Alice) Nelson, Mrs. Clyde (Sarah) Summerhays, and Mrs. Paul (Ora) Dixon, were in charge of the affair. All cousins from the Salt Lake area helped with a luncheon, and entertainment. It was such fun! One of the activities that was enjoyed most, was a song sung by the group, to the tune of "Happy Talk" from the show "South Pacific", with original words by Sarah, just for us. We've enjoyed it so much, we sing it occasionally now and then.

As time went on, we felt it would be easier to let each family or group of families take their turn at entertainment, so this plan has been followed since. Some families do not have as many members around; so quite often, two or even three families will combine their efforts for our entertainment.

In October, 1968, it was discussed about having our gathering only once a year, rather than twice, as we had our regular Dixon Reunion in the fall and a summer party for the children. This was voted on and approved by the majority present. The Saturday following April Conference was named to be the annual meeting. Due to higher entertainment costs and the shortage and higher price of gasoline, has resulted in it being a very wise decision.

Our gatherings have each been different, according to the hostess group. Each time being something distinctive. We have had readings, dancing, games, singing, histories, both read and sung; stories, and the honoring of several of our members, including two male cousins, Henry Aldous Dixon II, and Arthur Dixon Taylor, both of whom have now passed away.

Our meeting places have been varied from the Sky Room at the B.Y.U., Royal Inn, Ward Houses, Women's Club House in Provo, The Lion House, Hot Shoppe, the Fort Douglas Country Club in Salt Lake, and a reputable Inn at Ogden, as well as many others. Our original group started out at forty. Our last meeting numbered one hundred twenty-eight (128).

The purpose behind the group has not changed since its beginning ---to know and appreciate one another and find fun in doing so.

We are seeing each new generation join us and participate. Our number continues to grow, and we are constantly seeing new talents, gaining greater appreciation, with tributes given, that make us know and love one another better.

Our younger generations are tremendous! We are in capable hands, and know we have a very choice group.

Ruth Taylor Kartchner

THE DIXON'S OWNED AND RAN A BRICK YARD

By Arthur Dixon Taylor

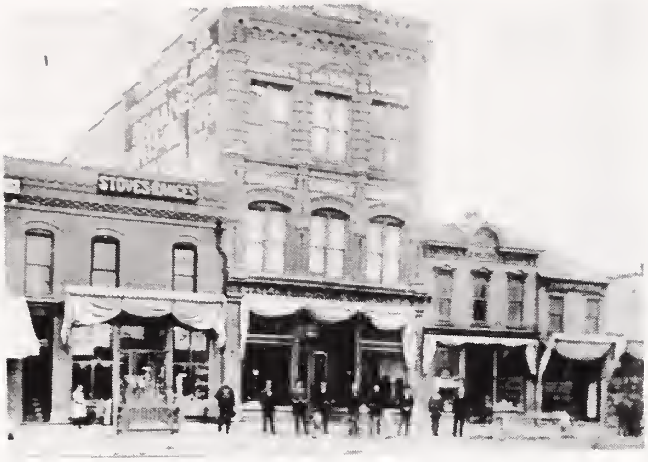
The Dixon Family at one time owned property on the banks of the Provo River, North of 12th North. A portion of it was pasture land and when I was a boy I had the job of driving our cows down Baum's Lane to the pasture every morning. There was a swimming hole in the river near the pasture where the Provo lads went swimming. They called it Dixon's Hole. Boys from all parts of the town went there swimming. It was the days when they didn't wear swimming suits.

On this Dixon property there were rich clay beds and Uncle Art, Uncle Ern, and Uncle Parley, who were brick masons, started a brick yard. It was known as Dixon's Brick Yard. Nearly all of the Dixon boys, at one time or another, worked there. Uncle Art Dixon was the manager. Sun-dried brick and "dobies" were first made and later they built kilns and produced burnt brick. Grandma Dixon's home on Fifth West and Aunt Mary's home on Fourth West, were built with the first burnt brick that was produced. The Dixon Brick Yard later was sold to S. H. Belmont and became known as the Provo Pressed Brick Company. For many years it furnished brick for buildings all over the State of Utah. Mr. Belmont died and a short time after the plant discontinued operation, the buildings were torn down, and the property sold.

The first job, for pay, that I ever had when I was a small lad was at Uncle Art's brick yard. I laid platforms down for Ike King to place the fresh moulded bricks on, before they were wheeled out to the yard to dry. I remember, so well, the old horse powered box mill where the clay was emptied and water was added. A horse hooked to the end of a pole walked around the mill and produced the power which mixed the clay into a dough.

The lump of clay dough was then thrown into a mold that formed the bricks. Machinery was later installed with water power from a near-by canal and the bricks were formed under pressure and wheeled into the kilns to be burned.

The Dixon Brick Yard was one of Provo's first brick manufacturing plants.



Taylor Bros. Co. 1890

1. Bob Cunningham
2.
3. Thomas N. Taylor
4.
5. Walter D. Dixon
6. LeRoy Dixon
7. Orson Bird
8. John D. Dixon
9. Arthur N. Taylor

Taylor Bros. Co. 1900

Taylor Bros. Co. 1959

A Brief History of the Origin of Taylor Brothers Co.

Taylor Brothers Company and the Dixon Family grew up together and were very closely related.

George Taylor, a pioneer to Utah and Provo in 1863, opened a photographic studio at approximately 250 West Center Street and in 1866 was the first photographer in Provo.

To supplement his photographic income, he started selling furniture pieces made by the Cluff Brothers at their factory located on the ground floor of the Cluff Hall, the corner of 2nd North and 2nd East. This furniture was made by hand and sold by George Taylor on a commission basis. George Taylor proved to be an excellent salesman and decided to become a merchant dealing in furniture.

Being without capital to start his furniture-selling venture, he was required to borrow the necessary money at an interest rate of 24% per annum. Desiring to stock a greater variety of furniture than that manufactured by the Cluff Bros., he made the acquaintance with Henry Dinwoody of Salt Lake City, who sold him the additional furniture he desired to put in his stock at Provo.

The Cluff Brothers must be given the credit for the stimuli provided to get George started in the furniture business and for him to continue in business and become the successful merchant he became.

Having no delivery wagon, it was no unusual sight to see George Taylor and one of his sons delivering a load of furniture on their backs, from his store to the customer's home.

Although the George Taylor Furniture & Music Store continued to prosper and grow, George retained his photographic shop in connection with the Furniture & Music Store until 1890.

With the passage of the Edmund Law in 1882, it became necessary for George Taylor to go on the "underground" to avoid being apprehended by the "federal agents" for having two wives. For five years he had been able to keep out of the reach of the "feds" by living with the Poulton Family and other friends in Provo and Utah County. On one occasion he was hanging a picture in his store, when a "fed" sneaked up behind him. To avoid being caught, George had to outrun his pursuer by going clear to the river bridge at the top of Fifth West, before he could shake him.

In about 1886 after having evaded the "federal agents" for five years, he was finally arrested by an agent named Norell, who had represented himself as a traveling salesman taking orders for merchandise to re-sell in George Taylor's Furniture & Music Store.

At the trial, there was no complaining witness so he was set free without a sentence or fine.

Previous to his going on the "underground" George had transferred title to his business and property to his oldest son George

Taylor, Jr. He did this to avoid his property being confiscated by the Federal Government in case he was arrested for being married to two wives.

In November 1886, George Taylor made a separation agreement with his 2nd wife, Henrietta, and made a division of his property. Each wife was given the home she and her family were living in. To Eliza he gave five acres of land between 7th and 8th West on 4th North, and a lot (¼ of a block) on the corner of 7th West and 5th North. To Henrietta he gave the five acres of farming ground in the Southwest part of Provo, called the "fort fields". He then moved into one of the rooms of his sister's, Mrs. George Hickman, at about 245 West Center, which was owned by John Beesley.

There had been some conversation relative to the sale of the George Taylor Furniture and Music Store by George and Henry Southworth, who owned a general merchandise store in the old "Round House" on the corner of 5th West and 1st North. Mr. Southworth had offered George $10,000 for his merchandise, fixtures and building. George was seriously thinking about the sale and also contemplating a trip to England with the proceeds.

Inasmuch as title to the property and the business had been transferred to the oldest son, George Taylor, Jr. so as to avoid possible confiscation by the "feds", and since the sons of Eliza had worked with their father in building the business, they thought it only fair and right that they and their mother should have first chance to buy the business; so the boys through their mother offered to pay the same price ($10,000) that Mr. Southworth had offered to pay. The offer of $10,000 was refused by George Sr. Since he did not have title to the property and the business, he knew he had to work out some kind of a deal with the family; so he agreed to sell the business, including the land, buildings, and stock for $11,000. The new purchasers were: Eliza N. Taylor, George Taylor, Jr., Thomas N. Taylor, Arthur N. Taylor and John D. Dixon, doing business as Taylor Bros. Co.

To raise this $11,000, the First National Bank agreed to underwrite the following settlement whereby George Taylor was paid for his mercantile business in Provo: $3,000 cash was paid at the signing of the agreement. Four bank-guaranteed notes of $2,000 each were given by the purchasers, each bearing interest at 10% per annum. One note was to be paid off every three months and all were to be paid within one year. All notes were paid promptly as agreed.

The Taylor Brothers Company was then incorporated under the State laws of Utah in 1890 with "Grandma" Eliza Nicholls Taylor as President, George Taylor, Jr., as vice-president, John DeGrey Dixon as secretary and treasurer, Arthur N. Taylor as director and Thomas N. Taylor as a director and manager.

Taylor Brothers Company was incorporated for $50,000 with a paid-up capital of $30,500. The land, buildings and stock of merchandise taken over from George Taylor were set up on the books at $22,000; $11,000 of which went to Eliza Nicholls Taylor. She mortgaged her home and the 5-acre "promised land" farm and contributed this to the corporation, bringing her total investment up to $14,000. George Taylor, Jr. put in $5,000, Arthur N. Taylor (Who was still in school) $1,500, Thomas N. Taylor $5,000 and John D. Dixon $5,000. This made a total of $30,500 subscribed and paid-up stock.

The name "Taylor Bros." was derived from the original three brothers: George Taylor, Jr., Thomas N. Taylor and Arthur N. Taylor and the two younger brothers, Walter G. Taylor and Ashted Taylor, who joined the Company after 1890.

The year of Incorporation was a boom year for business. A normal year's business volume amounted to between $13,000 and 14,000. Sales volume for the year 1890 amounted to $50,000.

Such prosperity and youthful optimism encouraged them to expand, so a three-story brick building was constructed, one of the first on Provo's Main Street. Things went along smoothly and successfully for a few years, then the depression of 1893 struck. For the next few years it was really a struggle for this new and growing corporation to meet its obligations and stay solvent.

James F. McClellan, his wife, Hattie Taylor McClellan, Arthur N. Taylor and Walter G. Taylor went to the gold mining area of Montana where they worked in the ore mills, sending their wages back to the struggling corporation to help defray their expenses and keep the business doors open.

In the beginning, furniture, carpets, organs and wallpaper were the main lines of merchandise. Later, stoves, hardware, crockery and all household items were added. In 1913, Walter Needham of American Fork joined the organization and a dry goods department was added. A year later a men's clothing department was added.

After "weathering" the depression of 93, Taylor Bros. Co. continued to grow physically as well as financially. A three-story building 106 feet wide fronting on Center Street, the original site of the small store first started by George Taylor, and extending nearly one-half a block long to the north, was built. Years later a special warehouse building of two stories and over one hundred feet long was built adjacent to the northwest corner of the main building.

Eventually Taylor Bros. Co. expanded their operations in the way of branch stores in Eureka and Spanish Fork. Albert F. Dixon, a well-liked and long-time employee, was manager of this Spanish Fork branch.

From the date of its incorporation down to the Corporation disolvement into a partnership, Taylor Bros. Co. was represented by the Dixon Family in the role of stockholders, officers, employees and Customers.

John DeGrey Dixon was the first secretary and treasurer and long time stockholder.

Arthur N. Taylor, husband of Maria Dixon, worked in the ore-mining mills of Montana, sending his wages to the newly-organized company to tide them over during the slow and difficult times of the 1893 depression. He was a director, asst. manager, and furniture-department buyer.

William A. Dixon, at the time of his marriage, was working in the furniture department.

Albert F. Dixon was a super salesman, working in the mining camps of Eastern Utah and the Eureka District and the Southern part of the State of Utah, where he was a beloved and trusted friend of all who resided in those small town. He was later manager of the Spanish Fork Branch.

Walter D. Dixon joined the organization while still a lad, and worked up to head bookkeeper and office manager at the time of his death.

LeRoy Dixon was a salesman and piano tuner prior to his call to the British Mission.

Stanley L. Dixon became office manager and Sec. & Treas.

Arthur Dixon Taylor worked as a cashier and bookkeeper.

Lynn Dixon Taylor was employed in the Dry Goods Department

Fred W. Dixon worked in the office as a bookkeeper.

Donald M. Dixon worked, while he was going to school in the warehouse and on the delivery truck.

Maurine Dixon Childs was employed as a cashier.

Gladys Dixon Nelson was employed as a stenographer.

Verl G. Dixon was a salesman in the Furniture Exchange Dept.

There may be other Dixons who worked full time and many who worked part time which we do not have record of.

WILDWOOD

By Maria Dixon Taylor

The main reason for our becoming a stockholder and building a cabin at Wildwood, Provo Canyon(North Fork as it was then called) was because of our love for the mountains and out-of-doors. Every summer our vacation was spent either in Strawberry Valley or Provo Canyon. Our family was increasing and it worked a hardship upon me caring for the small children in a tent pitched on the hillside or near a stream.

The summer of 1904 or 1905, T. N. and his family and ours together with some young girls and boys, planned a trip to Bunnell's Fork, in the South Fork of Provo Canyon. Maud and I got together and decided we would not venture on this trip unless the boys built a tent, boarded on the sides and a wooden floor. This would protect us from the wild animals and those horrid rattle snakes, that infested South Fork.

A few years before we were camped near the South Fork Creek, and a terrible storm arose which resulted in a cloudburst. We were afraid of being washed away, but that was not the worst. One day my sister Alice and I were across the creek visiting Edith Holt. When Alice came back to our tent she saw a huge rattler coiled on our sack of coal, and my baby was asleep in the hammock. By this time our shrieks brought our friend Al Davis, to our rescue. Mr. Snake was crawling over a log underneath the hammock, where my baby slept. Al disposed of the snake in a short time, but every woman in camp vowed she would not wait until the husbands came up at night. We bribed Al to crowd all the women and children into his covered wagon and take us to Slick's (Vivian Park) in time to catch the train for Provo.

When we arrived at Smoot's Station, Provo, and telephoned the men, they were certainly disgusted to think a poor snake would cause such a lot of trouble. The men had to make a special trip to the Canyon to get all of our belongings which we had left behind.

So now I have told the reason for our demanding the protection, and I imagine the expense and effort of having all of the lumber hauled up the Canyon and put together only to be torn down and hauled back again in two or three weeks. It had the desired eff ect on Tom and Art for seeking a permanent spot where they could build permanently and not have to tear down and build up each season.

When the proposition of buying the Taylor Ranch in North Fork came along, they readily accepted.

In June of 1906, a group of men and some women met at the George I. Taylor Ranch in North Fork, Provo Canyon, to select lots on which to erect tents and later cabins as summer homes, for their families.

I think Alfred Osmond and Eddie Holt were responsible for the idea of purchasing this ranch for summer homes, for the use of their families and friends. They enjoyed fishing, especially on the North Fork Creek, which brought them in contact with Mr. Taylor. When he was approached about selling, he was agreeable and willing, so a Company was formed and secured the rights and title to about two hundred acres of ground, as I remember correctly. A portion was selected to be divided into lots. Each lot was numbered and the number placed in a hat to be drawn.

This drawing took place on a Sunday in June. I was unable to be present, but my husband, Arthur N. Taylor drew lot number one, where our cabin now stands. All property below that was to become a recreational ground. Edith Holt was there and she arrived home before my husband and phoned to me and said, "Rye, I don't want you to have the lot Art drew; it is nothing but a river bed with big boulders as big as a range on it." Of course when my husband came home I was furious for keeping such a lot. He only laughed and said not to get excited, for he had already hired Bro. Kofford to take his team and wagon and haul the big rocks from the place, adding that he was sure I would be delighted with the location when I saw it. I have always been glad we kept it, for I think it one of the choicest spots in the canyon. It has taken many, many years of expense and labor to make it what it is.

Before Clarence went into the mission field, he used a little truck and hauled over a hundred loads of soil onto the front yard, filled up a deep ravine, and when it was level enough he planted lawn.

We built a 12 x 14 ft. frame and put a tent over it. In the front of the tent we laid a large platform. At the west end we had a small sheet-iron stove which had an oven, but not very desirable and reliable for good baking. We had a crude table made from a packing box with two long benches on each side. This was our kitchen. The tent served as a bedroom with two sanitary couches, which took the place of beds since there was no room for chairs. Our flour and provisions were kept under the bed. In case of rain, anyone touching the tent often caused it to leak.

I came up the canyon in July and stayed into September as I was expecting a baby and my home was being remodeled. I was very glad to have my "mountain retreat" where I could be away from the confusion.

During August, the Tabernacle Choir, under the direction of J. R. Boshard, had an encampment here for nearly a week. They brought the removable floor from the parquet of the Opera House (now the Armory) which was placed over near where the duck pond is now. Here they gave concerts each night and also dances. As there was plenty of wood close by at that time, they made huge bon fires for light while the entertainments were going on.

One morning the children of the camp were playing, jumping off the platform, barefooted. My little boy Henry was about three years of age, and he was trying to do what the others did; but he jumped into the hot ashes of the bonfire, and his feet were badly burned. Large blisters hung from the soles of his feet. One of the women in camp grabbed a bucket of molasses and put his feet in it. She said we must keep the air from the burns. Well, if it didn't help it did no harm.

The transportation was quite a problem. The first time we came up was in a wagon which was heavily loaded. We had to bring every thing we expected to use during the summer. There were many steep, rocky dugways. I think Springdell dugway was the most dreaded. It was not only steep, but big boulders made it hard for the horses to pull a heavy load.

There have been many changes in the thirty-nine years I have been here. The first year and some time after, the road came across from where the bridge now crosses the North Fork Creek, over and near the Rock House, then around the hill to South Fork. The pasture ran down to the river bank. Near Claude Ashworth's cabin, the creek separated and formed a small island. Some of the young boys with their 22 rifles, shot some rattle snakes near there. On the hill to the East, they saw many rattlers, so they named this hill Rattle-snake Hill. On this same hill we used to gather choke cherries. The road up North Fork went through the center of this resort.

George Scott, Sr. had a cabin and worked a mine about 2½ miles up the creek. It was necessary for them to drive their teams right up the stream, over the large rocks and over very rough roads. There was more horseback riders than teams going up. We found this condition very dangerous; many times our children, playing out, narrowly escaped injury from these reckless riders. The Company, realizing the danger, petitioned the County Commissioners to make a public road around the hill, which wasn't too good at first, but since the Timpanogos Hikes, the Alpine Summer School and the scenic loop through American Fork Canyon, a very good road has been made.

The first year I stayed here until late in September, never going home once during the entire summer. When I arrived home I was very happy to find many improvements. The most appreciated was a modern set of indoor plumbing.

On the 18th day of November, our family was overjoyed to welcome a baby girl. The four boys now had a baby sister, who they had wanted so long to welcome. We named her Alice Louise.

One of the problems of this canyon home was the milk situation. Every family had small children, which needed fresh milk daily. I decided the only thing to do was bring a cow, although I had never learned to milk one. We had a small Jersey cow, which was quite a pet and very gentle. After many attempts I finally decided I could do the job even if I was no expert. When it was time to move to our summer home, two of my small boys or a friend, were called at four o'clock in the morning, and with a lunch put in a flour sack and a rope around the cow's neck, they started on their long trek. On one of these occasions Clarence and his cousin Donald Dixon were making the trip and when they got to the Springdell dugway, the cow made a bolt over the dug-way; both boys hanging onto the rope, and they went over with the cow.

We had a nice large pasture and the grass was so fresh and green; this with the aid of a bran mash gave us a very good, rich milk.

The boys would go to the pasture with me and catch the cow and stand by while I did the rest.

There were many children in camp and many suffering from summer complaint. I couldn't give my own children the milk when I knew others needed it so badly. Many times I have measured it out in tea cups so that each could have a little.

When other cows came into camp and I had some extra milk I put it in pans and saved the cream which was put in a fruit jar with a rubber ring and lid and shook until little balls appeared. In this way we had our own fresh butter.

After two years of living in a tent, we had our present home built. In the fall of 1908, my brother Charles hauled the lumber and slabs from the saw mill in Strawberry Valley. That fall the bedroom was closed in so that we were able to store our mattresses and other things.

The next spring, on the 11th of May, my fifth son Clarence was born. I had what they called milk leg and was quite ill. I told my husband I knew if they could take me to the canyon, I would gain my strength much faster than what I was. By July I was walking with the aid of a crutch, and after we reached Wildwood, My husband had to lift me from the buggy and carry me into my new home. My baby was only two months old, but no queen was more proud of her palace than I was of mine. For it was now all built up with slabs and screen all the way around. I knew no snakes or wild animals would molest me. But in a few nights I had another thought coming, for I heard a terrible scratching noise; soon I heard it on the screen, and as the moon was bright, I saw a huge RAT trying to get in. I covered my head and tried to be brave (for my husband was not with me; he only came up on Saturday evening) and did not want to make the girl that was staying with me, nor the children become frightened. But the torture I went through, no one will ever know. Only those who have had the same experience can realize my horror. I would chill, then perspire until day light then Mr. Rat would leave and find other quarters.

I had only been in the canyon for about a week when I discarded my crutches and soon got strong and well again. I have seen many people and children come up feeling sick and go home feeling well.

Each year our numbers increased. The first year we were here, Bert Eastmond (later Prof. E.H. Eastmond, the artist) and his mother lived in the Rock House, and he said he would like to buy a lot if they would let him have his choice. He wanted to be where he could look down the canyon and see the wonderful view of the mountains from his door. This ground had been set aside for recreational purposes, but they granted his request and since then have sold two other lots to Ashworths and Dr. Calderwood.

Another thing that worried me was thunder and lightning. I would be so frightened I could scarcely speak, when the children would cling to me and say, "Mamma will we get struck? Are You frightened?" I put on a brave face and said, "What is there to frighten you? Don't you remember what our caretaker, Mr. Noon told us; that as long as we had screen near us, lightning would never come through." (I think he told me that as he knew how I felt not having my husband or any older person around). But it had the desired effect, and my children have often boasted to others that their mother was not afraid of anything.

Most people lived in tents for the first year or two. T. N. Taylor had the first cabin. When we built our cabin, it was the largest place in camp. When it rained hard, I could not go to sleep and feel comfortable, for I knew so many people in the camp were in leaky tents. I had a large old fashioned umbrella I kept for emergencies. I usually took the umbrella or sometimes a quilt, and went to the different places. Where the families were getting wet, we would roll the children up in the bedding and bring them to my cabin and put the children's beds on the floor; and the mother on the old sanitary couches. There was very little sleeping; we laughed, sang songs or told stories, and made a joke out of the stormy night.

When I look back through the years, I can see so many amusing things, I think I could write pages. One incident is very outstanding:

I had a very dear neighbor. She was a great deal larger than I and should have been braver, but that was not the case this time. I had been in bed some time when I heard a voice calling, "Aunt Rye, are you awake?" I said, "yes, what is the matter." She said, "I am sure there is an animal trying to get in this cabin." I lighted the coal oil lamp and stepped out onto the porch, but could see nothing. I told her to get ready and come over. I held the lamp and one of the funniest sights I think I ever saw came into view. First Maud, in her night clothes, with bare feet which made it hard for her to walk, came carrying her large feather bed in her arms, and behind her was a very tall, lanky girl with her hair in two braids down the back. Then came Mary and Delenna, all carrying pillows, quilts, etc. I insisted on Maud taking one of the beds, but she said, "no, just let me lie on the floor where I can be safe and I will not envy the queen on her throne." Words can never describe these little incidents, but I can still see them and have a good laugh anytime, all to myself.

We all had children, that was one reason why we loved our summer homes so much, we did not have to be on a nervous tension about keeping them spic and span. They all played together and were very congenial and happy. I never heard any of them use bad language nor have I seen a very bad fight.

I think that one of the most outstanding things about the people of Wildwood was their willingness and desire to want to share with each other. In case of sickness or trouble, they were right there to assist in every way possible.

During the thirty-seven years I have been coming to Wildwood, I have seen many persons who were ill, regain their health again. One of the first good examples was my brother, John.

One time while we were yet in the tent, before our cabin had been built, my sister-in-law, Sarah, phoned from Salt Lake and asked if they could come up the canyon. John had typhoid fever and had suffered a relapse. They were living in Salt Lake at that time, since John had been elected State Treasurer. Even though he was ill, he had so many callers, including the Governor and other State officials, that it was getting too much for him and the Doctor advised Sarah to take him right away from the City, where he would be quiet. I told her how we were living in this tent, but if they could manage I could.

The morning they came on the Heber Train, it was pouring down in torrents. One of the campers said he would meet the train and help them to the tent. It was only a short distance, and with the aid of umbrellas and blankets they made it to the tent without getting too wet. We put John to bed and tried to make things as comfortable as possible, in our crowded quarters. After a few days he was able to be up and became extremely hungry, having been denied food for some time.

One day we were cooking nice slices of ham, and corn on the cob. While we were eating he came to the table and took a helping of both. Sarah and I expected him to die, but nothing happened, in fact he began to gain from that time, and in seven days time he had gained seven pounds.

Sometime before buying our share of stock in Wildwood, my husband had been speculating in mining stocks. I was very much opposed to it, as we had no money to lose. So after buying into Wildwood, he promised if Iron Blossom paid a dividend he would build me a cabin, so that the children and I would be comfortable in the canyon. The mine did pay a dividend and I got my comfortable cabin in the mountains, one of my most cherished possessions.

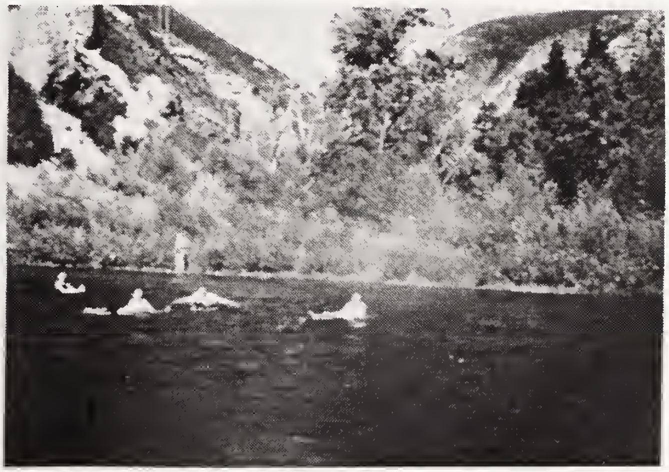
Arthur N. Taylor

On Top of
Mt. Timp.
Fred W. Dixon

A. E. Eves, Arthur D. Taylor, C. Ward, John Dixon

Wildwood Tennis Court

Tubing on Provo River



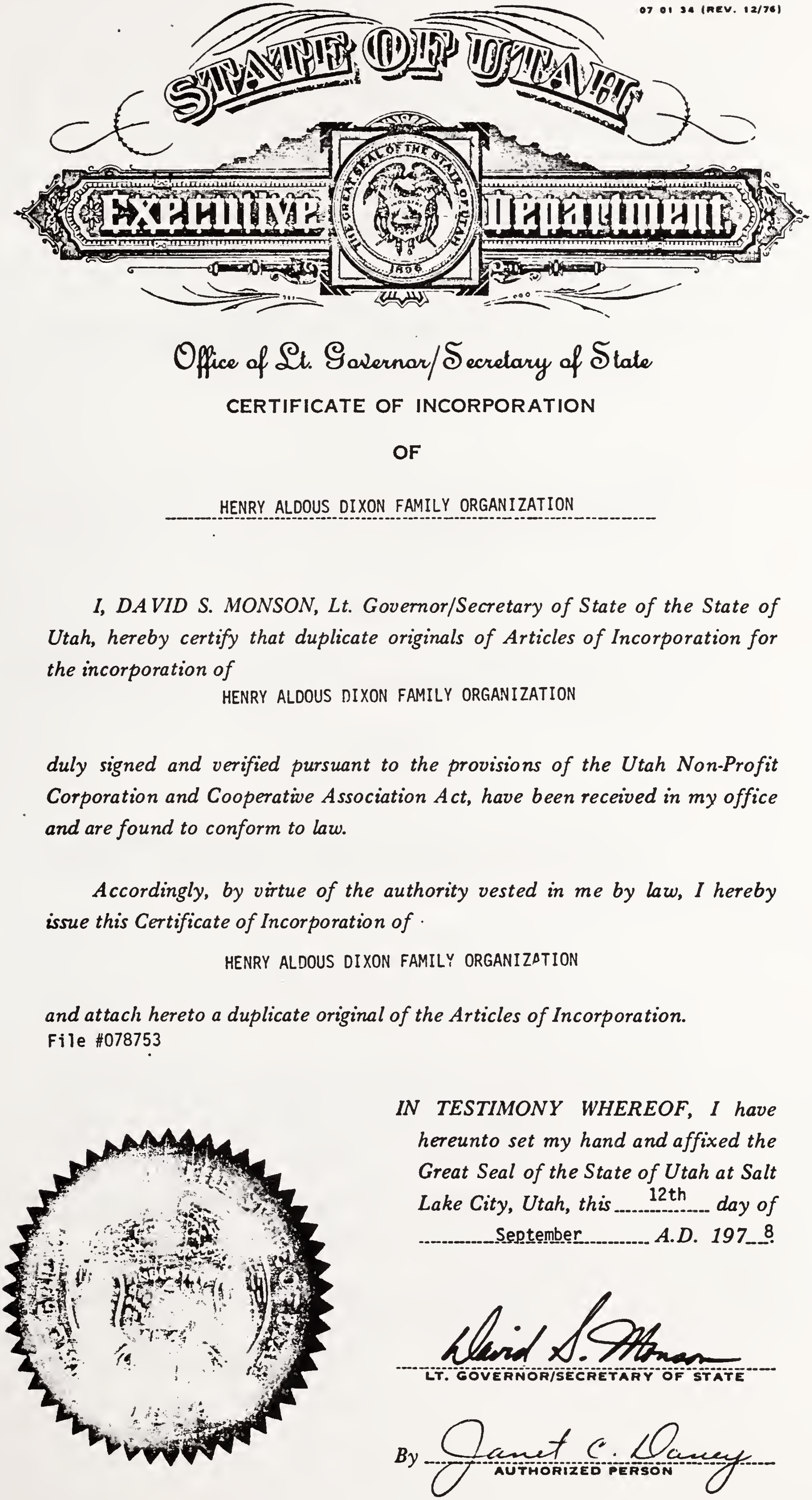
Arthur N. Taylor Cabin
Wildwood

Bud Sanky
Paul, Maurine, Ken, Katy C. Allie
Alice

Wildwood Swimming Hole
Provo Canyon

Walter Dixon - Mt. Timp Hike

Wildwood Pasture
Kate Taylor Rye Taylor
Fred Ruth Ken



07 01 34 (REV. 12/76)

STATE OF UTAH

Executive Department

Office of Lt. Governor/Secretary of State

CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION

OF

HENRY ALDOUS DIXON FAMILY ORGANIZATION

I, DAVID S. MONSON, Lt. Governor/Secretary of State of the State of Utah, hereby certify that duplicate originals of Articles of Incorporation for the incorporation of

HENRY ALDOUS DIXON FAMILY ORGANIZATION

duly signed and verified pursuant to the provisions of the Utah Non-Profit Corporation and Cooperative Association Act, have been received in my office and are found to conform to law.

Accordingly, by virtue of the authority vested in me by law, I hereby issue this Certificate of Incorporation of

HENRY ALDOUS DIXON FAMILY ORGANIZATION

and attach hereto a duplicate original of the Articles of Incorporation.

File #078753

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the Great Seal of the State of Utah at Salt Lake City, Utah, this 12th *day of* September *A.D. 197*8

David S. Monson

LT. GOVERNOR/SECRETARY OF STATE

By Janet C. Dancy

AUTHORIZED PERSON

FILED in the office of the Lt. Gov./Sec. of
State of [illegible] Utah [illegible]
September 12th 78
DAVID S. MONSON
Lt. Gov./Sec. of State
Filling Clerk BS Fees 5.00

1978 SEP 12 AM 11:15

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION

of

HENRY ALDOUS DIXON FAMILY ORGANIZATION

The undersigned, acting as incorporators of a corporation under the Non-Profit Corporation Act of Utah, adopt the following Articles of Incorporation for such corporation.

ARTICLE 1

Name

This family organization shall be known as the Henry Aldous Dixon Family Organization.

ARTICLE 11

Term

The corporation shall be perpetual unless sooner terminated by law, or under such terms and conditions as may be hereinafter referred to.

ARTICLE 111

Corporate Purposes

The purpose of this corporation's existence shall be lawful purposes set forth in and provided for by the State of Utah but particular emphasis shall be placed upon the following specific purposes to carry out the intent of this corporation:

A. The activities and pursuits of this corporation shall be guided by and be consistent with the principles of religious belief of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints and particularly as such religious teachings embrace and direct genealogical research.

B. To lay the foundation through genealogical and other research and activity either by or in behalf of said corporation, for the performance of special religious ordinances in the appropriate Temples of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

C. To educate the membership and others with a knowledge of the history and family traditions in the genealogical lines of the membership.

D. To engage in and to hire specialists to engage in genealogical and historical research anywhere in the world pertaining to family history.

E. To prepare or cause to be prepared genealogical records and information strictly in accordance with requirements of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints for fulfillment of its religious requirements with regard thereto.

F. To compile current records and establish a means for perpetuating such records of the ancestors, present contemporary descendants, and future descendants of Henry Aldous Dixon.

G. The above purposes shall not be construed as limitation in any way upon the activities of this corporation and it shall be entitled to pursue any or all of the purposes cited in or provided for in such statutes.

ARTICLE IV

Members

The corporation shall have members. All of the descendants of Henry Aldous Dixon are eligible for membership in this corporation. Each descendant may become a member thereof by submitting to the Secretary a written statement containing his name, address, and a showing of relationship to Henry Aldous Dixon.

ARTICLE V

Shares of Stock

Shares of stock evidencing membership in the corporation shall not be issued or required.

ARTICLE VI

Annual Meeting

An annual meeting of the members of this corporation shall be held at a time and place determined by the Governing Board.

ARTICLE VII

Governing Board

The property, business, and affairs of the corporation shall be managed by a Governing Board of Trustees of no less than three (3) or more than 14 in number. Trustees need not be members of the corporation nor residents of the state of incorporation. The initial Governing Board shall consist of five (5) Trustees. The names and addresses of the initial Trustees of the Governing Board are:

Name	Address
Veal H. Dixon	342 N 500 W PROVO, UTAH
Robert N. Dixon	121 So. Inglewood Dr. Orem Ut
Donald C. Dixon	4112 Crestview Provo, Utah
Lois D. McEwen	Rt 2 Box 388D Pl. Grove. Utah
Clarence D. Taylor	2130 TEMPLE VIEW DR. PROVO UT.

The Trustees of the Governing Board shall be elected by the members at the annual meeting. Except for the initital Governing Board, the term of office of the Trustees of the Governing Board shall be one (1) year and until their successors have been elected and qualified. A Trustee may be removed by vote of the members. A vacancy in the Governing Board may be filled by the affirmative vote of a majority of the remaining Trustees, though less than a quorum of the Governing Board.

ARTICLE VIII

Officers

The officers of the corporation shall consist of a President, Vice-Presidents, Secretary, Treasurer, (any others as desired) who shall be appointed by and serve at the pleasure of the Governing Board and who shall exercise such duties as authorized by law and as the Governing Board shall prescribe. Any or all of the offices may be held by the same person. The initital officers of the corporation are:

President	Verl G. Dixon 342 North 500 West, Provo, Utah 84601
1st Vice-President	Robert N. Dixon 121 Inglewood Drive, Orem, Utah 84057
2nd Vice-President	Donald R. Dixon 4112 Crestview Avenue, Provo, Utah 84601
Secretary	Lois D. McEwan 2292 North 100 East Pleasant Grove, Utah 84062
Treasurer	Clarence D. Taylor 2130 Temple View Drive, Provo, Utah 84601

ARTICLE IX

Incorporators

The name and street address of each of the incorporators is:

Name	Address
Verl G. Dixon	342 N 500 W PROVO, UTAH
Robert N. Dixon	121 So. Inglewood Dr Orem Ut.
Donald R. Dixon	4112 Crestview Provo, Utah
Lois D. McEwan	Rt 2 Box 380 D Pl Grove Ut.
Clarence D. Taylor	2130 TEMPLE VIEW DR. PROVO UT.

ARTICLE X

Initial Principal Office

The initial principal office of the corporation is in care of Clarence D. Taylor, 2130 Temple View Drive, Provo, Utah 84601.

ARTICLE XI

Termination and Dissolution

No part of the proceeds from the sale or distribution of assets of this corporation shall inure to any individual thereof. If said corporation shall for any reason be dissolved, the assets shall be transferred to a non-profit corporation with similar purposes to those provided herein.

DATED this 11th day of Sept 1978.

Verl G. Dixon
Robert N. Dixon
Donald R. Dixon
Clarence D. Taylor

Incorporators

STATE OF)
) ss:
County of UTAH)

VERL G. DIXON, ROBERT N. DIXON DONALD R. DIXON, LOIS D. MCEWAN and CLARENCE D. TAYLOR being each first duly sworn, deposes and says, that he is one of the incorporators named in the foregoing Articles of Incorporation of Henry Aldous Dixon Family Organization; that he has read the same, knows and understands the contents thereof, and that the statements contained therein are true.

Verl G. Dixon
Robert N. Dixon
Donald R. Dixon
Clarence D. Taylor

SUBSCRIBED AND SWORN to before me this 11th day of Sept 1978.

NOTARY PUBLIC
Residing at Provo, Utah

My commission expires:
April 12, 1982

Dixon Real Estate Co.

Farmers & Merchants Bank Corner

Taylor Investment Bldg.

Dixon Taylor Russell Co.

DIXON TAYLOR RUSSELL COMPANY

The first furniture store in Provo, started in pioneer days, was owned and operated by George Taylor. His son, Arthur N. Taylor, with a group of young Provo business men, in the summer of 1921, organized the DIXON TAYLOR RUSSELL COMPANY. Arthur N. Taylor was the President and Manager; Albert F. Dixon, Vice-president; Sidney W. Russell, Sec. & Treas.; and Orson G. Bird, J. W. Howe, Jr. and William D. Norman were Directors. The Company received its charter to do business on October 6, 1921, and opened the doors of its first store, in Provo - a three story brick building, at the corner of Third West and Center Street - on the First day of November 1921.

Arthur N. Taylor, who had been in the furniture business for more than 30 years, believed that merchandise should be sold at one price to all - the lowest possible price - and that partiality and special favors to individuals should not be. This One Price Policy was the foundation of the Dixon Taylor Russell Co. Discounts were done away with. Goods were sold at the cash price, and if people desired installment payments, convenient terms were arranged and the customer paid, in addition to the cost of his merchandise, a small carrying charge covering the length of time he wished to run his account.

This policy, for a furniture store, was revolutionary in this intermountain country at that time. It was a hard program to start with, as the public had been schooled to trade for discounts. Every man, depending on who he was, seemed to have a different purchasing power. It was not long, however, before the public realized that the Dixon Taylor Russell Co. was sincere in carrying out their policy of One Price to all. They saw that every man, regardless of whether he was a good friend, a rich man, a poor man, or a stranger, paid the same price. A child could go into the store and buy a bedroom set or any other item, and would receive the same deal as the most skilled traders. This policy established confidence with the public and brought increased business and resulted in a pleasing growth.

Arthur N. Taylor also dreamed of a business that would bring furniture, house furnishings, and service into the rural communities at prices as low as could be had in the larger cities and trading centers. In order to do this, he could see that a large buying power in carload lots direct from the factory was necessary. It would be necessary also to have a display in the smaller towns where it would be convenient for the people to see the things offered for their homes.

This started the opening of Branch Stores in : Springville, Nephi, Payson, Pleasant Grove, Spanish Fork, Heber, American Fork, Price, and Helper.

By the year 1929, ten stores and three districts were in operation in Central, Eastern and Southern Utah. Carload shipments were rolling constantly direct from factories to the Provo warehouse and from that point distributed by company trucks to the branch stores.

In November of 1946 a warehouse on railroad trackage at the corner of 5th South and 5th West was purchased and three large warehouse buildings were constructed. Furniture and furnishings were shipped in by carload lots and were emptied directly into this spacious warehouse. Company trucks then distributed the merchandise from here to the stores.

Other services rendered were: A large drapery workshop, employing ten to twelve women who made up curtains, draperies, slip covers, etc.

An upholstering shop, employing eight men who reconditioned and rebuilt furniture.

A shade shop, making up custom made window shades.

A furniture repair shop for the repair of broken furniture.

A refinishing shop for reconditioning damaged surfaces and making new finishes and color effects on furniture.

An appliance repair shop for installing and repair of major home appliances.

A floor covering service department of ten men to install linoleum, carpets, tile and other floor coverings.

Trained decorators to advise on the decoration of the home with draperies, floor coverings, wallpapers and furniture.

After a fire on July 20, 1963, which did considerable smoke damage to the building and merchandise, business was never the same. So, after nearly forty-three years of operation, the Board of Directors decided to cease operation of the Dixon Taylor Russell Co.

Some of the Dixon and Taylor family members who helped to make D. T. R. Co. so successful were:

Arthur N. Taylor
Albert F. Dixon
Harry A. Dixon
Arthur D. Taylor
Lynn D. Taylor
Elton L. Taylor
Henry D. Taylor
Arnold Dixon
Alice T. Nelson
Erma D. Boshard
Clarence D. Taylor

O. Kenneth Taylor
Eldon A. Dixon
John A. Taylor
Robert N. Dixon
Henry D. Taylor, Jr.
Douglas W. Dixon
Ethel S. Taylor
James S. Taylor
Paul S. Taylor
Kent G. Taylor

D. T. R.: LIKE LOSING AN OLD FRIEND

(Taken from TODAY"S EDITORIAL in The Daily Herald
Thursday April 30, 1964.)

Before the year 1964 has faded away, the merchandising operation of one of Central Utah's best-known business institutions, Dixon-Taylor-Russell Company, will have been concluded.

Announcement by the firm some time ago that it will go out of business brought a tinge of sadness to thousands of Central Utahns who have been customers at one time or another during the nearly 43 years DTR has operated.

It may take the company two or three years to complete all the business phases of its operation, including settlement of credit accounts. But in keeping with the announced liquidation plan, the furniture and appliance operation already has been turned over to McMahan's, which has leased the three-story brick building constructed by the D. T. R. founders.

The Provo store will continue to operate until draperies, floor coverings and giftware are completely liquidated and until a backlog of work contracted, such as draperymaking, is finished. As for the branch stores, DTR has sold out its interest in American Fork; the Spanish Fork store will close July 1; and the Payson branch will operate until the liquidation has been completed.

It takes a lot of courage, vision, and know-how to launch a business as Arthur N. Taylor and a group of young associates did when they formed the Dixon Taylor Russell Company, built their store, and opened the doors for business November 1, 1921.

It isn't easy either, to close an institution of this kind. It isn't easy to make the decision that had to be made, nor to liquidate the business which has meant so much to so many.

One of the most difficult sides to the liquidation, insofar as the owners are concerned, is the necessity to release trusted employees who have served so long and so faithfully. "However, we are happy that many of our key people already have been able to secure other positions." one of the top DTR men said the other day.

Arthur N. Taylor, whose father George Taylor had operated the first furniture store in Provo in Pioneer days, was the first president and manager of DTR. The "Dixon" was the late Albert F. Dixon, vice-president; and the "Russell" was Sidney W. Russell, the original secretary-treasurer and now vice president.

Arthur D. Taylor, now president and manager, was one of the original organizers. He, as well as Henry D. Taylor, secretary-treasurer and assistant manager; Clarence D. Taylor, assistant secretary-treasurer, Lynn D. Taylor and Elton L. Taylor, directors, are all sons of the original president and manager.

Dixon Taylor Russell, which celebrated its 42nd anniversary last November, began to branch out after two years of operation. Its first branch store was opened at Springville February 1, 1924. Then followed expansion that included stores at Nephi, Payson, Pleasant Grove, Spanish Fork, Heber, American Fork, Price and Helper. Thus by 1929 there were 10 stores.

The depression in the Thirties closed three stores. There were seven still operating when the store observed its 25th anniversary. After that a branch store was opened in Orem.

Now, with the American Fork interest sold out and the Spanish Fork store to close July 1, only the Payson store and the parent store, now operating in the east section of the Provo building, will be left after mid-year.

DTR, over the years, won a reputation for sound, honest dealings. With men of high character and business training at the helm, it earned the trust and confidence of the public.

What the company has meant to the economy of Central Utah is another story in itself. Through peacetime and war, prosperity and depression, DTR provided jobs and payrolls.

As liquidation proceeds, the Herald salutes Dixon Taylor Russell and the men and women who made it the fine business institution it has always been.

DIXON REAL ESTATE CO.

In a small one room office, upstairs over the entrance to the Farmers & Merchants Bank (290 West Center Street, Provo), in 1909 the Dixon Real Estate Company was organized and began selling real estate and insurance to the citizens of Provo by LeRoy Dixon.

For two years before his mission call to Great Britain, LeRoy had been associated with the W. H. Ray Real Estate & Loan Co. Here he had become well trained in the handling of real estate and loan transactions.

Shortly after the business was started, LeRoy invited J. Elmer Jacobsen to join him as a partner in the business. Elmer accepted and it continued as such until the untimely death of LeRoy in 1926.

From the very start the business was successful, not always making "piles of money", but in making lasting friends who were atracted by LeRoy's magnetic personality and his genuine desire to be of service to other people and to help them with their personal problems, regardless of cost or time. Like his older brother, John DeGrey Dixon, people liked to do business with an honest, ambitious and well qualified, intelligent businessman. It soon became one of Utah's best real estate organizations.

LeRoy Dixon became an authority on property values in Utah County. With the organization of the Provo Building & Loan, he became one of the incorporators and was its first real estate appraiser. He represented his business and the City of Provo by joining and becoming active as a Director of the American Building & Loan Ass'n.

For many years, the Dixon Real Estate Co. was sole representative of the Beneficial Life Insurance Co. in the making of real estate loans in Utah County and also as a sales agent for their life insurance.

In about 1921 the upstairs office over the Bank was too small to handle the large volume of business and number of customers, so the building at 240 West Center Street was purchased from George Taylor Sr. and completely remodeled and a second story added, giving a spacious and modern real estate office.

Elsie Ross Whitaker, an English Convert, was the bookkeeper for the Company for many years. Just before Henry D. Taylor went on his mission to the Eastern States, he was employed and became qualified to start his own real estate business after graduating from college. In its earliest years of existence, LeRoy's brother Albert F. Dixon became a salesman for the Company.

Upon the death of LeRoy Dixon, the surviving partner, J. Elmer Jacobsen bought LeRoy's share of the partnership and incorporated it as Dixon Real Estate Co., Inc. The good will and Dixon name is still used to this date, (February 1980) and at the same location.

FARMERS & MERCHANTS BANK

In 1906 John DeGrey Dixon was living in Salt Lake City, serving as secretary to the State Land Board. This job had been offered him upon finishing his term of office as Secretary of State of Utah.

His very close friend and business partner, Thomas N. Taylor of Provo, had written him asking him to join in organizing a bank in Provo. This John consented to do, so the Farmers and Merchants Bank was organized with a capital of $50,000. The first officers were: Thomas N. Taylor, president; Homer J. Rich of Salt Lake City, vice-president; John D. Dixon, cashier; John F. Bennett and William R. Wallace, directors. A new building was built on the corner of Center Street and Third West.

As Cashier of the Bank it was John D. Dixon's responsibility to oversea all operations of the Bank, including the approval of all loans. His desk was strategically situated in the front of the Bank, near a large plate glass window overlooking Center Street. There were very few men, women or children who passed that window, who did not get an acknowledging nod or hand wave from the personable John D. Dixon.

It has been said that the genuine interest John D. Dixon had in the welfare of his customers, that if he felt a loan detrimental to that customers best interest, he could turn down the loan and still retain the good will of the customer and keep him as a friend.

The Bank continued to prosper and grow. It increased its capital from 50,000 to $100,000. Paid a stock dividend of $25,000. Paid a dividend every year, from the first year. Space for the bank was doubled with an addition to the north of the building and the interior of the building was completely remodeled. It was one of the best looking small banks in the State.

Arnold Dixon had worked for some time in the Utah National Bank in Salt Lake City and had gained considerable banking experience there. With the opening of the new bank in 1906, in his home town of Provo, he became a bookkeeper and worked up to the position of cashier during the twenty-six years he was employed at the bank.

At the time Dr. Fred Dixon Kartchner was born, his father, Asael Kartchner was a bookkeeper at the bank. He and his wife, Rose thought so much of John and Sarah Dixon that they gave the Dixon name to their last born baby.

Upon the sudden and unexpected death of one of the banks founders and chief officer, John D. Dixon in 1923, the Board of Directors requested Henry Aldous Dixon assume his father's position.

With the great "depression" of 1932, the bank was forced toclose. It was later re-opened and eventually merged with the Walker Bank of Salt Lake City as a Branch Bank.

SOUTH FORK CATTLE CO.

For a good many years, a group of the young folks from Provo had spent many happy times hunting, fishing, riding and vacationing in the South Fork of the Provo Canyon. Some had even contemplated building themselves permanent summer cabins in the South Fork area.

There had been only three or four homesteads taken up in this area, and a group of these young Provo men could see the great possibility of buying up two of these homesteads, one from Oscar Mann and the other from a Mr. Long, thus opening up a large area for the grazing of cattle. The water rights were on the homesteaders land, and a vast area of Government grazing land adjoined.

In the latter part of 1903, John DeGrey Dixon, LeRoy Dixon, Ernest Dixon, Charles O. Dixon, Arthur N. Taylor, Thomas N. Taylor, and Ashted Taylor and others organized the South Fork Cattle Co. A beautiful young herd of bald-faced cattle was purchased and Charles O. Dixon was appointed as manager, with his brother Ernest as his assistant.

To supplement this summer range in the South Fork, eighty acres of land was purchased west of Spanish Fork, where enough hay could be raised in the summer to feed the cattle through the long and hard winters.

W. W. Ercanbrack and Thomas Lewis offered the Company a very good proposition for the purchase of their holdings which was accepted by the Company, thus ending the existence of the South Fork Cattle Co.

TAYLOR INVESTMENT COMPANY

In 1906 when the Farmers & Merchants Bank building at the corner of Third West and Center was being constructed, the lot to the east of this new building was purchased by the Taylor Investment Co., a partnership comprised of John D. Dixon, Thomas N. Taylor, John F. Bennett, W. R. Wallace and Arthur N. Taylor.

The purpose of this organization was to acquire and manage real estate. A two story brick building was built on this vacant lot and a long time lease on the ground floor was entered into with E. D. Firmage, manager and partner of the J. C. Penney Co. of Provo. The upstairs was converted into offices. Congressman J. Will Robinson and his brother Robert Robinson, lawyers, were long time tenants in the offices at the front. Dr. Walter D. Hasler was a long time tenant of another suite of offices.

This proved to be a very profitable venture and each year returned a very good dividend to the members.

The partnership was later converted to a corporation and gradually changed hands until at the time of the re-organization of the Farmers & Merchants Bank in 1932, the Bank acquired all the stock and eventually liquidated the Taylor Investment Co.

BLOCK 2

Rock House
G. I. TAYLOR Ranch House
Caretaker's House
G. BYRON DONE

1. JOHN C. SWENSEN
FRED C. DUST
D. SPENCER CLARK
VICTOR CARTWRIGHT
BRUCE HAFEN

2. JACOB COLEMAN
JOHN BOOTH
WILSON (J.J.) BOOTH
RUTH T. KARTCHNER

3. JAMES PIERPONT
THOMAS CORDNER

4. F. D. PARTRIDGE
FRANKLIN J. MADSEN
RUTH M. BRACY

5. JOHN SAXEY
MARION R. TAYLOR
RICHARD TAYLOR

6. JOSEPH B. KEELER
JESSE JOHNSON
J. W. DANGERFIELD
SIDNEY W. RUSSELL
CAROL G. OLSON

7. DR. D. K. CHRISTENSEN

8. LEROY DIXON
VERL G. DIXON

9. MOSE GUDMUNDSEN
CLARENCE HAWKINS
CLIFTON TOLBOE
TAYLOR EASTMOND
GRANT A. FISHER

10. JOHN E. HAYES
J. FENTON MILLER

11. TRACY Y. CANNON
FRANK SPECKHART, Sr.
PHIL SPECKHART
MARY J. SHIPMAN

12. RONALD DIXON

13. ARNOLD BOSHARD

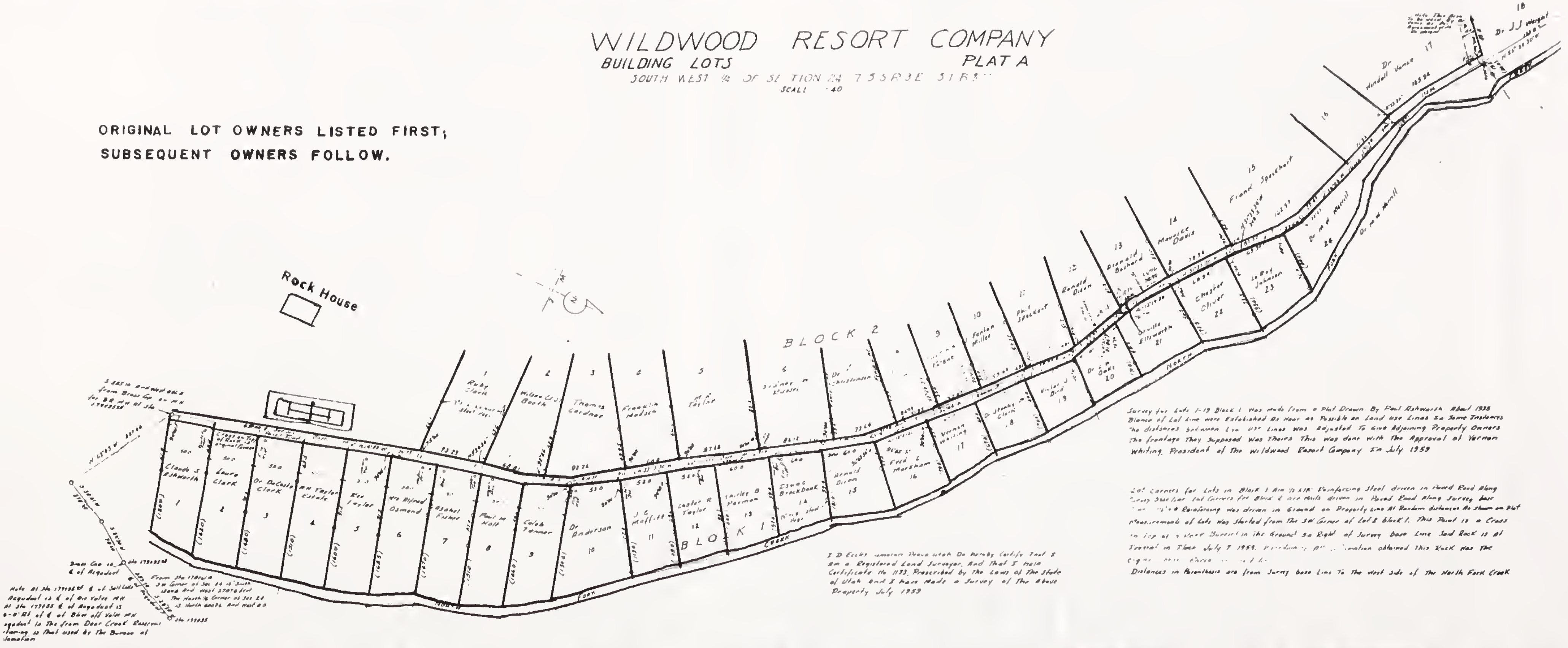
14. MAURICE DAVIS
CATHERINE N. SMITH

15. FRANK SPECKHART, Jr.

16. UNSOLD

17. DR. WENDELL VANCE

18. DR. WEIGHT and G. S. BALLIF
DR. J.J. WEIGHT



WILDWOOD RESORT COMPANY

BUILDING LOTS
PLAT A
SOUTH WEST ¼ OF SECTION 24 T 5 S R 3 E S L B & M
SCALE 1" = 40'

ORIGINAL LOT OWNERS LISTED FIRST;
SUBSEQUENT OWNERS FOLLOW.

Survey for Lots 1-19 Block 1 Was made from a Plat Drawn By Paul Ashworth About 1935. Blance of Lot Line were Established As Near as Possible on Land use Lines. So Some Instances The distances between Land use Lines Was Adjusted To Give Adjoining Property Owners The frontage They Supposed Was Theirs. This was done with The Approval of Vernon Whiting, President of The Wildwood Resort Company In July 1959

Lot Corners for Lots in Block 1 Are ½ Inch Reinforcing Steel driven in Paved Road Along Survey base line. Lot Corners for Block 2 are Nails driven in Paved Road Along Survey base line. [illegible] Reinforcing was driven in Ground on Property Line At Random distances As shown on Plat. Measurements of Lots was Started from The SW Corner of Lot 2 block 1. This Point is a Cross on top of a Rock Buried in The Ground 5.0 Right of Survey base Line. Said Rock is at [illegible] in Place July 7 1959. [illegible] obtained This Rock Was The [illegible]

Distances in Parenthesis are from Survey base Line To The West side of The North Fork Creek

I D Eccles [illegible] Provo Utah Do hereby Certify That I Am a Registered Land Surveyor. And That I hold Certificate No 1133, Prescribed by The Laws of The State of Utah And I have Made a Survey of The Above Property July 1959

BLOCK 1

1. A. L. BOOTH
WILLIAM B. ASHWORTH
CLAUDE S. ASHWORTH
DEAN ASHWORTH

2. ELBERT H. EASTMOND
DR. J. C. CLARK

3. DR. W. CALDERWOOD
DR. DA COSTA CLARK

4. ARTHUR N. TAYLOR
A. N. TAYLOR ESTATE
DIXIE T. FRAMPTON

5. THOMAS N. TAYLOR
REX TAYLOR

6. ALFRED OSMOND
IRENE O. SPEAR and
NAN O. GRASS

7. WILLIAM RAWLINGS
ASHAEL FISHER

8. EDWARD H. HOLT
PAUL M. HOLT

9. CALEB TANNER
IDA T. HAMBLIN

10. ALBERT F. DIXON
PAUL ASHWORTH
DR. G. Y. ANDERSON

11. J. CLIFTON MOFFIT
ROBERT L. HAMBLIN

12. LESTER TAYLOR
PHILLIP TAYLOR

13. DR. H. G. MERRILL
A. G. BROCKBANK
DR. CREED BRIMHALL

14. J. W. DANGERFIELD
ISAAC BROCKBANK
HELEN WEECH

15. ARTHUR DIXON
ARNOLD DIXON
MONROE PAXMAN

16. JOHN D. DIXON
FRED L. MARKHAM

17. GEORGE STARTUP
ERNEST DIXON
VERNON WHITING

18. DR. T. L. MARTIN
DR. STANLEY M. CLARK

19. VICTOR J. BIRD

20. LESLIE COCKRELL
DR. L. W. OAKS
RALPH R. OLSEN

21. DR. L. CULLIMORE
ORVILLE ELLSWORTH

22. HARVEY R. STAHEL
CHESTER OLIVER

23. IVAN W. YOUNG
M. CHRISTOPHERSO

24. DR. M. W. MERRILL

25. WAYNE BOOTH

WILDWOOD RESORT COMPANY

On the fifty year charter issued by the State of Utah in June of 1906 when the Wildwood Resort Company was incorporated, the following names appeared:

Edward H. Holt
Alfred Osmond
Thomas N. Taylor
Arthur N. Taylor
John C. Swensen
Joseph B. Keeler
John Saxey
William Rawlings
Caleb Tanner
Elbert H. Eastmond
E. D. Partridge
W. Lester Mangum
Alfred L. Booth
Clair Reid

The last three persons above listed, did not build on a lot in Wildwood. Others who built cabins or tent frames soon after the Company was organized were:

John D. Dixon
Arthur Dixon
George Startup
Mose Gudmanson
J. W. Dangerfield
John E. Hayes
Dr. Christensen
Dr. H. G. Merrill
LeRoy Dixon
Leslie Cockrell

Caretakers of the Wildwood Resort and who lived in the old Rock House included:

E. H. Eastmond and his mother.
Bro. Koffard and his family.
Mr. Noon and his family.
Mr. Brooks, Section foreman for the railroad and his family.
Y. M. Offret and his family who lived there for 36 years.

A plat of the lots in Wildwood as of July 7, 1959 is shown on the opposite page, which also shows the original owners and subsequent owners. The lots outlined with a double line, had improvements on them prior to 1920. All others have been built since that time.

WILDWOOD LOT OWNERS

A list of the original lot owners in Wildwood and their subsequent owners down to the present:

Commencing at the South end on the East side of the road:

LOT # 1 A. L. BOOTH
William B. Ashworth
Claud Ashworth
Dean Ashworth

LOT # 2 ELBERT H. EASTMOND
Dr. J. C. (Laura) Clark

LOT # 3 DR. W. CALDERWOOD
Dr. Da Costa Clark

LOT # 4 ARTHUR N. TAYLOR
Arthur N. Taylor Estate
Dixie T. Frampton

LOT # 5 THOMAS N. TAYLOR
H. Rex(Delenna)Taylor

LOT # 6 ALFRED OSMOND
Mrs. Alfred Osmond
Irene O. Spear & Nan O. Grass

LOT # 7 WILLIAM S. RAWLINGS
Ashael Fisher

LOT # 8 EDWARD H. HOLT
Paul Holt

LOT # 9 CALEB TANNER
Ida Tanner Hamblin

Wildwood Lots (Cont'd)

LOT # 10
Albert F. Dixon
Paul Ashworth
Dr. Grant Y. Anderson

LOT # 11
J. Clifton Moffit
Robert L. Hamblin

LOT # 12
Lester R. Taylor
Philip Taylor

LOT # 13 DR. H. G. MERRILL
A. G. Brockbank
Dr. Creed Brimhall

LOT # 14 J. W. DANGERFIELD
Isaac Brockbank
Helen Weech

LOT # 15 ARTHUR DIXON
Arnold Dixon
Monroe Paxman

LOT # 16 JOHN D. DIXON
Fred L. (Maud) Markham

LOT # 17 GEORGE STARTUP
Ernest Dixon
Vern Whiting

LOT # 18
Dr. Thomas L. Martin
Dr. Stanley Clark

LOT # 19
Victor J. Bird

LOT # 20 LESLIE COCKRELL
Dr. L. Weston Oaks
Ralph Reed Olsen

LOT # 21 DR. LLOYD CULLIMORE
Orville Ellsworth

LOT # 22 HARVEY R. STAHELI
Chester Oliver

LOT # 23 IVAN W. YOUNG
Merrill Christopherson
LeRoy Johnson

LOT # 24 DR. MADISON W. MERRILL

LOT # 25 WAYNE BOOTH

ROCK HOUSE - South end, West side.
George I. Taylor ranch house
Wildwood caretakers home
G. Byron Done

South end, West side of road:

LOT # 1 JOHN C. SWENSEN
Fred C. Dust
Ruby Clark (D. Spencer)
Fae C. Cartwright
Bruce Hafen

LOT # 2
Jacob Coleman
John Booth
Wilson (J. J.) Booth
Ruth T. Kartchner (Fred D.)

LOT # 3
James Pierpont
Thomas Cordner

LOT # 4 EDWARD D. PARTRIDGE
Franklin J. Madsen
Ruth M. Bracy

LOT # 5 JOHN SAXEY
Marion R. Taylor
Richard Taylor

LOT # 6 JOSEPH B. KEELER
Jesse W. Johnson
J. W. Dangerfield
Sidney W. Russell
Carol Gray

LOT # 7 DR. D. K. CHRISTENSEN

LOT # 8 LE ROY DIXON
Verl G. Dixon

LOT # 9 MOSE GUDMUNDSEN
Clarence Hawkins
Clifton Tolboe
Taylor Eastmond
Grant A. Fisher

LOT # 10 JOHN E. HAYES
Fenton Miller

LOT # 11 TRACY Y. CANNON
Frank Speckhart Sr.
Phil Speckhart
Mary J. Shipman

LOT # 12 RONALD DIXON

13 ARNOLD BOSHARD

LOT # 14 MAURICE DAVIS
Catherine N. Smith

15 FRANK SPECKHART, Jr.

LOT # 16

LOT $ 17 DR. WENDELL VANCE

LOT # 18 DR. J. WEIGHT - G. BALLIF
Dr. Jesse Weight

With so many members of the Dixon and Taylor families being the pioneers in organizing, acquiring, developing and owners in this Corporation, a history of its origin may be of interest.

Lynn Dixon Taylor writes: "In the spring of 1918 B. Y. U. was asked to send a contingent of men to an Officers' Training School at the Presidio in San Francisco, along with most of the other Universities of the Western States. Several of the younger faculty men joined our group (who were mostly freshmen) and we joined the camp which was already in progress. We were scattered thru the entire regiment. The camp was disbanded in September and we were returned to the B.Y.U. campus to form the nucleus of the SATC."

"The Armistice was signed in November and we were mustered out shortly after. We resumed schoolwork and classes and most of the fellows still wore their uniforms during the year. Several of us who had been very close friends were drawn even closer by our Army experience and we decided to have a series of social affairs. The only clubs in school at that time were geographical clubs such as the Arizona Club, the Canadian Club, etc. We organized our club and someone suggested a name -- a new term just coined--which was very familiar to us from our Army experience and somewhat of an epithet as well. When anyone tried to pass the buck or by-passed an unpleasant detail he was called a "goldbricker." It was customary to facetiously call each other "goldbrickers."

"The new Club was given this name and became a recognized social club on the campus. Notices of meetings were read along with other announcements from the rostrum. We had a reporter on the Y News and a page in the Banyan. At that time we had a membership of approximately twelve men."

"We began having initiations and we really thought they were something."

"Other clubs began to be formed and the school authorities decided they were obnoxious and must be abolished from the Campus. In accordance with the request of President Harris, our group agreed to discontinue its organization in school. Arrangements were made for a big funeral. The dance programs were edged in black and an appropriate obituary was inscribed. In front of the orchestra a coffin was placed with a large gold brick inside. One of the dance numbers was a formal march of the mourners to the tune of a funeral dirge. The next day a coffin was discovered in the hallway of one of the office buildings down town and created quite a furore. The boys who had rented the coffin had failed to return it properly."

"That was Saturday night. The next day was Easter Sunday and we resurrected the club down at the Roberts Hotel. Inasmuch as several of us had been graduated from School and were working downtown we reorganized the club as a down-town club with regular luncheon meetings at the hotel. The students who had belonged were dubbed "Nuggets" and were special guests. In fact at all luncheons and dances they were "paying" guests. Thus the club functioned off the campus until it was invited back under the school's social unit system."

"Certain occasions became important annual affairs. Perhaps the climax became the annual canyon week-end. Prospective members were goated the last week of school and staged the canyon party. They did all the cleaning, bed making and cooking for the entire group. Each night they put on a program for the entertainment of the group. The last night they were taken thru the final rituals. These parties were held at Wildwood and were wonderfully successful."

"The good time enjoyed at these canyon parties developed into an urge to buy some property where old Brickers could build cabins and perpetuate the school time comrade-ships which had become so close. Twenty-five acres of choice property at the back of Timpanogos, above the Mutual Girls' Home was purchased on a contract and payed out monthly with the regular club dues. A number of summer homes are now located on this site known as "Brickerhaven" and the old time friendships stll persist."

In May of 1926, three members of the Goldbricker Club, an off-campus organization, but comprised mainly of B.Y.U. students, were delegated to meet with Scott P. Stewart, Sec. & Treas. of the North Fork Investment Co., owners of approximately 2000 acres of land in the North Fork of Provo Canyon. These three members, Lynn D. Taylor, William J. Snow, Jr., and Victor R. Taylor, were charged with the responsibility of selecting the most desirable site in all North Fork on which a summer Haven or retreat could be established with summer homes for the Alumni and a club house or lodge for the unmarried active school members.

January 18, 1927, a contract for the purchase of 15.5 acres of land from the North Fork Investment Co. was signed by Lynn D. Taylor, William J. Snow, Jr. and Victor R. Taylor.

It was not until July 19, 1928, that the Articles of Incorporation for Brickerhaven Country Club, a non-profit corporation, was filed with the Secretary of the State of Utah.

In the summer of 1930, members of the Utah and Sharon Stakes and a group of fifteen Brickers, were able to complete a rough graded road up to the white clay deposits, which was about half way to the newly acquired Mutual Girls' property.

With the advent of the "depression" and other factors, it was not until 1938 before an automobile road was constructed to the East line of the Brickerhaven property. A roughly graded road along the creek, then circling back among the trees on the upper level was bulldozed in June of 1938.

The following year the first cabin to be built at Brickerhaven was started by Lynn D. Taylor. For culinary water, he dug into the south hillside and developed a spring which he piped into his cabin. Kerosene lamps and candles were used until 1951 when the electricity was made available by the extension of the power lines from the Mutual Girls home. Clyde and Sarah Dixon Summerhays had just built their summer home. Clyde and Lynn each guaranteed to pay a minimum payment of $30 per year for the next five years in order to get this power.

At the annual stockholders meeting held at Brickerhaven on August 19, 1950, the stockholders authorized the officers to proceed to amend the Articles of Incorporation. The Amended Articles of Incorporation was accepted by the Secretary of State and a new certificate issued October 28, 1950.

1. Briefly, this amended articles of incorporation changed the name from Brickerhaven Country Club to Brickerhaven Corporation.

2. It amplified the purpose and objectives of the non-profit organization.

3. It added the office of vice-president and defined his duties.

4. It provided for a Board of Trustees to consist of between five and nine members. Their three year terms of office to be staggered.

5. Qualification of new membership consisted of at least a two-thirds favorable vote of existing members. Previous membership was limited only to members of the Brickers or Nuggets Club.

6. Action to be followed for termination of membership.

7. Period of existence was changed from 50 years to 99 years.

With the filing of the plat plan of lots and in order to meet the County zoning ordinances, a new arrangement of lots was necessary. Where formerly there were 100 lots, the new plat provided for only 30 lots.

Beginning in 1961, the total acreage of Brickerhaven has been enclosed with a chain link fence, with locked gates on both the East and West ends.

Among family members and relatives who pioneered Brickerhaven were:

Lynn D. Taylor
Rulon S. Dixon
Victor R. Taylor
Elmer Baddley
Fred Markham
Paul S. Dixon
Henry D. Taylor
Fred W. Dixon
Donald M. Dixon
Clyde J. Summerhays
Harold W. Brown
O. Kenneth Taylor
Grant A. Fisher
Ivan W. Nelson
El Roy Nelson
Richard McKay
Clarence Taylor

Dwelling Construction:

L. D. Taylor	1942
Summerhays	1950
Brown	1951
Keeler	1952
Austin	1958
Christensen	1961
Clark	1964
E. P. Taylor	1965
Mayfield	1967
E. R. Nelson	1967
H. D. Taylor	1968
Edwards	1969
Firmage	1970
McKay	1977

"ICE CUTTING"
woodcut by Clare Leighton

In the early days of Utah, small,perishable foods, such as meat and milk were kept from spoiling by placing in a small screened box which was generally located in the shade of the house or a tree.

The early settlers built a storage cellar, consisting of four thick walls of rock or logs, a dirt floor and a dirt roof. It had a low door and at least one window (small) to provide circulation. The dirt floor was excavated from two to four feet below the surrounding ground level. In this storage cellar, fruits, vegetables, meats and other foods were kept cool in the summer and did not freeze in the winter.

Fish caught on the upper Provo River or at Strawberry or quite a distance from home always presented the problem of preserving them until they could be taken home and made available to the families. On the lumber wagons which hauled lumber from the Strawberry Valley saw mills and which required two or three days' journey to Provo, the fishermen would wrap their catch of big, red salmon trout and native trout in their bed rolls. At night the sacks containing the fish were hung out in the cold night air; then in the morning they would be again wrapped in their bed roll, which served as an insulation against the heat of the day. Thus they were able to preserve part of their catch and were able to distribute fish to their families or amongst their friends.

Later as more people lived in the cities and were not required to store their produce which they had raised on the farm; but purchased most of their foods from the stores, an ice chest was utilized for the preservation of their perishable foods.

This ice chest came in many sizes, but generally it was a rectangular box about 1½' x 2' x 4'. It was an air-tight chest with at least two doors. One door on top provided access to the ice chamber where a block of ice was placed. The cold air from the ice circulated down to the food chamber located underneath the ice chamber, and which had its separate door in the front of the chest. Heavy insulation was used in the walls of the chest to retain the cold air created by the slowly-melting block of ice. Ice was delivered daily, or not less than every other day, during the hot summer months.

Those persons living near a lake, a river, or a pond were very fortunate in being able to harvest their own ice in the winter time and store it in their own ice-storage buildings which were well insulated with sawdust. When the water in the ponds had frozen to a depth of from one to three feet, large saws were used to cut the ice into large squares and they were stacked inside the ice house and let freeze into one solid chunk of ice. Sawdust was then placed on the sides, and on the top of the ice which insulated and kept the ice from melting.

In the summer, a person would climb up on top of the ice and the sawdust, uncover the top layer of sawdust, break off a chunk of ice, wash off the sawdust and put it in the refrigerator, the ice cream freezer, a tub of cold water for cooling beverages, or for whatever use they might have.

Provo had two large commercial ice companies, the Allen Ice Company and the Provo Ice Company. The Allen Ice Co. had two large ice houses and an ice pond in the area of Sixth West between Sixth and Eighth North. The Provo Ice Co. was located at Twelth North and Second West.

In 1905 LeRoy Dixon was instrumental in organizing and incorporating the Provo Ice & Cold Storage Company. The old grist mill which had been built by John Mills and later owned by James Smith, was purchased together with its water power rights.

With the incorporation of the Provo Ice & Cold Storage Co. they built a brick building between the D. & R.G.W. Railroad tracks and the Mill Race. This building was equipped with compressors and machinery for freezing of water into ice each day. By this method, very little storage space was required.

The machinery, compressors and pumps were run by water power from the Mill Race. A large wooden flume was extended to the north towards the old Dixon Brickyard, where the water was diverted from the Mill Race and provided sufficient height to drop the water onto a water wheel to turn the machinery in the ice plant.

Later the water power was augmented by a steam boiler and eventually was used exclusively for their source of power.

As I remember from my visits to the Plant, there was a large three-story storage room on the south end of the building. Extending north from this storage building was a story-and-a-half building. The lower portion of this building contained a huge brine tank about five feet deep. The tank was divided into sections of about 2' x 3' feet. A 2'x3' wooden block was placed on top of the tank, which made a wooden floor when all the blocks were in place covering the brine tank.

A 2'x3'x5' foot metal container was filled with "drinking" water from a near-by spring, or if necessary "distilled" water was used. An overhead crane carried this container of water over one of the floor blocks. The floor block was removed and the container of water was lowered into the brine tank and left there until the water became frozen. The frozen container was then lifted out of the brine tank, by the crane. These 300 pound blocks of ice were emptied onto a shoot and slid into the storage room or slid outside onto the west platform for loading into delivery wagons, railroad freight cars, or fruit cars which were on the railroad spur, along side of the wooden platform

The ammonia-filled cooling pipes which were interwoven all through the big brine tank, were extended into the large storage room on the south end of the building, where the temperature was kept down near freezing. On a hot day, it was most delightful to go into this big room and cool off, but only for a short time. At times during the year this storage room was completely filled with surplus blocks of ice, meat, apples, vegetables and many other items which were perishable products and needed preserving.

Vere Olsen was the manager of the plant, LeRoy Dixon was the president. Ray Brown was the chief engineer.

In the summer time the Provo Ice & Cold Storage Co. would hire six or eight men to drive a horse and wagon loaded with ice and deliver this ice to the homes of the residents of Provo and Springville. Kids of the neighborhood would gather around the wagon to pick-up some ice chips to cool their dry mouths.

An ice deliveryman's main equipment consisted of a pair of ice tongs to pick up the ice, a sharp ice pick to cut the huge cakes of ice into a size which would fit in the ice chest; a pair of scales to weigh the ice which was delivered (for the ice was sold by the pound), and a waterproof apron which was strapped to the back of the deliveryman to protect him from the ice water which melted from the cake of ice he carried on his back from the ice wagon to the ice chest in the home.

With the introduction of delivery trucks, the ice operation was spread to all towns of the County. It previously had been pretty much confined to the Provo-Springville and Heber Valley areas. The latter received its delivery daily from the Heber Branch "Heber Creeper " of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad.

With the introduction of the electric refrigerator, the home use of ice for cooling foods was doomed.

Charles o. Dixon, Mgr.
of South Fork Cattle Co.

Cattle in South Fork

Walter & Louie Dixon
in South Fork

The Dixons have always had an attraction to the good earth, especially farms and ranches, going back to 1820 when John Henry Dixon organized 11 families with 27 children into the Dixon Party for the purpose of each family obtaining a hundred acres of land from the British Government in the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa.

When Henry A. Dixon was asked by Brigham Young to go to Provo as secretary to the Provo Woolen Mills, one of the first things he did was purchase a quarter of a city block from William A. Follett to build a home for his family. This building lot was just one-half block from his work, on Second North between Second and Third West, and in the Provo Third Ward.

On March 20, 1878, William Follett received a patented deed from the U.S. Government for 130 acres of land in Section 36. Part of this land was later sold to Henry A. Dixon and became known as the Provo River Brickyard Farm. This farm was left by will to Sarah DeGrey Dixon and later sold to S. H. Belmont for the Provo Brick & Tile Co.

On July 23, 1880, the President of the U.S., Rutherford B. Hayes, issued a deed to Henry A. Dixon for 80 acres of land in Section 24, on the West side of the Provo River at about 3700 North. This farm was left by will to Aunt Mary S. Dixon.

In Grandfather Dixon's will, dated October 27, 1879, he bequeaths to his wife, Sarah DeGrey Dixon the Provo River Brickyard Farm, situated in Sec. 36. And to his wife Mary Smith Dixon, the Farm on Provo Bench in Sec. 24. He also deeded 20 acres of land on Provo Bench to his wife, Mary Smith Dixon's children.

For years these farms furnished the two widows and their families with fruit and vegetable for sustenance, and pastureland for their cows and horses. Since Grandfather had bequeathed two lots with the buildings theron in the Third Bishop's Ward to Sarah's children, the children of Aunt Mary desired to have their own home for their mother, so they sold their 20 acres of land on Provo Bench and built a home for their mother in the First Ward.

Mary and Sarah had lived together to long to be separated, across town, so Mary's children built their mother a new home just one block West of the old Dixon homestead and in the Third Ward. Aunt Mary lived in this home the remainder of her life, and her oldest son William, bought the home and lived there the rest of his life.

From their early farm experiences, it was just natural for the Dixon boys to own land of their own.

John D. Dixon became one of the largest producers and shippers of fruit in the State of Utah. At one time he and his family owned nearly 110 acres of fruit trees on Provo Bench, and shipped out of the State, 19 railroad cars (about 12,000 bushel) of peaches to the Eastern Market, one year. The forty acres of land on which the Orem Civic

Center is now located, was one of John D. Dixon's peach farms.

Arthur Dixon and his brother-in-law, Arthur N. Taylor, purchased a newly planted orchard on the crest of the hill Northwest of Provo, in what is now Grandview. About half of this farm was planted with peach, pear and apple trees. The remainder of the farm was in alfalfa, beets, grain and a large area for a garden. It was in this garden plot that Maria Dixon Taylor (Aunt Rye) raised some of the earliest peas and corn in this area. She had a standing order with John T. Taylor Grocery Store to supply him with the season's earliest peas and corn. Her "golden bantam" corn was the first of this variety introduced in this area.

During the fruit harvesting season, many of the relatives, neighbors and friends made their services available to pick, sort, pack and ship the fruit to the Eastern and West Coast markets.

A two story packing shed was built which became the center of activity; in the receiving the fruit from the orchard, the sorting and packing and boxing the fruit; mingled with the chatter and shouting of orders, requests, directions and gossip. It was a great relief and feeling of accomplishment to see the last refrigerated railroad car pull off the railroad siding for the Market.

The Slate Canyon Farm having been willed to the children of both Sarah and Mary became the property of Sarah's children when they purchased the one-half interest from Mary's children. Before Charles O. Dixon acquired the farm, it had been rented out and was more of a rock pile than a farm, raising only a little hay. Charles hauled off tons and tons of rock and planted most of it in orchard. He produced some of the finest strawberries and vegetables in the area. This farm being located at the end of the East Union irrigation canal, a full stream of water was never assured.

The South Fork Cattle Company is written up in another chapter of this book.

In 1917 the Dixon Brothers acquired about 10,000 acres of native sagebrush land on the Blue Bench of Duchesne County, near Tabiona. They had made the first water filing on the Moon Lake and made plans to construct canals to bring the water onto the undeveloped land.

A herd of milk cows was purchased in Utah County and driven to the Reservation, under the direction of Ernest Dixon. Here they would locate their dairy herd, milk the cows and sell and deliver the milk and cream to the milk processing plant in Duchesne.

In order to meet the every day living expenses for the first few years, Ernest contracted with the Knight Investment Co. to construct buildings and "breakup" uncultivated ground for them.

Pioneer living was experienced by the Ernest Dixon Family, which consisted of Erma, age 17; Leah, age 14; Verl, age 8; Ralph and Ronald, age 5; Edith, age 2; with their mother, May, and father Ernest; all cramped into a one room log cabin. The wind drifted the sand everywhere. Water had to be hauled in. There was no green grass or trees or electricity or indoor plumbing. Just miserable, blowing, drifting sand.

To get the cows milked, morning and night, all who were able had to pitch in and help.

During the day while her father was plowing, Erma drove a four horse leveler, in order to help get the ground in shape for planting. It was Erma and Leah's job to drive a "white top" wagon and deliver the cream to the Creamery. It was Verl's job to herd the cows.

After a year of this "pioneering", Ernest and his family moved back to Provo. No further improvements were made to the property and during the "depression", when money was so tight, the taxes were not paid, the land was sold for taxes and the water filings were lost.

Later, oil was struck on this property.

In 1932 construction work came to a stop. Work became so scarce that Parley S. Dixon decided to get a farm where they could raise something to eat and thus help their family. They traded the house they were living in for a 15 acre farm in Orem, Utah, which was planted in fruit trees.

For three years there was no brick work for Parley or his boys. The fruit on the farm provided the food and necessities that kept them living comfortably.

During those depression years there was very little money available; so in order to dispose of the fruit, Parley would load up a truck of fruit and go out to the Reservation, where they did not raise fruit. Here he would trade the fruit for anything he could use. Returning home he would trade these products for other commodities he needed.

Arnold Dixon and family moved from Grandmother, Sarah DeGrey Dixon's old home on Fifth West to a newly constructed home at eighth North on Fifth West, and which had an acreage of apple and prune trees on it. Here he built a barn, three large chicken coops which he filled with 2,000 chickens. The raising of fruit in the orchard was a secondary consideration. He sold hundreds of dozen eggs each week.

Besides a cow, a Shetland pony for the kids, he raised white Collie dogs. During the dark days of the depression he lost the farm and moved into rented houses.

The youngest Dixon girl, Hattie, married a well respected contractor and rancher, George Washington West. He owned a large ranch at Colton, just out from San Bernardino, California. This was a large operation and provided living quarters right on the ranch for the employees, which consisted mainly of Mexicans. Uncle William Dixon and his family lived on the ranch for a short time when he was an employee. Fruit and nuts were the chief crops raised on this ranch.

After Sarah DeGrey Dixon's boys built her new house at 270 North Fifth West, she desired that her only daughter, Maria, live near her; even as her mother had persuaded her youngest daughter and her husband, Henry A., to live next door to her in Salt Lake. So Sarah arranged with her family that "Rye" trade her one-eighth interest in the old homestead on Second North and Third West and her undivided interest in the Slate Canyon Farm for the South half of her lot adjoining her new home on Fifth West.

It was here at 256 North Fifth West, on the South side of a lane that serviced a large, red brick, jointly owned barn, that Maria Dixon Taylor and her husband, Arthur N. Taylor, built their home-----next door to Grandma Sarah DeGrey Dixon.

Skipper Bay Farms:

John D. Dixon, LeRoy Dixon, Aldous Dixon and Arthur N. Taylor spearheaded the creation of the Skipper Bay Drainage District, on the shore of Utah Lake, for the purpose of reclaiming land for farming. A good part of this land was normally under water in the early part of each year, and produced nothing more than cattails, bull rushes and carp.

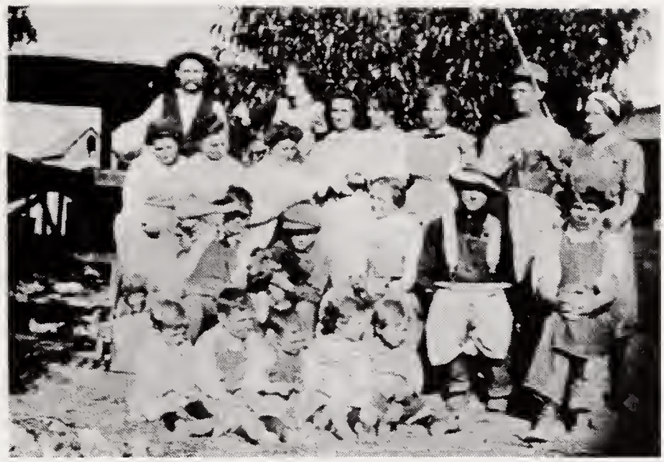
This reclamation district covered the land North of the mouth of the Provo River, extending along the Lake front to the "green knolls" then East to the high ground of Lakeview, then South to the Provo River and West along the bank of the river to the Lake. There were about 607 acres of land in the district.

An 8 foot high dirt dike was thrown up along the Lake front with a moat behind it to collect the water so that it could be pumped back into the lake by a large gasoline operated pump.

With the unusual high runoff of water in the Provo River in the Spring of 1920, the river overflowed its banks, below the Lakeview highway bridge and washed out the dirt dike from its unprotected back side, allowing the lake water to flood back into the low lands of the Skipper Bay.

Some of the other farms and ranches, but not all, for there are many others, are:

Vern Dixon and his son's Mink Ranch in Lindon.
Vern Dixon's Edgemont Farm
Leah Dixon Ford's Turkey Ranch in Hobble Creek.
Elton Taylor's Farm in Lakeview.
Maurine Dixon Childs' Ranch in Diamond Fork.
Douglas Dixon's Farm at Spring Lake.



Picking & Packing Peaches
Hillcrest Farm

G. Smith, F. Salt, K. Taylor

A. Taylor, Leona Smith
Nellie Smith, Maria Taylor
__________, Leona Taylor
C. Dixon, Arthur Taylor
Elton Taylor, Lynn Taylor
___________, Henry Taylor
Clarence Taylor, Alice Taylor, Roy Taylor

Pictures taken by
Walter D. Dixon

Elton Clarence
Hillcrest Farm

Henry "Rye" Taylor
Hillcrest Farm

Elton, Lynn on pony

Henry, Alice

,14 1.93

"Old Mike" Rulon John D. Dixon

Arnold & May B. Dixon

THE DIXONS and EDUCATION

The prominence and support of education in the lives of members of the Dixon Family in the City of Provo and particularly of former Superintendent of Schools Henry Aldous Dixon II, prompted the Provo School Board of Education to name a new Junior High School in honor of the Dixon name.

The Dixon Junior High School was built on Second North between Seventh and Eighth West, which was within the boundaries of the original Provo Third Ward. Architect for the building was Joseph Nelson.

Many of the younger grandchildren and great grandchildren of Henry Aldous Dixon I, who lived in Provo, attended and graduated from Dixon Junior High School.

The art of teaching in the Dixon Family can be traced back to the Rev. William Boardman, who was Master of Grammar School at Blackburn, Lancaster, England. He left the school in 1819 to serve as the first Colonial Minister to the 1820 Settlers at the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa.

In the new settlement, the Rev. William Boardman not only served as Minister to the spiritual needs of the settlers, but he contributed to the education of their children.

In 1825 he was appointed Minister and Master of the Grammar School at Bathhurst, C.P., South Africa. He also established another school at Cuylerville, C. P., South Africa. After his death, the Bathhurst School was run by his eldest daughter, Mary, and her husband W. J. Earl.

The father, of John Henry Dixon the 1820 Settler to South Africa, Thomas Dixon in about 1780 was school master at St. Anne's School in West Ham, England.

Henry A. Dixon was manager of the Provo Branch of Z.C.M.I. in 1882 and it was under his supervision that a new two story brick warehouse building on South University Avenue was nearing completion in March of 1884, at a cost of $11,134.11.

Permission to use part of the building to house the B.Y. Academy had been made in April of 1884 and negotiations were underway when Henry A. Dixon was stricken with pneumonia on April 28, 1884, and died on May 4, 1884.

Henry Aldous Dixon II was appointed Superintendent of the Provo City Schools in the summer of 1920, succeeding L. E. Eggertsen. He previously had been an instructor at Weber Junior College from 1914 to 1918 and served as its President in 1919-1920. Later he served as President of Weber State College from 1937 to 1953 and then as President of Utah State University at Logan, Utah.

Upon the sudden death of his father, John DeGrey Dixon, cashier and executive officer of the Farmers and Merchants Bank of Provo

Aldous was requested by the Bank to fill the vacancy of his father as managing vice-president of the Bank. This necessitated his resigning as Superintendent of the Provo City Schools at the close of the school year of 1924.

That year the Provo High School annual publication, "The White and Green" was dedicated to the retiring Superintendent, as follows:

" DEDICATION "

" To our Superintendent HENRY ALDOUS DIXON who has successfully piloted us through four short years of happy school life; whose love for all that is good and noble has inspired us to make and attain the glory of higher ideals; whose happy smile has cheered us on to victory in the tasks we have undertaken; and who has made our lives richer for having known him, we sincerely and graciously dedicate this Year Book."

Again in 1932, Henry Aldous Dixon was appointed Superintendent of the Provo City Schools and served until 1937 when he was appointed President of Weber State College.

Below is a list of the FIRST and SECOND generation (after Grandfather Dixon) Dixons and their spouses, who have been teachers and administrative educators:

Henry Aldous Dixon II	Provo City Schools, Weber College, Utah State Univ., B. Y. U.
Lucile Knowlden Dixon	Timpanogos School, Provo, Utah
Etta Dangerfield Dixon	B. Y. Academy
Arthur N. Taylor	Provo City Board of Education
Lynn Dixon Taylor	B. Y. U.
Celestia J. Taylor	Grantsville High, B. Y. U.
Maurine Goodridge Taylor	Timpanogos School, Provo, Utah
Rulon Sterling Dixon	Pleasant Grove High, Pl. Grove, Utah
Maud Dixon Markham	B. Y. U.
Fred L. Markham	Provo High, Granite High
Rhea Dixon Reeve	Franklin School, Provo, Utah
Fenton Reeve	Spanish Fork High
Royden James Dangerfield	Univ. of Oklahoma, Univ. of Illinois
Alta Hansen Taylor	Provo High School, Provo, Utah
Leah Dixon Ford	Wallsburg, Rose Park, S. L. C.
Fred Walter Dixon	Weber High, B. Y. U.
ElRoy Nelson	Russell Sage, Denver U., Univ. of Utah
Donald Maiben Dixon	Lincoln High, Orem; Granite & Olympus.
Verl Grant Dixon	B. Y. U.
Allie Dixon Gardner	Gunnison High, B. Y. U., Oakland, Cal.
VaLera Dixon Ririe	Maeser, San Bernardino Schools
Edna Dixon Ballif	Paige, Indianola, No. Ogden, Utah

Mark S. Ballif	Ogden High School, Ogden, Utah
Ruby Dixon Cowley	Timpanogos School, Provo, Utah
Wayne Cowley	Provo High School, Provo, Utah
Maurine Dixon Childs	Spanish Fork, Provo High
Ethelyn P. Taylor	Spanish Fork High, B. Y. U.
Stella Dixon Lewis	B. Y. U.
Ruth Taylor Kartchner	Franklin School, Provo, Utah
Fred Dixon Kartchner	Lyman, Wyo.
Alice Dixon Andrews	Draper Jr. High, Farrer, Lehi, Calif.
Robert Bruce Andrews	Duchesne Dist., California Schools
Owen George Dixon	B.Y.U., Long Beach, Cal.
Floyd Preston Dixon	Vista Elm School, Simi Valley, Calif.
Lois Mai Dixon	Simi Valley Unified School Dist., Calif.
Robert Norman Dixon	Timpanogos School, Provo, Utah
Nancy McConachie Armstrong	Lafayette, Salt Lake City
Ruthe Mildenhall Dixon	Provo, Las Vegas Schools
Eldon Arnold Dixon	Farmington, Intermountain Indian School
Bruce Royden Dixon	B. Y. U.
Fulvia C. Dixon	Juarez, Mexico; Rio Tinto, Nevada
Mildred Dixon Tangren	Del Rey School, San Lorenzo Dist., Calif.

AND OTHERS NOT MENTIONED

Dixon Junior High School
Provo City School District
Provo, Utah

Home of Rev. Wm. Boardman's First
1820 Settlers Grammar School
Bathurst, Cape Colony, South Africa

SECTION III

LIST OF FIRST AND SECOND GENERATION DIXONS - In Order of Birthdates

	No.	I.D.#	NAME	BIRTH DAY & DATE	Full-time Mission	Armed Service	Primary Occupation	Secondary Occupation
			HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	Sat 14 Mar 1835	So. Africa, British	Black Hawk War	Bookkeeper	County Clerk, Farmer
			Sarah DeGrey Dixon	Sun 4 Feb 1844			Housewife	
*			Mary Smith Dixon	Sun 3 Oct 1852			Housewife	
	1	1	Henry Alfred Dixon	Tues 14 Nov 1865				
	2	2	John DeGrey Dixon	Tues 16 Jul 1867	Southern States		Banker	Farmer, State Treas.
	3	3	Arthur DeGrey Dixon	Tues 5 Oct 1869			Contractor	
*	4	4	Alice Smith Dixon Dangerfield	Fri 29 Apr 1870			Housewife	Cook
*	5	5	Sarah Ann Dixon McConachie	Thur 7 Dec 1871			Housewife	Seamstress
	6	6.	Maria Louise Dixon Taylor	Fri 5 Jan 1872			Housewife	
*	7	7	William Aldous Dixon	Mon 21 Apr 1873			Electrician	Storekeeper
	8	8	Ernest DeGrey Dixon	Mon 22 Dec 1873			Contractor	Brick mason
*	9	9	Robert Smith Dixon	Tues 10 Nov 1874				
	10	10	Charles Owen Dixon	Mon 22 Nov 1875	North-western		Freighter, Rancher	Farmer
*	11	11	Albert Frederick Dixon	Fri 31 Mar 1876	British		Merchant	R.R. Conductor
	12	12	Walter DeGrey Dixon	Thur 15 Nov 1877		Nat. Guard	Bookkeeper	Sports
*	13	13	Parley Smith Dixon	Sun 9 Jun 1878			Contractor	Farmer
	14	14	Le Roy Dixon	Sun 16 Oct 1881	British		Real Estate, Ins.	Mayor
*	15	15	Harriet Amelia Dixon West	Wed 24 May 1882			Housewife	
	16	16	Arnold Dixon	Fri 30 May 1884			Banker	Bookkeeper
	1	21	Henry Aldous Dixon II	Wed 22 Jun 1890	Swiss-German		School Adm.	Banker, Congress
	2	22	John William Dixon	Tues 6 Sep 1892				
	3	23	Stanley Lewis Dixon	Sun 3 Mar 1895	Eastern States	Army-Medics	Accountant	
	4	61	Arthur Dixon Taylor	Fri 4 Oct 1895	Australian		Bus. Exec.	Accountant
	5	62	Lynn Dixon Taylor	Fri 6 May 1898	Northwestern	Army-SATC	Int. Dec. Adv.	Teacher
*	6	51	Donald Collie McConachie	Tues 16 Aug 1898				
	7	24	Rulon Sterling Dixon	Fri 9 Sep 1898	Western States	Army-SATC	Poultry & Feed	Teacher
	8	63	Elton LeRoy Taylor	Fri 22 Jun 1900	Eastern States	Army-SATC	Bus. Exec.	Farming
	9	81	Erma Dixon Boshard	Mon 10 Sep 1900			Housewife	Int. Decorator
	10	25	Maud Dixon Markham	Thur 28 Feb 1901			Housewife	Teacher
*	11	41	Jabez Aldous Dangerfield	Wed 20 Nov 1901				
	12	12.1	Rhea Dixon Reeve	Thur 21 Aug 1902			Housewife	Teacher
*	13	52	Nancy McConachie Armstrong	Tues 7 Oct 1902			Housewife,	Dancing, Teacher

	No.	I.D.#	NAME	BIRTH DAY & DATE	Full-time Mission	Armed Service	Primary Occupation	Secondary Occupation
*	14	42	Royden James Dangerfield	Wed 31 Dec 1902		WW II Navy	School Adm.	Teacher
	15	82	Leah Dixon Ford	Mon 18 May 1903			Housewife	Teacher
	16	26	Lucian Dixon	Wed 17 Jun 1903				
	17	64	Henry Dixon Taylor	Sun 22 Nov 1903	Cal., Eastern St.		Church Auth.	Bus. Exec.
*	18	43	Afton Dangerfield	Wed 18 May 1904				
*	19	13.1	Vernon Lee Dixon	Sun 22 May 1904	Hawaiaan		Contractor	Brick mason
	20	12.2	Fred Walter Dixon	Sat 30 Jul 1904			Teacher	Athletic Coach
	21	14.1	Le Roy Smoot Dixon	Sat 19 Nov 1904				
	22	27	Grant Dixon	Thur 30 Mar 1905				
	23	14.2	Paul Smoot Dixon	Tues 17 Apr 1906	Eastern States		Bus. Exec., Banker,	Real Estate
	24	83	Ernest Arnold Dixon	Wed 25 Apr 1906				
*	25	44	Harold Dixon Dangerfield	Mon 14 May 1906			Medical Doctor	
*	26	45	Clifford Dixon Dangerfield	Mon 14 May 1906		Army-Medics	Medical Doctor	
*	27	71	William Hands Dixon	Tues 22 May 1906				
	28	65	Alice Taylor Nelson	Sun 18 Nov 1906			Housewife	Interior Decorator
*	29	13.2	Afton Dixon Wagstaff	Tues 20 Nov 1906	Eastern & New Eng.		Housewife	Cook
	30	12.3	Donald Maiben Dixon	Tues 12 Mar 1907			Athletic Coach	Teacher
*	31	72	Vesta Dixon Booth	Mon 10 Jun 1907			Housewife	Bookkeeper
*	32	15.1	Lynn Dixon West	Tues 18 Aug 1908				
*	33	73	Glen Hands Dixon	Thurs 5 Nov 1908			Machinist	Builder
	34	84	Verl Grant Dixon	Thurs 26 Nov 1908	French	Air Force	Mayor, Comm.	Contractor
*	35	13.3	Eugene Parl Dixon	Wed 17 Feb 1909		Sea Bees	Brick Mason	
	36	14.3	Allie Dixon Gardner	Thurs 15 Apr 1909			Housewife	Nurse, Teacher
	37	66	Clarence Dixon Taylor	Tues 11 May 1909	South African	Army-European	Accountant	Real Estate
	38	10.1	VaLera Dixon Ririe	Sun 21 Aug 1910			Housewife	Teacher
*	39	46	Grace Dangerfield Harding	Sat 10 Sep 1910			Housewife	
*	40	11.1	Harry Albert Dixon	Tues 4 Oct 1910	French	Army-Pacific	Bus. Exec.	Collect. Agency
*	41	74	Mary Dixon Aikele	Mon 23 Jan 1911			Housewife	
	42	14.4	Sarah Dixon Summerhays	Thurs 23 Mar 1911	Irish		Housewife	
*	43	47	Donna Mae Dangerfield	Mon 11 Sep 1911				
*	44	13.4	Reed Dangerfield Dixon	Sat 19 Aug 1911	South-East		Brick Mason	Electrician
	45	12.4	Edna Dixon Ballif	Wed 25 Oct 1911			Housewife	Teacher
*	46	11.2	Mildred Dixon Tangren	Wed 17 Jul 1912			Housewife	Bookkeeper
	47	10.2	Ruby Dixon Cowley	Fri 26 Jul 1912			Housewife	Teacher
	48	85	Ralph Dixon	Mon 16 Sep 1912			Contractor	Mason
	49	86	Ronald Dixon	Mon 16 Sep 1912			Auto Salesman	Shetland ponies
	50	16.1	Howard Banks Dixon	Wed 11 Dec 1912			Metalurgist	Minning

	No.	I.D.#	NAME	BIRTH DAY & DATE	Full-time Mission	Armed Service	Primary Occupation	Secondary Occupation
*	51	75	Faye Dixon Bjorklund	Tues 1 Apr 1913			Housewife	
	52	14.5	Maurine Dixon Childs	Tues 7 Oct 1913			Housewife	Teacher
	53	67	Orson Kenneth Taylor	Mon 3 Nov 1913	British		Advertising	Interior Decorator
*	54	13.5	Inez Dixon Denison	Fri 20 Feb 1914			Housewife	
*	55	11/3	Clifton R. Dixon	Wed 11 Mar 1914				
	56	87	Edith Dixon Fallentine	Tues 2 Mar 1915			Housewife	
	57	10.3	Stella Dixon Lewis	Sat 26 Jun 1915		W.A.C.	Housewife	Teacher
	58	12.5	Amy Dixon Larson	Fri 2 Jul 1915			Housewife	Cashier
	59	14.6	Helen Dixon Payne	Thur 22 Jul 1915			Housewife	Clerk
*	60	76	George S. Dixon	Mon 27 Sep 1915			Store Mgr.	Butcher
*	61	11.4	Elmo Arthur Dixon	Thur 24 Feb 1916				
*	62	13.6	Anna Dixon Barrett	Thur 13 Apr 1916			Housewife	
	63	68	Ruth Taylor Kartchner	Tues 20 Mar 1917			Housewife	Teacher
	64	16.2	Evelyn Dixon Smith	Wed 30 May 1917			Housewife	Secretary
	65	10.4	Alice Dixon Andrews	Sun 18 Nov 1917			Housewife	Teacher
*	66	11.5	Norma Dixon Jess	Mon 6 May 1918			Housewife	Cashier
*	67	13.7	Bert Lester Dixon	Tues 17 Sep 1918		Sea Bees	Contractor	
	68	14.7	Arthur Smoot Dixon	Tues 5 Nov 1918				
	69	31	Raymond Lane Dixon	Tues 26 Nov 1918		Navy	Sign Advertising	
	70	16.3	Grant DeGrey Dixon	Fri 11 Apr 1919		Air Force-Pacific	Forest Engineer	
*	71	11.6	Vera Dixon Anderson	Sun 22 Feb 1920			Housewife	
	72	10.5	Owen George Dixon	Sun 28 Mar 1920		Army-Europe	Athletic Coach	Teacher
	73	16.4	Eldon Arnold Dixon	Thur 31 Mar 1921		Navy-Pacific	Teacher	Metal Worker
	74	14.8	Gladys Dixon Nelson	Mon 18 Jul 1921			Housewife	Secretary
*	75	11.7	Ruth Dixon	Mon 23 Jan 1922				
	76	10.6	Virginia Dixon Schugk	Sun 4 Jun 1922		W.A.C.	Housewife	Secretary
	77	16.5	Bruce Royden Dixon	Tues 13 Feb 1923		Navy-Pacific	Architect	Teacher
*	78	11.8	Baby Dixon	Thur 22 May 1924				
	79	16.6	Floyd Preston Dixon	Thur 6 Nov 1924	Mexican	Army-Pacific	Teacher	Draftsman
*	80	11.9	Melvin R. Dixon	Thur 22 Oct 1925		Army	Medical Doctor	
	81	16.7	Gloria May Dixon Richardson	Wed 1 Dec 1926			Housewife	
	82	16.8	Robert Norman Dixon	Thur 15 May 1930			Teacher	Spray Serv.
	83	16.9	Douglas Wayne Dixon	Thur 5 May 1932	West Canadian	Army-Europe	Draftsman	Farmer
	84	16.10	Doris Ann Dixon Christensen	Mon 19 Mar 1934			Housewife	Secretary

Henry Aldous Dixon Descendants
By Families

			Male	Female	Total
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON		1		1
	Sarah De grey			1	1
*	Mary Smith			1	1
	1	Henry Alfred Dixon	1		1
	2	John De Grey Dixon	77	64	141
	3	Arthur De Grey Dixon	5	6	11
*	4	Alice Dixon Dangerfield	25	19	44
*	5	Sarah Dixon Mc Conachie	3	3	6
	6	Maria Dixon Taylor	114	103	217
*	7	William Aldous Dixon	61	57	118
	8	Ernest De Grey Dixon	83	79	162
*	9	Robert Smith Dixon	1		1
	10	Charles Owen Dixon	61	50	111
*	11	Albert Frederick Dixon	24	28	52
	12	Walter De Grey Dixon	60	56	116
*	13	Parley Smith Dixon	96	106	202
	14	Le Roy Dixon	74	64	138
*	15	Harriett Dixon West	9	12	21
	16	Arnold Dixon	60	58	118
		TOTAL	755	707	1462

CHILDREN OF HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

	ID No.		Birth	Death
		HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
		Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
*		Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 June 1907
	1	HENRY ALFRED DIXON	14 Nov 1865	1 July 1867
	2	JOHN DE GREY DIXON	16 July 1867	4 Oct 1923
	3	ARTHUR DE GREY DIXON	5 Oct 1869	5 June 1911
*	4	ALICE SMITH DIXON DANGERFIELD	29 Apr 1870	8 Dec 1948
*	5	SARAH ANN DIXON MC CONACHIE	7 Dec 1871	26 Dec 1950
	6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON TAYLOR	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
*	7	WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON	21 Apr 1873	22 June 1937
	8	ERNEST DE GREY DIXON	22 Dec 1873	15 June 1938
*	9	ROBERT SMITH DIXON	10 Nov 1874	18 Dec 1874
	10	CHARLES OWEN DIXON	22 Nov 1875	3 Mar 1943
*	11	ALBERT FREDERICK DIXON	31 Mar 1876	18 Aug 1945
	12	WALTER DE GREY DIXON	15 Nov 1877	26 Nov 1922
*	13	PARLEY SMITH DIXON	9 June 1878	30 Jan 1947
	14	LE ROY DIXON	16 Oct 1881	28 Dec 1926
*	15	HARRIET AMELIA DIXON WEST	24 May 1882	23 Apr 1931
	16	ARNOLD DIXON	30 May 1884	1 Sept 1960

Grandchildren of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

Who died before reaching the age of maturity:

I.D. NO.		No. by Birth
22	John William Dixon	2
51	Donald Collie Mc Conachie	6
41	Jabez Aldous Dangerfield	11
26	Lucian Dixon	16
43	Afton Dangerfield	18
14.1	LeRoy Smoot Dixon	21
27	Grant Dixon	22
83	Ernest Arnold Dixon	24
71	William Hands Dixon	27
47	Donna Mae Dangerfield	43
11.3	Clifton Rassmussen Dixon	55
11.4	Elmo Arthur Dixon	61
14.7	Arthur Smoot Dixon	68
11.7	Ruth Dixon	75
11.8	Baby Dixon	78

SECTION IV

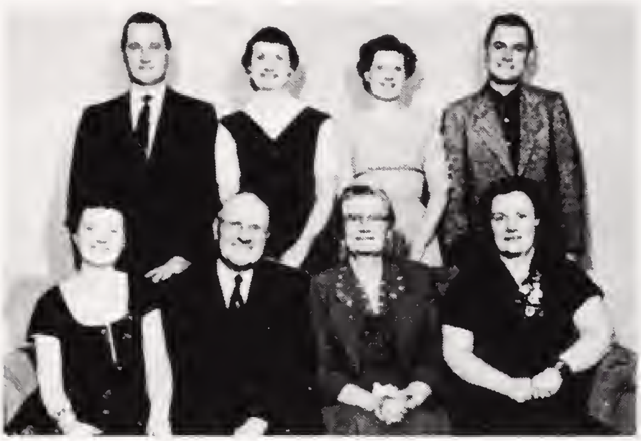
1st Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 21

HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

LUCILE KNOWLDEN

Henry Aldous Dixon Family



John, Ruth, Louise, David

Dorothy, Aldous, Lucile, Phyllis

1464 - 36th Street, Ogden, Utah

408 No. Fifth West

Provo, Utah

BIOGRAPHY OF HENRY ALDOUS DIXON
1890 - 1967

Congressman Henry Aldous Dixon comes from a long line of pioneer stock. His great-grandfather, John Henry Dixon led Dixon's Colony from London to colonize Grahamstown, South Africa. His grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon, was called by Brigham Young to be one of the first managers of ZCMI in Provo and was also called by Brigham Young to be treasurer and comptroller of the Provo Woolen Mills in the early days. Dr. Dixon's maternal grandfather, William Lewis, was one of the first fruit growers in Provo. He helped build the roads and was especially prominent in planning and constructing the irrigation systems of that area. He was one of the first bishops of Provo Third Ward.

John DeGrey Dixon, father of Dr. Dixon, helped organize Taylor Brothers Company of Provo and was Treasurer of that company for many years. He ran for office and was elected the second State Treasurer of Utah. While in that position he visited several states which had inheritance tax laws. He studied these laws and helped write a law for Utah. He introduced it to the committees in the Utah Legislature and helped secure its passage. This law was passed just in time to catch the Harriman estate and several other large estates, including the Eccles estate. It was from the proceeds of the Inheritance Tax Law that the Utah State Capitol was constructed. John DeGrey Dixon and T. N. Taylor organized the Farmers and Merchants Bank at Provo, Utah. He was the first cashier and remained so from 1907 until his death in 1923.

Who's who in American Education 1943-44, Page 253 gives a short biography of Henry Aldous Dixon as do also all of the Congressional Directories from 1955-1960. The following is taken from the U.S. Congressional Directory of January, 1958, page 157:

"HENRY ALDOUS DIXON, Republican, of Ogden, Utah; born in Provo, Utah, June 29, 1890, the son of John DeGrey and Sarah Lewis Dixon; educated in public schools of Provo, Utah; B.A. degrees, Brigham Young University 1914; M.A. degree, University of Chicago, 1917; Ph.D., University of Southern California, 1937; instructor, Weber College 1914-18; president, Weber College, 1919-20 and 1937-1953; superintendent, Provo City Schools 1920-24 and 1932-37; managing vice-president, Farmers and Merchants Bank 1924-32; member of: Advisory Committee, United States Office of Education; President's Commission on High Education 1946-48; Executive Committee, Northwest Accrediting Association; director, Association of Junior Colleges 1950-54; president, Utah Conference, Higher Education 1938; president, Utah State University, August 1953 - - - December 1954; president, Chamber of Commerce, Ogden, Provo; Board of Directors and chairman of Salt Lake Branch of Federal Reserve Bank of San Francisco 1945-51; Advisory Committee, First Security Bank of Utah; Utah Academy of Sciences, Arts and Letters; L.D.S. (Mormon) Church; Phi Delta Kappa; Phi Kappa Phi; Rotary Club, Ogden 1937-53; Rotary Club, Logan 1953; Kiwanis Club, Provo 1923-32; author of "The Investment of Permanent School Funds,"1937, and "The Organization and Development of Terminal Vocational Curricula in Junior Colleges"; married Lucile Knowlden June 2, 1915; six children: Phyllis Dixon Shaw, Ogden; Dorothy Dixon Harrison, Ogden, Utah; Louise Dixon Larkin, Ogden; Dr. John Aldous Dixon, Ogden; Ruth Dixon Cannon, Ogden; and David R. Dixon". Congressional Directory of 85th Congress 1958, P. 157.

Dr. Dixon has written extensively in professional and religious areas. His book, "The Investment of Permanent School Funds" was published by the University of California as its Ninth Educational Monograph, in 1937. It was written for the Utah Legislature, and as a result the Legislature passed six laws in the interest of protecting the school childrens' $8,000,000 endowment derived from Utah Public School land sales and rentals.

Another book, "The Organization and Development of Terminal Occupational Curricula in Thirty-two of the Junior Colleges of the United States" was published in 1944 by a grant given to Weber College by the General Education Board. It is an early work on vocational education showing how the best Junior colleges in the United States were developing vocational courses. Weber College was recommended for this grant by the American Association of Junior Colleges because of Weber's outstanding record in vocational education and the philosophy of its administrators. Weber College was listed in Look Magazine as one of fifteen universities and junior colleges in America that best fulfilled the needs of its community through its diversified program.

Dr. Dixon was a member of the INSTRUCTOR committee of the Latter Day Saint Sunday Schools. He was a member for twenty-four years and has contributed many articles to that magazine. He had great affection for the Sunday Schools and General Superintendency and the General Board members. He has also written a three volume account of his work in Congress called "Six Years in Congress." In these volumes he records his experiences in his capacity as U. S. Congressman from Utah.

Henry Aldous Dixon was brought to Ogden September 9, 1914 by the new president of Weber Academy, James L. Barker and Chairman of the Board, David O. McKay, to teach German to the students. He immediately saw the need of adding college work to Weber Academy and that would necessitate the demand for a faculty with master's and doctor's degrees. Accordingly, Dr. Dixon attended the University of Chicago every summer and two quarters one year until he received his master's degree in School Administration. In the year 1916 two years of college work was added to Weber, and the name changed from Weber Academy to Weber Normal College. With the addition of college work, Dr. Dixon was advanced to the head of the College Department and given charge of all teacher training.

After four years at Weber College, he was appointed professor of Education at B.Y.U. but stayed there only one year when President McKay asked him to come back to Weber College as President. Dr. Dixon served as President only one year, 1919, during which the Weber Gym on 25th Street was planned and the drive started to build it.

Much to his surprise, in the spring of the first year back at Weber, the president of the Provo City Board of Education phoned that Dr. Dixon had been selected superintendent of the Provo City Schools. This offer he refused over the phone saying that his heart was at Weber. That same evening, however, his father came to Ogden, told him that he needed him very much and asked him to come home. This became the determining factor and Dr. Dixon served as superintendent of Provo City Schools from 1920 to 1924. At that time John DeGrey Dixon died of apoplexy and Aldous was immediately appointed by the directors of the Farmers and Merchants Bank as Managing Vice President where he served eight years. During this time he was Bishop of the Provo Third Ward and President of the Provo Chamber of Commerce for two terms.

In 1931 there was a vacancy in the superintendency of the Provo City Schools and Dr. Dixon was asked to return to his former position which he did, and served until the spring of 1937 when he was invited to return to Weber College for a second time as its president.

He served Weber College as its president for sixteen years before leaving to become president of Utah State University in 1953. In November of 1954 he was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives and served three terms. He refused to run for a fourth term because of his health and withdrew from Congress at the close of the year 1960.

It was during his last sixteen year period at Weber College that he did much to bring national recognition to himself, the college, and its faculty. For example, the Weber College Faculty Philosophy became a guideline for Junior Colleges all over America. This philosophy of "making a living as well as a life" enabled the school to reach into all the homes of all the people who did all of the work of the area and helped them to do that work better and to live more richly in those homes. Military leaders stated that this was one of the major factors in bringing Hill Air Base, the Second Street Defense Depot, Marquart and Thiokol to Ogden.

Adaptations to the needs of the Ogden area and sensitivity to the needs of its people were the watchwords at Weber. The staff achieved much of this through their close affiliation with Ogden Chamber of Commerce, the City and County Commissions, the legislators from the County, the Schools, the service clubs, and especially Rotary, which contributed $25,000 to build the beautiful entrance to the new campus. This encouraged Judge Howell to contribute the basis of what is now the Howell Library. The staff members also worked with the Federal Employment Service in making occupational surveys so they could know just where the job openings were and what to teach.

Another adaptive mechanism within the framework of the school was the advisory committees (fourteen to twenty of them) consisting of two employers, two employees (union men where the occupation was unionized) and one outstanding neutral citizen. These committees did wonders in sponsoring their respective courses, getting students, securing jobs for the students when they had completed their course work, and in making the teaching practical.

It was the success of these programs, the rapid, but solid growth of Weber College, the purchase of the new campus, expansion of the curriculum to permit further growth, the unexcelled community support, the strong faculty, and the master plan for the future that really put Weber College on the map and much to create a demand for its president to be selected for national honors such as junior college representative of President Truman's National Committee for Higher Education; and a member of the Executive Committee of the American Association of Junior Colleges; a member of the Advisory Board to U.S. Commissioner Earl McGrath in Washington, D.C.; a member of the Board of Accrediting of the Northwest Association of Junior Colleges and Institutions of Higher Learning;President of Utah State Agricultural College; and one of Utah's Representatives in the Congress of the United States.

"Wealth is produced by money, materials, and men, but the greatest of these is men" (Bernard Shaw). At one time Weber College had as high as 6,000 people enrolled in its Defense Training Programs with a faculty of nearly 200. When there was no more room at the College other space was found in the Armory, the Browning Arms building, and other temporary buildings. It was also necessary that the college send dozens of its teachers out into the Depots to train people while on the job.

Ezra Fjelsted and Dr. Dixon, representing the Ogden Chamber of Commerce, visited Col. Behrman who was sitting in a little shack heated by an old pot-bellied stove on the lonesome sand hills where Hill Field now stands. They asked him what he needed most and he replied, "More housing than you can ever imagine. We shall also need teachers and facilities for thousands of our un-skilled employees who will be brought here shortly.

Ezra Fjelsted started immediately to work on the housing problem and Dr. Dixon brought George Sanders from Washington D.C. to work on developing courses of study with the help of Col. Russell Minty whom Col. Behrman loaned to the college. The result was the famous and successful Weber College Hill Field Learner Program in which the government paid its new people to go to school before they went on the job, and also after they were on the job. Similar programs were installed in all of the military depots in the area. Many of the veterans returned to school in the spring of 1946 from places all over the country because they were sold on the program and facilities at Weber College as they had been exposed to them during the war.

As veterans returned the need for additional curricula and space became critical. Pres. Dixon asked for and received permission from the Utah State Board of Education (Weber's governing body) to appoint a Citizens' Committee to develop a master plan for the College. He appointed eighty prominent citizens from all walks of life. This committee first advised the purchase of all available houses on the old Weber College block. This was done out of money saved out of the Weber College budgets. It was thought at the time that Lester Park could be obtained when the need for expansion arose. But the school grew so rapidly that it soon became apparent that its plans were entirely inadequate and that a larger acreage must be sought.

Secretary Ezra Fjelsted appeared before the Utah Legislature on behalf of the Committee and the Ogden Chamber of Commerce and asked for $50,000 to buy land if and when the Chamber of Commerce would raise $50,000 from the community. (The community raised $65,000 in eight days!) The John M. Mills farm of approximately 175 acres was purchased for $75,000 and many people sold lots upon which they had planned to build in order to give the college a 600 foot parcel of land from the Mills farm down to Harrison Boulevard. Before the Legislature adjourned the Ogden people succeeded in getting it to pass a bill making Weber College a four-year institution, but it was vetoed by the governor.

The administration and one State Legislature watched the growth of the State Building Trust Fund until it grew to $1,100,000. They took a delegation from Ogden, asked for the money and got it. With this, the first four buildings were built on the new campus.

There is a complete record of the activities of Henry Aldous Dixon and his achievements during his six years in the U.S. Congress in his volumes in the libraries entitled "Six Years in Congress". But there is space here to mention only three major roles especially significant to Weber County. They are his work in helping to acquire the Upper Colorado Reclamation Project (Flaming Gorge Dam, etc.), the forty-two miles of Interstate Highway down Weber Canyon from Echo Junction to Ogden, and the Ogden Federal Building.

There is room here for details only on the Interstate Highway. For some reason which is difficult to understand, the Weber Canyon road was not included in the interstate highway, but the highway was mapped to go from above Echo Canyon and down to Salt Lake City, leaving Ogden out entirely. Congressman Dixon worked for years getting surveys and reaction from the truckers who drove both routes and working with the Federal Bureau of Public Roads and Louis S. Rothschild of the United States Department of Commerce to include this 42 miles.

He worked so long and hard at this project that the Department of Public Roads, Ellis Armstrong especially, called it "Dixon's Cutoff". The only way he could get this included was to present a bill which added 1,000 miles to the 40,000 miles of the interstate road system. This was done largely with the help of the Colorado people because Denver wanted a road straight west from Denver.

One of the most remarkable qualities of Dr. Dixon was his uncanny ability as a trouble shooter. For just a few examples take the situation of Weber College in 1919, when completely new demands were made for educating teachers; the Provo City Schools 1920-21 when every administrative officer was discharged; the upset there in 1931; the state of chaos at Utah State Agricultural College in 1953; and the situation of the Republican Party in 1954 when its candidate for the U.S. House of Representatives was forced to withdraw under the most unfortunate circumstances fourteen days before the election and Pres. Dixon was drafted and won from a very strong opponent conceded the election by odds of 7 to 1 in what Time Magazine termed the shortest congressional campaign in history. He was and is generally conceded to have been extremely successful in all of these most difficult situations. Unlimited affection for his fellow men, tested integrity, and excellent training in public administration went a long way towards achieving the high purposes which he worked so hard to achieve.

He was selected for the Weber County Hall of Fame in 1960.

After his retirement from the U.S. Congress in 1959, Henry Aldous Dixon returned to B. Y. U. as a special instructor from 1961 to 1965. He endowed the HENRY ALDOUS DIXON AWARD FUND for Research and Achievement at the B.Y.U. College of Education in 1966. This award is given annually to deserving students and faculty members.

The H. Aldous Dixon Memorial Award is given annually to an outstanding Weber State faculty or staff member in honor of the memory of Henry Aldous Dixon, who served for seventeen years as Weber State President.

His Congressional files of three terms in Washington was given to the J. Reuben Clark, Jr. Library at B. Y. U.

The following broadcast was aired over Station K.S.L.:

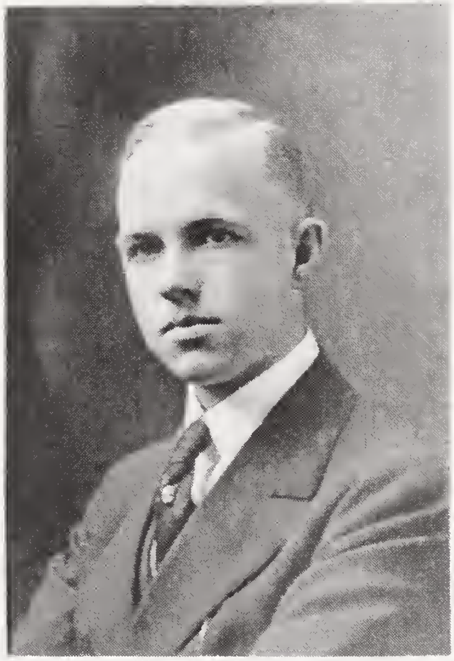
"Utah lost a warm friend and a distinguished public servant this week (Sunday January 22, 1967 at age 76 of a heart attack) in the death of Dr. Henry Aldous Dixon."

"Here was a man who lived life successfully because he loved it. He loved people, and as a keen student of human nature, learned to enjoy enormously watching the foibles as well as the strengths of those around him. He understood people because he loved them, and was a vitally important force for good in many lives."

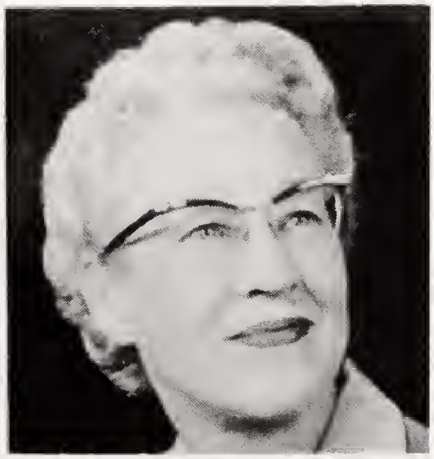
Submitted by Phyllis Dixon Shaw

3rd Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

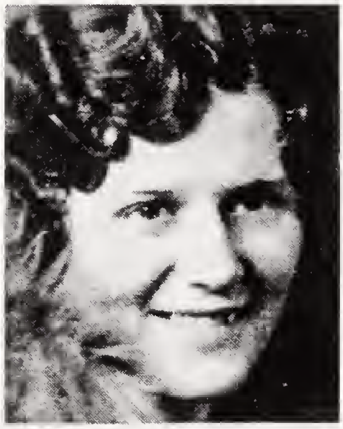
I. D. # 23



STANLEY LEWIS DIXON



LUELLA MADSEN



MAURINE WELKER

Stanley Lewis Dixon Family

Stan Luella
June Barbara Jean

Linda

DeGrey Maureen Stanley, Jr.

Beth

372 No. Fifth West
Provo, Utah

BIOGRAPHY OF
STANLEY LEWIS DIXON

By Maud Dixon Markham

Stanley Lewis Dixon was born in Provo, Utah in the little, old Henry A. Dixon, adobe house on the corner of Second North and Third West, to John DeGrey Dixon and Sarah Lewis Dixon. His birth is recorded in our big, brown family Bible as follows:

"Stanley Lewis Dixon, son of John DeGrey Dixon and Sarah Ann Lewis Dixon, was born in Provo City, Utah March 3rd on a Sunday morning at 7:25 o'clock in the year 1895. He was blessed by his father at 8 days old on March 10th 1895--The same day of the funeral of Pres. A. O. Smoot. He was born in the 2nd adobe house at 9th and G street". (Provo City Streets were re-named after this recording.)

Stanley was a handsome little boy having very blond hair, blue-grey eyes and fine even features, with an especially appealing small mouth.

He was always very sensitive, high strung, and of a nervous temperament. I remember Mother saying as a teen-ager he dashed home from school one day, earlier than usual, with his face scarlet with apprehension. "I've got scarlet fever or small pox or something". Mother quickly assured him it was just hives. This pre-occupation with his ailments may have had something to do with his joining the medical corps of the U.S. Army early in our participation in World War One. It may also shed light on the impact that the deaths caused by the "flu" epidemic in Camp at Macon, Georgia, had on him. More of that later.

When Stanley was six years of age we moved to Salt Lake City. For five years we lived at 189 Mead Street during the time that Father was State Treasurer. We have pictures of Stan, neat and attentive, standing with others in his Sunday School class in the 30th Ward.

Father returned to Provo to be cashier and help T. N. Taylor organize and operate the Farmers & Merchants Bank.

Stanley went to the Timpanogos School and always did well in his classes. Later he graduated from the B. Y. U. High School.

He always had plenty of friends. Especially did he enjoy his cousin, Art Taylor, as we lived first in Grandma Dixon's house just North of Uncle Arthur and Aunt Rye Taylor's home on Fifth West. He and the Third Ward gang had an eventful and happy time. (Cousin Art can give the details of this.)

I remember Stanley best as a young man of 18 or 20 years of age. He always worried about his height, thinking that he was way too tall. Now-a-days he would be considered somewhat above average but only a good height, around about six feet. He was always very critical of his appearance, always wanting to appear just right. He did not take out girls much until he was in his middle twenties.

Stanley was very bright and intelligent. He preferred to work at Taylor Bros. store as an accountant and credit manager, rather than finish college and obtain his degree.

At 19 years of age he was called on a mission to the Eastern States which then included Maryland. Here he had the misfortune of being placed with a presiding Elder whose passion was visiting mortuaries, this being his vocation at home. Stanley had a strong dislike for this and didn't get into the real spirit of a mission. He was also an avid reader and unfortunately spent too much time reading such agnostic authors as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Robert Ingersol. Bro. Fielding was one of his companions and has everything good to say of Stanley as a missionary.

Upon his return from the mission field he worked in the Timpanogos School Religion Class after school along with other church assignments.

When war was imminent he didn't wait to be drafted but volunteered. He was soon made an officer and looked very handsome in his tailor-made uniform. The pressure to do what the other officers did, became too strong for him. On one of his visits home he confided in me that he had taken up smoking. I still remember the sickening shock it was to me, knowing how my parents would feel. I also sensed that this was only one of his bad habits. Drinking and occasional carousing parties were also a part of his falling away from the fine standards he had always lived up to and had been taught to him at home. He explained that the numerous deaths and always expecting to be called over seas made diversions a must. The war ended just before his unit was to be called abroad. He came home and took up his work at Taylor Bros. Co. and the Farmers & Merchants Bank.

He became acquainted with Luella Madsen, an attractive twin, who lived just thru the block, north, from Taylor Bros. store. They were married July 1, 1920 and lived with us for a year and then moved into John T. Taylor's old home at 1st North and 2nd West, just across the street from Luella's parents home. Later they moved to the Orson Bird home on Fifth West. They had twin girls, Jean and June and a little girl two years younger, named Barbara. Luella and Stanley were divorced after about 12 years of marriage. Luella went to Salt Lake to live with her sister Josephine Madsen. Stanley married Maurine Welker and they lived in St. George where he was an accountant for an oil company. Later Stanley and Maurine moved to California, but his drinking problem became so acute that he was unable to hold jobs very long.

In 1938, Stanley was for forced to come to live with us for six months. His wife went to Ephraim to have her baby and while there their little girl Beth was killed crossing the road as a car coming too fast did not see her.

Stanley was able to pass a civil service exam and he and his family, which now consisted of two children, DeGrey and the baby girl; moved to California. We never heard from them until four years later when Arnold Boshard was working at a government installation on the Nevada desert and said Stan had a bookkeeping job there. Mother sent him presents, but we never heard from him.

Word came of his death at Sawtelle, California Hospital. He died of throat cancer, induced by his heavy smoking. He had been a bookkeeper at the Veterans Hospital. Maurine had left him and taken the children to Nebraska, three or four years before. There she had done very well as a teacher and principal of the school.

Stanley was buried from the Larkin Mortuary in Salt Lake City in April of 1947. It all seemed so sad, so futile. He had been the most intelligent, brilliant, kind, cultured and promising young man in this area. What circumstances had brought this dreadful change in his life? I attribute it mostly to the pressures of war on a sensitive, high-strung, nervous young man.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
JOHN DE GREY DIXON

ID# 2

Second child of Sarah DeGrey and Henry Aldous Dixon.
Born at Salt Lake City, Utah on July 16, 1867.
Baptized by Albert Jones on August 29, 1875.
Confirmed by Edson Whipple on August 29, 1875.
Received his education in Provo Public Schools and the Brigham Young Academy.
At the age of 17 years, his father died, leaving two wives and 13 children. He being the oldest child, assumed the responsibility of helping support the families.
Married Sarah Ann Lewis in the Manti Temple on September 18, 1889.
His occupations included:

- Bookkeeper for Samuel Liddiard, building contractor.
- Clerk for Provo School Board.
- First Secretary & Treasurer of Taylor Brothers Company.
- Utah State Treasurer.
- Secretary of Utah State Land Board.
- First Cashier and Manager of Farmers & Merchants Bank.

Church Activities:

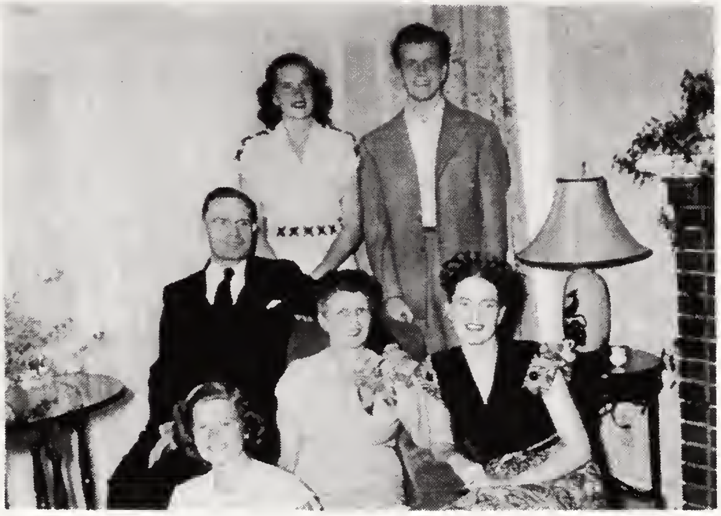
- Southern States Mission in 1896.
- President of Utah Stake Y.M.M.I.A.
- Utah Stake High Council for 15 years.
- In Bishopric of Salt Lake Thirtieth Ward.

Was one of the largest farmers for raising and shipping fruit, in the State. His farms consisted of nearly 100 acres on Provo Bench.
Children:

Henry Aldous II, John William, Stanley Lewis, Rulon Sterling, Maud, Lucian and Grant.

Died at Provo, Utah on October 4, 1923.

Nancy Kent
Arthur D.
Maurine Elayne
Dixie



Maurine & Arthur D.

Arthur Dixon Taylor

Arthur Dixon Taylor
4th Grandchild of
HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

Home 270 No. 5th West

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

ARTHUR DIXON TAYLOR

Whether I was rewarded for actions in the life before I came to this earth, or whether Father-in-Heaven was just unusually kind to me, I do not know, but like Nephi of old, " I was born of goodly parents". No more righteous, kind, and loving people ever lived on this earth than my earthly parents, Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon. They gave me a strong, healthy body of flesh and bones to live in during my mission here on this earth.

I was born October 4, 1895 in an adobe house, on the corner of Second North and Third West, Provo, Utah. This was where my Grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon and my Grandmother Sarah DeGrey Dixon had lived before the family moved to their new brick home at 270 North Fifth West. This was the old Dixon property. There were two houses; Grandma Dixon had lived in one and Aunt Mary, Grandpa's other wife, had lived in the other one. I lived here until I was two years old, then father and mother took me with them to our new home which was built next to Grandma Dixon's home at 256 North Fifth West. Here I grew up to maturity and after my marriage I bought Grandma Dixon's home and have lived on this spot for sixty-eight years.

The earliest remembrance that I have was the partly finished home. Newly-weds starting out generally have financial problems and Father and Mother were only able to finish two rooms of their new home, the kitchen and a bedroom. Planks were laid across the joists in the unfinished rooms and going across these planks to get out of the front door is my first memory. As years went by additional rooms were finished. Mother was a good house keeper and we had a lovely comfortable home which I have been grateful for all the days of my life.

My Mother was a beautiful woman, with an abundance of beautiful black hair and pure blue eyes. Many people have told me that she was one of the prettiest girls in Provo and, of course I have always thought so. She was just as beautiful in character as she was in looks and people who associated with her, loved her. The rich and the poor, the unfortunate as well as the talented, were always treated the same. One of the outstanding characteristics of her life was her effort to help the "under-dog" or the unfortunate. Her heart was full of love for her children and my unusual love for her has done much in the accomplishments and the framing of my life.

My Father was a fine looking man; well built and standing six feet in height. His hair was sandy or a light brown. He was a man of clean habits and strong character. He was a faithful member of the L.D.S. Church all the days of his life and lived its teachings. In our home activities and all other activities he would never ask us to do something that he would not do himself. He always set the example.

He believed that work and responsibility were important in our lives and from earliest age we had cows to milk and chores to do. He purchased farms for us to work on that we might learn how to work and assume responsibility. He was a first-rate business man, a community worker, a spiritually-minded man, trusted by his fellow associates and well liked by all who knew him. His example and encouragement greatly influenced my life. I have always been proud to be his son.

Our family life also played an important part in building my life. I had five brothers: Lynn, Elton, Henry, Clarence and Kenneth and two sisters: Alice Louise and Ruth Elaine. Every one of them was a wonderful character and I loved them very much. Five of us boys were red headed and one (Henry) was black haired for which we sometimes called him the "black sheep".

We were a happy family, well trained by righteous parents in the way we should go. There was love in our home and there has always existed a family unity and a love for one another.

Some of my earliest remembrances take me back to the year 1900 when my Father was called on a mission to England. His farewell was held in the old adobe meeting house that was just south of our present Chapel. It previously had been Provo's Town Hall as well as the Provo Branch Chapel and the Town's Dance Hall and Theatre. This was before the Town was divided into Wards. On this occasion I remember sitting on his lap while the dancing was going on. I also recall many plays that were staged in this old Hall, especially Bob Cunningham's magician and "jail break" shows. Bob Cunningham was a Provo Third Ward Boy. He worked as a deliveryman for Taylor Bros. Co. He became a great showman and a world-wide celebrity. The show business took him through the United States, Canada, many European countries and to Hawaii and Australia. He became nearly as popular as the world famous Houdini. He and his wife, "Aunt Allie", were dear friends of Mother and Father and were in the same social group in the early days of the Provo Third Ward before he went into the show business.

The Old Chapel had a stage in the West end of the dance floor where the Third Ward Dramatic Company put on some of its thrilling plays. Many of them I attended as a little boy. Later in years I took part in many of the Third Ward Plays associated with William P. Clayton, Amanda Young Pierpont, and many other Third Ward theatrical celebrities.

I went with Mother to the dedication of the present Third Ward Chapel when I was eight years old and have a picture with those that attended. It shows the old as well as the new building. The "Good Old Third Ward" has meant much to me in my life and I have loved it and the wonderful characters who have made its history.

I must not forget to mention the old "Davis Swimmin Hole" back of Mary Davis' barn. There I spent some of the happiest hours with my companions in my boyhood days.

My school life started in a kindergarten in the old Carter Hotel building on the corner of First North and Fifth West where the Handy Service Station is now located. A Mrs. Jones was my teacher. When I was six years old I went to the Old Timpanogos School, where the new building is at present located. Etta Dangerfield, who later married my Uncle, Parley Dixon, was my teacher. The teachers I remember as I advanced in the elementary grades were: Nora Young, granddaughter of Brigham Young; Henry Oberhansley, Ole Harris and Euphema Johnson. Ella Deal, one of the teachers, led our school orchestra. I played a cornet. In September 1910 all of the eighth grade students from the four Provo Schools were taken to the New Central School, just being constructed on the corner of First South and Fourth West. (It is at this time being torn down). Our class room and the Auditorium were the only rooms finished at that time. Frank Bennett was our teacher. We respected and loved him very much. He was a splendid teacher. I was president of the class. The graduating exercises were held in the new Auditorium on February 2, 1911. Here I had my first public speaking experience and gave the Class President's address. Our class orchestra gave a number on the program. I was in the orchestra and played the trumpet. During my high school days I took trumpet lessons from Professor Robert Sauer and played in the Junior B. Y. U Band. I also belonged to an orchestra conducted by Arnold Burgner and besides playing frequently at Parcell's Hall on Provo Bench went on several tours to Kamas, Midway, Heber, Park City, etc., playing for dances.

In September 1911 I entered High School at the Brigham Young University. I enjoyed High School very much. I represented my class in Tennis and became Tennis Manager. In my last year at the B. Y. U. I was elected Tennis Manager of the Brigham Young University and with Stanley Bonnett, Waldo Parry, entered the tournament at the Utah Agriculture College at Logan. I graduated from the Brigham Young University High School in the class of 1915. This was the end of my school-room experiences. I was called on a Mission to Australia for four years, which time was given instead of college.

My mission to Australia was the most important and valuable experience of my life. It was here that I received a testimony of the truthfulness of the Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ of the L. D. S. Church. In May of 1916 I left Provo and visited my Aunt Hattie West in San Bernardino, California, who in company with Uncle George, we went to the Worlds Fair then being held at San Diego. From here I went on up to San Francisco where I joined a group of Elders, at the Golden West Hotel, who were going to Hawaii, Samoa, and Australia.

We boarded the "S. S. Sonoma" an American mail line, and after six days of sea sickness, landed in Honolulu. We spent one day sightseeing, then on the sea again for another six days and landed at Pago Pago, Samoa. Here I met Elder Elmo Giles, an old Provo School pal who was filling a mission in Samoa. After a days visit in Pago Pago, we again boarded the "Sonoma" and after six more days at sea we passed through the Sydney Heads into one of the world's finest harbors at Sydney, Australia. Here I labored four years as a missionary. Eighteen months I was engaged in tracting and regular missionary work then I was called into the office as secretary of the Australian Mission. The fourth year of my mission I was called to be President of the New South Wales Conference. While I was Mission Secretary, Mission President Arnold D. Miller was required to take Sister Miller to the United States because of a serious illness and he left the Mission in charge of Elder J. C. Foresgren and me.

I was in Australia during World War #1. We had no new Elders for two years during the War and there were only ten Elders in all of the Australian Mission when the Armistice was signed. We old Elders were required to stay until the new Elders arrived and were sufficiently schooled to take over our work. Elder Carr, Elder Tonks and I were the last of the old line of Elders to be released. We left Sydney and rode to Auckland, New Zealand, in a small mail boat about the size of a tug. It was a wild ride, plenty of sea sickness, and a happy landing. We spent three weeks living among the Maoris and touring New Zealand. We sailed from Auckland on the "S.S. Makura" via Fiji Islands and Honolulu and landed in Vancouver, Canada. We arrived in Salt Lake City on May 2, 1920. I reported my mission to Pres. Heber J. Grant. I went back to work in the office of Taylor Brothers Company where I had been employed part time before going on my mission.

At a Sunday School Outing, at Utah Lake, I was swimming and a beautiful girl popped up out of the water in front of me and one year later this lovely mermaid became my wife.

Maurine and I were married June 29, 1921 in the Salt Lake Temple, by Apostle George F. Richards, and the Lord has blessed us with three lovely daughters, Elayne, Nancy and Dixie and one fine son Kent G. I am proud of them all and love them very much.

Maurine and I purchased Grandma Dixon's home, 270 North Fifth West in 1921 and have lived there ever since.

The membership in my Church has always come first in my life. At this point I will give some of my Church activities and callings. I was blessed and received my name November 7, 1895 by Alfred W. Harding, a member of the Third Ward Bishopric. I was baptized on October 10, 1903 by Oscar W. Wilkins, Jr. and confirmed October 25, 1903, by my Uncle, Bishop Thomas N. Taylor. I was ordained a Deacon on May 2, 1910, by Bishop Thomas N. Taylor and a short time later was the President of my Quorum. I was ordained a teacher by Alfred W. Harding, a member of the Bishopric and I was ordained a Priest by George Powelson, a member of the Third Ward Bishopric. I received my Patriarchal Blessing by Patriarch John G. Jones on September 1, 1912. I was ordained an Elder by Robert Sauer, a member of the Presidency of the Elders' Quorum, on the 17th of April 1916.

Before I went on my Mission I was Secretary and Treasurer of the Third Ward Y.M.I.A. I was blessed and set apart for a Mission to Australia by Francis M. Lyman, a member of the Twelve Apostles, in May 1916. I was Secretary of the Austrailian Mission and I was President of the New South Wales Conference of the Australian Mission. When I returned from the missionfield in May of 1920, I was called to be a counselor to Supt. B. F. Larsen in the Provo Third Ward Sunday School. Six years, from 1924 to 1930, I was Superintendent of the Provo Third Ward Sunday School. I was ordained a High Priest September 14, 1930, by J. William Knight.

From 1930 to 1938 I served as a Counselor to Bishop Alfred E. Eves, in the Bishopric of the Provo Third Ward, as second Counselor until J. C. Moffit was released and then first Counselor. In 1939 I was called into the Utah Stake High Council by President Royal J. Murdock. In September 28, 1941 I was called to be Bishop of the Provo Third Ward and served until 1952 when I was released and called again, into the Utah Stake High Council where I have served fourteen years. I was released March 20, 1966. I have been a member of the Provo Third Ward Prayer Circle for forty-five years which has brought me the most inspirational and satisfying hours of my life. I was called to be a Patriarch of Utah Stake and was sustained as such in the morning session of Quarterly Conference, February 27, 1966. I was ordained at the close of the morning session by Harold B. Lee, a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, in the southwest room of the Provo Tabernacle.

My business career started with Taylor Brothers Company in 1912. I worked in their office after school each day when I was attending the Brigham Young University Commercial School. When I returned from my mission in 1920 I resumed my position at Taylor Brothers for one year. In August of 1921 I went with my Father and his associates and helped organize the Dixon-Taylor-Russell Company home furnishings business. My Father was the first President and was General Manager. March 29, 1929 I was made Secretary and Treasurer and on September 18, 1935 I was chosen by the Board of Directors to be Vice-president and General Manager. I served in this position for ten years.

On September 28, 1945 I became President and General Manager and in this position I have served twenty-one years.

Two fraternal organizations, the Provo Kiwanis Club and the Timpanogos Knife and Fork Club have given me a great deal of enjoyment. I was elected President of the Provo Kiwanis Club and served during the Golden Anniversary Year of 1965.

Good music has had a place in my life. I took vocal lessons from Professor Anthony C. Lund, of the B.Y.U. Music Department, which aided me in my missionary work. I have been a member of the Provo Third Ward Choir and the Mendelsohn Male Chorus.

I wish to acknowledge the goodness of my lovely wife, Maurine, who has made it possible for me to carry through the many assignments and responsibilities given me. She has been patient and spent many lonely hours without my companionship that I might succeed in my duties.

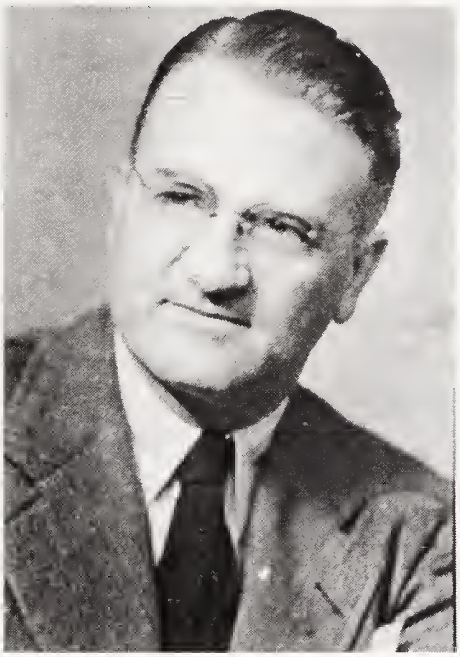
I am now in my 70th year and have only a few more years to complete my mission here on earth. I have been greatly blessed and have enjoyed living. The Restored Gospel of Jesus Christ and my membership in the Church and Kingdom of God has always come first in my life.

In closing I wish to give my testimony to my children, my grandchildren, members of my family: God, the Eternal Father, the Creator of this earth and all that is in it, lives and answers our prayers;Jesus Christ is His Son and gave his life that we might live again in the presence of God in another great world; Joseph Smith was a prophet of God and the instrument in the Lord's hands of establishing His Church again, in these later days; the President and General Authorities of this Church are Prophets of the Living God and will guide us safely through the confusion and perilious times ahead, if we will heed their advice and counsel and follow their instructions. I bear this testimony to you in the name of Jesus Christ. AMEN

Arthur Dixon Taylor died July 20, 1979, at the age of 84.

5th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

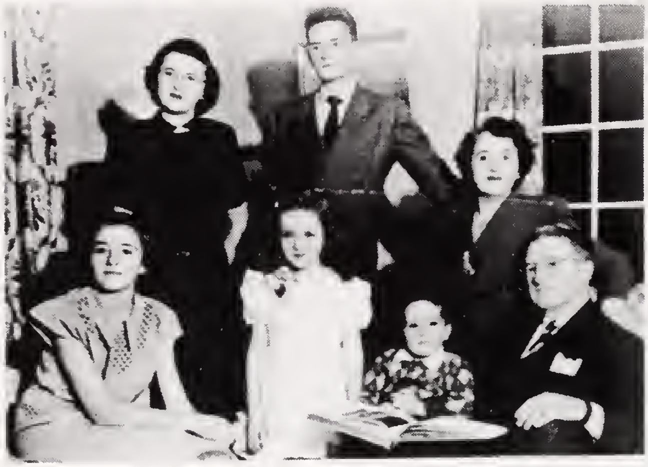
I. D. # 62



LYNN DIXON TAYLOR

CELESTIA JOHNSON

Lynn Dixon Taylor Family



Janice John
Lynn Anne Kathryn Celestia
George T. Lynn

Home 2150 Oak Lane

Brickerhaven

LYNN DIXON TAYLOR

Born May 6, 1898 at Provo, Utah
Son of ARTHUR NICHOLLS TAYLOR and MARIA LOUISE DIXON
Baptized in Provo Third Ward, October 28, 1906 by Don W. Conover
Confirmed October 28, 1906 by Thomas N. Taylor
Commenced Grammar School at the old Timpanogos School in Sept. 1904. Commenced High School at B.Y.U. in 1913, graduating in 1917. Enrolled at B.Y.University in 1918, graduating with an A.B.Degree in June 1923. Awarded the Block Y for playing tennis. Was appointed manager of all minor sports for one year.
In June 1920 left for the Northwestern States Mission. Was appointed Pres. of South-West Washington Conf. Was released from the Mission in August of 1922
Church activities include the following:
Supt. of Sunday School in Pleasant View Ward. Bishop of Pleasand View Ward 1938-1944. Oak Hills Ward Building Committee. Oak Hills Fourth Ward Asst. Clerk
Community, Civic and other activities:
Served in U.S.Army-First World War. Member of Lions Club. Member of American Legion. Officer in Provo Advertising Club. 1st Pres. of Brickerhaven Corporation. One of organizers of Bonneville Development Co. (Oak Hills Subdivision)
Married CELESTIA M. JOHNSON on August 17, 1927 in Salt Lake Temple
Spent several years as draftsman and designer in Joseph Nelson's architect office. Spent 6 months working at Barker Bros., Los Angeles. Manager of D.T.R. Co. Drapery Dept. Graduated from School of Interior Decoration, New York. On B. Y. U. Faculty as special instructor of Interior Decoration. Advertising Manager, D.T.R. CO.
Among the many hobbies and interests:
Athletics, the reading of good books, music, designing and building construction. Several store buildings on Provo Center Street, and several homes are his creations. Designed and built his Canyon Home at Brickerhaven, Provo Canyon
CHILDREN:
John Arthur Taylor
Janice Taylor DeGraw
Lynn Anne Taylor Richards
Kathryn Dee Taylor Brockbank
George Terry Taylor
Died at Provo, Utah July 2, 1967

"OUR HOME ON THE HILL"

By Lynn Dixon Taylor

Many times during the past 30 years I have been asked the question: "Why did you pick that particular spot on which to build your home? "

For many years this question was tinged with incredulity, but now I detect a hint of envious curiosity. Never in all these years has there been any change in the answer, "Because we love it here".

As I look in retrospect, I am aware of tremendous physical changes in the area in which we chose to live.

As a boy, I recall hiking up Rock Canyon, a long way from "Sandy Alley," home of the Dixons and Taylors. I remember trudging over "Temple Hill" to a winding wagon road, little more than a trail which is now known as "Martin Lane".

This, at that time was the only passable road for a vehicle, to Rock Canyon. At the foot of the hill near the culvert currently leading up Oak Lane, there was a slaughter house. Remains of the old rock and concrete walls and floors are still visible. A pipeline up the hill ended in an open concrete reservoir which was about 10' x 10' in size.

I recall stopping at the slaughter house and watching with curious nausea, the killing of a cow and several pigs. At this time the slaughter house was owned and operated by the later defunct Provo Meat and Packing Co., whose market was located just South of the State Bank on University Avenue.

Perhaps the most vivid of my trips to Rock Canyon (one which stamped itself indelibly on my mind, and one which was pleasurably recalled many times), was one of those incomparable sunny days in June, when we climbed the foothills to the old Muhlestein House on the upper bench, stopping for a drink of cold canyon water and a rest.

At this time a clay pipeline extended from the springs in Rock Canyon, along the hillside, and stopped at the Muhlestein Home. Parts of this old waterline are still in evidence.

To the West the entire valley with its green farms, clusters of houses and trees, framing the sparkling expanse of Utah Lake, was breathtaking. To the South, Mount Nebo; to the North, majestic Timpanogos; and practically overhead, the towering crags of Squaw Peak, seemed to create a picture I had never before seen.

Here was an old fashioned garden in full bloom. The lazy droning of bees in the flowers and the pungent perfume from scores of native lilacs, with the comfortable warmth of June sunshine, brought to my mind a glimpse of Paradise that I have never forgotten.

During the early period of Provo's history, the Fort was located in what became known as the "Fort Fields". Here was level rich black loam with no rocks, plenty of water, and close proximity to the Fort for protection from the roving bands of Indians.

Two families from Switzerland, the Muhlesteins and the Liechtys had other ideas. These families were industrious, religious, and very ingenious.

Instead of acquiring fertile acres in the Fort Fields area, they looked to the mountains on the East. They settled on one of the benches left by prehistoric Lake Bonneville. Here was a lack of fertility in the soil. Rocks, clay and quicksand was the soil with hard-pan close to the surface in many places. No available watter was apparent.

Settling on this terrain called for hard work and determination to scratch out a living. As a result, these families became practically self-supporting. They even built an almost impossible road up Rock Canyon to Dutchman's Flat (now the Camp Ground), where certain crops were planted and produced. I recall seeing parts of an old abandoned hayrake in this area.

An Uncle of mine told me he remembered, as a boy, seeing Nicholas Muhlestein who wore a gold earring in one ear, driving a yoke of oxen, on a Provo Street, drawing a bobsled loaded with Maple and Oak logs, to make delivery of someone's firewood. A few of the big Oak trees are still growing on the hill, and are responsible for the name "Oak Hills".

These self-supporting people made their own shoes from self-produced leather. They sheared, carded and spun their wool to make their own clothes. Straw was woven to make hats. I remember Ephraim Liechty showing me an old granary where spinning wheels, a straw hat weaver, shoe-maker's lasts and a great deal of other equipment was stored.

Too much praise cannot be given these families for their frugality, resourcefulness, honesty, and integrity.

In 1929, my brother Henry D. and I drove up toward Rock Canyon and after parking at the foot of the bench, climbed up the hill and sat down to rest, about where my home now is. It was another spring day and the hillside was covered with Sego Lilies, and sort of a blue pea-type wild flower.

Gazing at the lake and the valley, we began to talk about a problem which concerned us both. We had married recently and were living in rented homes. To live and raise families in homes of our own was a situation we both were anxious to achieve. However we were facing the fact that the worst part of the depression made it the poorest time possible to think of building.

As we reclined on the sunny hillside, I made the remark: "How would you like to live up here?" It sounded like wishful thinking.

Henry, however, seemed to think it was not a silly question, and we began to discuss the possibility of getting a couple of lots and someday in the far-distant future, build on them. At this time, the only houses were Muhlestein's, Liechty's, the old Bean home and a few more nearer the heart of the present Upper Campus B.Y.U.structures.

We had noticed a man over near the north edge of the bench, planting some peach trees. We decided to ask him about the ground, and introduced ourselves. After a while we asked if he would consider selling us a couple of lots, on which we could build. He thought we were crazy and it took him quite awhile to get the idea.

He said he did not wish to sell any of his ground as he needed all he had for farming. We pointed to the rocky ridge running from where we had been sitting, north to the edge of the bench overlooking the Rock Canyon wash, which was not under cultivation. He said it was too high and rocky to farm and there was a huge pile of rocks at the South end where they had been dumping those gathered up from the fields for many years.

However, if we were crazy enough to want to buy it he would let us have it. We made a deal with Ephraim Liechty on the spot, for approximately three acres along the edge of the hill.

It was heartening when we brought Celestia and Alta up to see the view and the lots, to find they both were thrilled with the outlook. We made a number of visits up in the evening to look at the glorious sunsets and each visit increased our desires to move up there.

It became a habit to drive up on the hill each evening and enjoy these beautiful sights. On one occasion Ephraim Liechty, who frequently came out to chat with us, looked at the magnificent scene and remarked:"I've lived up here all my life and never noticed these sunsets before. They are kind of pretty, aren't they? "

We faced a problem that many times seemed insurmountable. It was the worst part of the depression; we had no cash and it was impossible to get a loan on houses located in such an unheard-of place.

Henry had worked in the Dixon Real Estate Co. and was acquainted with certain people who put money out to loan. I remember visiting some of them with poor success. One man said, "I've already got all the houses I want!" (assuming that if he made a loan on our homes he would soon have to foreclose on them).

Another man said he had every confidence in us and that if we would pick lots in Provo City he would gladly let us have the necessary money.

It was a very discouraging period but failed to dampen our enthusiasm for the idea of getting up on the hill.

Father, who was always starting projects, had purchased the area at the mouth of the Provo River on the north side, and with some others, dyked certain areas to protect the ground from the flood waters of Provo River during the spring run-off. The soil was very fertile and the proposition looked excellent until one spring the dyke was breached and a small fortune went with it.

The next project was the Provonna Resort Co. A number of bath houses, a store and a dance pavilion were built. A great deal of experience, but little profit was the result.

Desperately struggling with our problem of building on the hill, we suddenly came up with the idea of using lumber from the now deserted Provonna Beach structures as part of the building materials we needed.

The dance pavilion had a beautiful maple floor. The bath houses were covered with lumber which would make exterior sheathing, together with dimension timbers.

After several years of part-time employment in the architectural office of Joseph Nelson, I was able to draw up plans for our two houses, so that we knew exactly what materials we needed for construction.

Father, meanwhile, had become interested in starting the Dixon-Taylor-Russell Co., and we had become financially interested in the business. During the depression the business had its troubles as did most others. Being an installment business, a large amount of its assets were tied-up in customer accounts. People with good credit were out of work and could not make their monthly payments.

The Company set up for each of the owners and employees what became known as "Produce Accounts". A certain percentage of one's wages went each month into this account. It was a period of trade and barter. Farmers traded hay, butter, milk, eggs, etc. to employees, and accounts were debited and credited accordingly.

We began to see a glimmer of hope for our house projects. Why not find men whose various services we needed, and give them credit on their accounts for these services?

We lined up a good carpenter, and helpers, men and teams for excavating and road building, sand and gravel suppliers, laborers, roofers, electricians, and many other craftsmen. With such assistance, for example, the beautiful maple floor of the Provonna dance pavilion, including the floor joists underneath, were sawed into sections which would rest on our basement walls in the exact size needed. These sections were loaded and moved by a housemover who had an overdue account.

We will not forget how Parley Larsen went to bat for us on a finance plan enabling us to pay for the plumbing and heating. We were turned down on our application to use the manufacturer's finance plan, but "P. L." swore we were good risks and refused to take "no" for an answer. I know the manager in Salt Lake City thought they were making the wildest kind of a gamble, but Parley vouched for us all the way.

Before we could think of starting construction, there were certain basic things that had to be accomplished. The first was roads. Our lots stood in a field with no access. Our best approach appeared to be the idea of starting near the Slaughter house site, cross the creek and make a dugway following the present Oak Lane, then to circle my lot and run North to Henry's.

We were able to get some pieces of used bridge conduit to put in the creek, then fill over the top with dirt from further up the road until we had a passable roadway. We had made a deal with the Giles Family for merchandise at the store, to pay for covering the entire road with gravel.

The whole cost of this road expense was borne by us. In the winter we had no help from the County but had to park at the bottom of the hill or churn up the hill through the snow with the aid of tire chains. Frequently Ephraim Liechty would appear with his horse-drawn snow-plow to help clear our road as well as his own.

The greatest problem of all was the water situation. This problem held back the development of the area for many years.

The pipeline serving the Liechty and Muhlestein homes had been allowed to disintegrate after the Rock Canyon Water Co. had developed a source of water which pretty well dried up the old springs used by the Muhlesteins and others.

When we moved up on the hill, the families there were using water from the irrigation ditch, diverted from the concrete flume in Rock Canyon. The water was run through a gravel bed for settling and then into a concrete reservoir, which had a hand pump on the top.

After a great deal of thought we decided that pending the development of the old springs, drilling a well, or getting a connection with Provo City's system which was reservoired at the foot of the bench, we would use the same system as the Liechty's.

We bought several shares of water in the Rock Canyon Water Co., and received delivery of the stream approximately once a week. Our water system involved building a concrete, watertight reservoir under the living room of Henry's house. A pipeline was run from there to my house. A pressure pump was connected to the system which proved to be annoying. It frequently leaked and it was noisy, going on at any time of the night or day. At intervals the reservoir had to be drained and scrubbed. Samples of the water were sent to the State Board of Health frequently, and when showing pollution, we brought our culinary water up from town each day.

An incident typical of our water dilemma occurred a few years later when Karl and Elma Young rented Henry's house for a year, while he, with his family, was in New York where he worked on his Master's Degree.

It was a bitterly cold winter with one of the heaviest snows in our experience. One January day we discovered the reservoir was empty. This calamity had to be resolved quickly because there were hot water jackets in each furnace and because of the bitterly cold weather it was necessary to keep the furnaces going continually.

Karl and I took our shovels, after dressing as warmly as we could, and struggled up to the "Devils's Kitchen" where the water could be diverted into our ditch. We fixed the dam and coaxed the water by shovelling the snow and debris out of the ditch ahead of the water. Several times it clogged and froze into ice and we had to check back on it frequently.

We struggled all day and finally by dusk, had the water nearly to Henry's house. However the freezing snow and ice clogged the ditch and we were forced to give up.

After a restless sleep, worrying about the pipes freezing and bursting, morning came and we slogged up the ditch and started all over. Some moderation in the weather began and we finally were able to get a steady trickle of water into the reservoir.

We had missed two days from school but had added another experience we would not soon forget. Had Karl not sprung from "Pioneer Stock", and had he not the fortitude and determination to assist in overcoming our plight, it might have been a sad episode.

Incidentally, it brings to mind another occasion connected with our struggle to keep the reservoir full.

Upon returning home from a Bishop's Meeting, late one evening, Celestia informed me that we had no water. According to the Water Turn Schedule our turn began at 6:00 a. m. the following morning. However, it should have read at 6:00 p. m. that evening.

As I thought the matter over I felt that due to the lateness of the hour and the fact that I would only need the water about 30 minutes, I decided to "borrow" someone else's water.

Not stopping for a lantern, I grabbed a shovel and climbed the trail to the point in Rock Canyon where a headgate combination diverted the water either west in our ditch or south to the Liechty's.

Feeling my way in the pitch black darkness, I found the headgates and discovered a big stream of water going south. After tugging with the gate which was tightly jammed, I finally got it out and turned the water down our ditch.

All of a sudden I was struck with a brilliant glare of light and an angry voice cried: "Stealing my water, are you?' I couldn't help thinking of how many quarrels and deaths had resulted from stealing water, and I was mighty scared.

Then the light was turned at an angle and I discovered my friend Heber Liechty, who did not know until then, who had been splashing around in the ditch, stealing his water.

Of course, when I explained my troubles to Heber he was sympathetic and helped me turn the water, and said to keep it as long as I needed it.

The problem of communication was slowly solved. No mail delivery was available and all mail was sent to the store. A satisfactory arrangement was made with the Utah Power & Light Co. to service us with electricity, but our problem of telephones was not so simple.

The ruling on telephones for a situation like ours, was that a minimum of three phones was necessary. We agreed to pay for three phones, but red tape said no. There must be three houses.

After much deliberation, we solved the problem by moving an old sleeping porch from Father's home, and placing it equidistant between our two houses. A phone was installed in it along with ours,in the name of my brother Clarence, and every time a phone on our nine party system rang, you could hear it in the old sleeping porch.

The soil on our hill was such that after a rain you could "sink a blanket" on it. Romantically inclined couples began parking along our roadway, admiring the moonlight on the lake, and in rainy weather becoming mired in the mud. After being awakened many nights with pleas to help extricate cars, we finally put a shovel where we could tell them to help themselves and dig their own way out.

One of our biggest problems was that of mud everytime it rained. I spent many hours of backbreaking toil gathering and placing large boulders, with the flat side up, around the house, serving as walks and a flagged area. Lawns were planted and gravel was spread to help the situation.

A near tragedy occurred in connection with gathering the rocks. One July 24th morning at daybreak, John, my oldest son, who was about 10 years old, went with me to scout for additional rocks. I had just purchased a beautiful new Dodge Sedan of which we were very proud. John and I rode up Rock Canyon to a site just below the weir. We were stopped by a deep wash about ten feet deep and 20 feet across. In order to turn around safely I got out of the car to check my position. I told John to stay in the car, but fortunately he climbed out, dogging my heels. As I looked up the canyon, John grabbed my leg and yelled. I turned just in time to see the rear of that beautiful new car, rise, rise, as the front plunged down to the bottom of the wash, then turn and come to rest on its side.

I can still feel that sick sensation in my stomach as I scrambled down and removed the key from the ignition.

We hurried home and got Henry up to see what our insurance status was. Fortunately we were covered by a reliable company and the car was repaired in first class condition.

The Rock Canyon water shed had been scalped year after year by so many herds of sheep that every spring a roaring flood came down, sometimes going all the way to the highway. The ground from our bench to Indian Hills would frequently be a raging torrent, sometimes on the north side, sometimes over against our bench. I recall standing there with Ephraim Liechty watching the flood roll boulders the size of pianos down its course.

Naturally, people living in the area were much concerned. One evening, when we returned home in a rainstorm we were surprised to find Darweeish Kader, his wife and little girl, sitting in our kitchen. The Kaders were Syrians and it was hard to understand their speaking. Mrs. Kader was tatooed on the forehead and around her mouth and could speak no English.

When we entered the house, Darweeish said in his high-pitched voice: "Big storm, we come stay with you." Fortunately the storm was soon over and they were able to return to their home.

We became quite well acquainted with both Darweeish and his Uncle "Mose". They frequently stopped us as we drove past and insisted on our accepting fruit, until it became rather embarrassing to us.

Returning home in somewhat of a hurry one day, I approached the large culvert where the road crosses a canal.The culvert is rather high and conceals the road for some distance ahead. Skimming over the culvert I saw a flock of chickens directly in my path. Setting my brakes I did my best to stop but ploughed thru the chickens. stopping the car I jumped out and ran back to try to pay for the damage.

Suddenly, Mrs. Kader came running out of her house, brandishing a huge knife and screeching at the top of her voice. I thought "Well, this is it," and I started to tell her I would pay the damage. She kept coming and grabbed a big Plymouth Rock rooster, who was flopping around with a broken leg, and whacked off its head, grabbed a newspaper from under her arm, rolled the chicken in it and handed it to me saying, "You take him home and eat him!"

One of our problems was transportation. Each family had a car but there was the problem of getting to work, getting the children to school, and having a car available for the girls' use for social affairs, etc. Each morning we loaded one car with children and dropped them at school on our way to work. There were no school busses and inasmuch as we lived in the County we were not allowed to send them to the City Schools. The BYU Training School had a full compliment of Taylor Kids.

In the evening on the way home our pick-ups started with the Store (DTR), with stops at the Library, Training School, and home of friends, not to mention stops for culinary water, gas, and our daily supply of milk or groceries. Today, there are four school buses that pass our house.

In the meantime the old Muhlestein House was abandoned and became a "haunted house"for our children, especially at Halloween time. All members of the Muhlestein Family had left for other areas, and the old homestead and its 160 acres of barren ground, with deep ravines, bare hillsides, and profusion of scrub oaks began to return to its original state.

Arrangements were made to pasture two of Father's saddle horses on the property and we all enjoyed riding them.

Meanwhile, other people began to drive up and enjoy the view. We watched them with trepidation because we had begun to dream about a subdivision at some future date which would cover this area with fine homes. We felt it had sound possibilities and the longer we considered it, the more sure we became.

However, there were two stumbling blocks in our way that seemed insurmountable. The old Muhlestein Estate was now owned by thirteen heirs, and to set a price and to get a 100% agreement from so many individuals seemed an impossibility. The other obstacle was a familiar one to us--we had very little capital we could raise to make such a purchase.

The more we thought about it the more certain we were of its possibilities. We began to mention it to some of our family and friends. Little interest was shown by some, but certain ones, particularly J. Hamilton Calder, saw the possibilities and became unfailing participants.

Henry began to work with the Muhlestein Family and after untold hours, finally reached an agreement for the sale, satisfactory to each member of the family. Only because of their implicit confidence in Henry's integrity, was he able to handle this transaction. Without Henry's far-sightedness and loyal support, we would never have achieved success on the hill.

In order to raise the money, many people were visited and a lot of salesmanship occurred before a small group were included in the Bonneville Development Company which was the Corporation owning and responsible for its development.

Before any lots could be sold, many things had to be done. A complete survey of the property, including topographical data, location of lots and roads, and a sales program had to be made.

The biggest problem of all, however, was our old bugaboo--an adequate water supply. The deed to the property gave us the major interest in the old springs developed by a tunnel part way up Rock Canyon. This had now caved in, and the Rock Canyon Water Co. had done considerable development work in that area. Reclaiming this tunnel and springs appeared to be a wonderful idea. We could develop our own water supply and be independent of Provo City.

After investigation we discovered that such construction would undoubtedly lessen the flow of the Rock Canyon Water Co. and inasmuch as they had been using the water longer than seven years, we would get into a costly legal battle with questionable success.

We examined sites where drilling had brought good flows of water, and engaged Dr. George Hansen to advise us. It is a known fact among geologists that the strata of rocks in Rock Canyon are slanted to drain the water below this, finally coming up near the surface down in the valley. There is agreat deal of water behind this dyke, some of it spilling off to Bridal Veil Falls.

A location for drilling was selected in the mouth of Rock Canyon, and a contract was signed with a driller. The hole finally turned out to be a "duster", and another location was selected with a similiar lack of success.

A number of shares in the Rock Canyon Water Co. had been acquired with the purchase of the property, and it was decided to try to use these. Fred L. Markham (always generous with his architectural services, and a pillar of support in the new corporation designed a large reservoir, inclosed completely with a man-hole in the top, in the mouth of the canyon, near the weir where the concrete conduit spilled into the diversion box.

Len Creer received the contract to construct the reservoir and to dig a trench for the 4" cast iron pipe line which led to the site of the new homes.

Later, taking turns at filling the reservoir and scrubbing its walls became something of a social occasion.

About this time, Clarence D. Taylor, Ham. Calder, Wesley F. Knudsen, and L. O. Turner had built their homes, and we began to feel like a community.

Our water system left much to be desired. We had always felt that we should be part of Provo City and that our water system should be connected with the City lines. A petition, meanwhile, to annex our area into Provo City had been granted and we were paying City Taxes which were considerably higher than those in the County. We were constantly working with the Mayor and Commissioners to co-operate with us on a water system. We received all sorts of objections, especially a constant battle with the City Engineer. We were told to move down and fill up some of the vacant lots in Provo; that we were crazy to build on such a bare hilly country, and that the City could not afford to extend its utilities to such a small community. We argued that it was so desirable a place to live, that we would soon have plenty of homes to justify it, and that such a desirable taxing unit would be created, it would be a profitable source of income to the City.

In one meeting with the Commissioners, one of them said: "Why did you join the City? It's because you thought you would get City Water!" We agreed. He said that if we thought they were going to extend the lines to our property and make us rich we had another guess coming.

Time after time we would have the majority converted to our proposition, only to have them defeated at the polls and a new commission be installed in office. In almost every case, they had the same opinion of our foolhardy venture. They constantly relied on the City Engineer (who unfortunately had a permanent position), and our answer would be the same.

Finally with the advent of a City Manager the idea did not seem so far-fetched, and orders were given to the Engineer's Office to outline some plans which would deliver water to the higher elevations.

The result was a concrete tank built up on the hillside with an 8" pipeline down to the main City Reservoir, where a pump was installed. We were forced to advance the cost of these with a connection charge on each lot which would eventually come back to us in payment for the original amount we had advanced.

A considerable amount of money had to be raised, in addition to the water system expense. Sewer line, roads, the cost of topographical maps and plat plans which had to be made and submitted to the Engineer's Office before approval to sell lots was obtained.

Deed restrictions covering the design, construction and materials going into each home were strictly enforced, as well as landscaping restrictions. Lots in many case sold themselves, and lovely new homes began to arise. Additional acreage had to be subdivided.

By the Fall of 1965 when this was written, 83 individual homes had been built with several other lots sold and houses in the planning stage. Somewhat over half of the original acreage has now been sold as building lots, with plans to develop the balance on a par with those now finished.

Note:

The area where Lynn and Henry built their homes is officially recorded in the Utah County Records as "TAYLOR HILL SUBDIVISION". The old Muhlestein property, to the South, is officially designated as "OAK HILLS SUBDIVISION".

"OUR HOME ON THE HILL"
1933

John and Janice

The Old Sleeping Porch
"Telephone Booth on the Hill"
Aunt "Rye" Taylor

North Fork of Provo Canyon

STEWART CIRQUE & FALLS

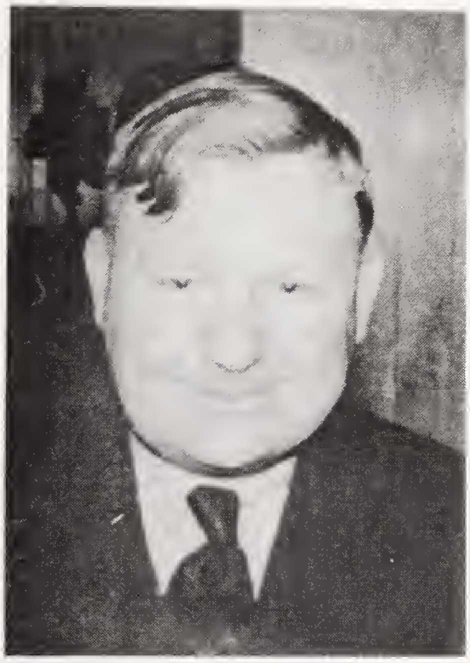
Lynn D. Taylor

Brickerhaven

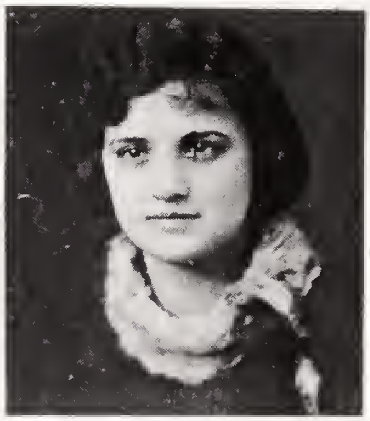
North Fork Creek

7th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

ID# 24



RULON STERLING DIXON



ERMA MURDOCK

Rulon Sterling Dixon Family

James Rulon Joseph

Michael Erma Peter

1827 Claybourne Ave.
Salt Lake City, Utah

"Abe" Dixon

Rulon with his prize-winning
Golden Bantam chickens

"THE MOSTEST OF ABE"S BESTEST"
RULON STERLING DIXON - 1898-1965

"My hair might be an off shade of pink, but it ain't carrot orange." So quoted Rulon Sterling Dixon (Abe) when called "carrot top".

Rulon inherited this sandy hair from his Grandfather Henry Aldous Dixon and was born on Provo's "Sandy Alley", September 9, 1898, the fourth son of John DeGrey Dixon and Sarah Ann Lewis.

The nickname "Abe" was hung on him by his playmates in his early youth and remained with him the rest of his life.

In his early teens, his father's youngest brother, Arnold, gave him a Bantam rooster and several hens. From this early gift he became one of the most successful producers of prize-winning Bantam chickens in the West. Not only was he interested in Bantam chickens, but he branched out to raising and showing prize-winning dogs, horses, sheep and rabbits.

It was nothing unusual for him to spend hours upon hours of time, washing, grooming his pets to display in pet shows and fairs in all parts of the United States. He won hundreds of prize ribbons and trophies. In Later years his service as judge in fairs and stock shows was in great demand.

As a boy of nine years; how proud I was to be asked by Rulon and entrusted with the transporting of a pen of his prize chickens from the American Express freight depot on University Avenue to his coops at 440 North Fifth West. After school I would take my little red wagon to the freight depot where the cages of chickens were waiting, after having been on display in some distant fair or show. Most always, there were prizewinning ribbons on the cages. For this delivery service, I would receive a quarter, which to me was a generous wage.

My first chickens were Golden Bantams. One rooster and two hens, given to me by Rulon one day after having helped him. How proud I was when one of these hens stole away, laid a nest full of eggs and hatched eleven fluffy, yellow biddies.

Rulon attended the old Timpanogos School, which was just across the street from his home. He graduated from the B. Y. U. High School and went onto college on the same campus, obtaining his degree in 1923.

Recognizing his need for specializing in the Animal Husbandry field, he attended Wyoming State University and obtained his Masters degree. In 1925-1926 he taught school at the Laramie, Wyoming High School.

While teaching at Pleasant Grove High School, he realized the need for a good Animal Husbandry High School textbook. So he authored a text book, "Livestock Judging".

At the B. Y. U. he was a charter member of the Goldbricker's Club. Abe's cousin, Lynn D. Taylor (Sunbeam) records the following about the activities of this club:

"We had a character in the Club known as"Abe" Dixon. Abe now lives in Salt Lake and is a mutual cousin of Buck and myself. He was always a hefty lad -- he's a conservative 250 pounds now -- and was always the life of the party. He had an old model T Ford -- one of the first in town and he called it "Inertia". It was always driven through the gate on the lower campus and tied up to one of the trees on the lawn, with a piece of cord string. It had no key and all the "Brickers" used it whenever they wished. It was quite a sight to see "Inertia" dodging through the trees and along the walks, around the buildings, with a load of guys and gals."

"Each spring, Girls Day was celebrated. "Aunt Alice Reynolds" the counterpart of your Dean of Women today, had charge of the arrangements for this day. It was customary to nominate several girls for Queen and elect the winner the day before the event. When the nominations were completed it was discovered that "Abe" Dixon's name was entered. All the Brickers got out and worked and "Abe" polled by far the biggest vote. "Aunt Alice" wrung her hands and pled for justice. The highest girl vote was finally named Queen and "Abe" was featured as "King."

"The Annual Bricker Festival was a canyon week-end party. These parties were held at Wildwood and were wonderfully successful. It was here that the loving cup contest developed. I'm reminded of one little incident. "Abe" Dixon's fiance' was on a mission and he had asked another girl to go to the party with him. We ganged up on him the last day while loving cup nominations were being made and insisted that he won, hands down. Some impassioned oratory supported his candidacy, while "Abe" squirmed, and stuttered and tried to plead innocent. As a matter of fact, the girl he had taken was upset because he had been so distant."

In the 1922 Banyan, opposite a picture of Rulon "Abe" Dixon,who was dressed in a football suit, appeared the following:

" Rulon "Abe" Dixon was sadly hoodooed this year. First he burned his finger, then he broke his ribs and presently he sprained his ankles. Altogether his red headed luck kept him busted up. In spite of this he kept on the field till the end of the season. "Abe" is a chicken fancier, a sheep fancier and a prize winner by habit. Also he is a senior with this wonderous philosophy: "There Aint' no Hell!"

While still at the B. Y. U., Rulon sponsored an Extemporaneous Speaking Contest and donated "The Rulon Dixon Silver Cup" to the winner. In 1923, his cousin, Royden Dangerfield, won this award.

Since Rulon's father was the largest fruit farmer on Provo Bench, own ing and operating three large farms of nearly one hundred acres, there was always plenty of work to keep him busy during the spring, summer and fall. There was always plowing, cultivating, watering, spraying of the orchards. In the fall, the big job of picking, packing , and shipping of the fruit to the Eastern markets, was a tremendously big job, requiring the undivided support of the whole Dixon Family.

Even the relatives contributed their efforts to harvesting of the fruit.

In 1923 Rulon was called and filled a mission for the Church in the Western States Mission.

In 1927, he was appointed Smith-Hughes agricultural instructor at the Pleasant Grove High School. This same year (October 15, 1927) he married Erma Murdock in the Salt Lake Temple.

In his own words this is how he was "trapped":

" How I first met mom (Erma Murdock):"

" I was walking through the gates at the B. Y. U. with "Louie" Edwards. He was a six-foot-four basketball star and a HE beauty. All the gals fluttered like wounded doves when he just looked at them. We approached three lovelies and among them was this gorgeous brunette with raven black hair, dressed in the very latest. It was a sweater and skirt, not one of those Sloppy Joe deals of today, but a cashmere sweater that if it could have talked would have said, "doesn't she just fill a sweater as it should be filled? And I think I will cling to her." And it did. The skirt was a long slinky one. When they had said "hi" and moved on, she smiled, and it did make you FIZZ (in a nice sort of way). I asked "Louie who she was and he said, "Why? " I told him that was the gal I wanted to marry. That really startled him, coming from a guy who had always taken a dim view of women. He said, "You couldn't do better." He told me her dad was president of most everything in Wasatch County, and her mom was the most respected and lovely lady in the County, so why shouldn't she be something special? As I looked at Mom yesterday, I thought; how lucky can a lug like me be? As I look back over the years, and they have been good years, Mom has continued to gain in stature (and I don't mean weight). "

"After much calling, I found that my friend Erma was in Provo. I asked her if she wouldn't like a ride in our beautiful hill country, and she said it would be fine. I told her I would bring the lunch and call for her in two hours."

" I picked up Brown Eyes at Henroid's, and as soon as she was in the car, she wanted to know what was for lunch, so I handed her a box and told her to look. She asked about the cocktail, and it was crab, her favorite. The salad was "ummy". By this time she had spotted the apple pie, too. When she asked what was in the sandwiches, I told her I would have to look. She was very polite and said everything looked delicious. "But Pet", I said, " I gave you MY lunch box, this other one is yours." She really hated apple pie! When she opened the box, she said, "Why you, so and so, everything I like!" It was no mistake."

"Then she opened a box of chocolates. "I'll take a bite and then if I don't like the flavor, you can have it," she said. "I'll be big and divide." The next question was, "when do we eat? " I told her when we found a good place up the canyon. "Oh no", she said, "I'm starving, and a growing girl must keep up her strength." She said she would take just a few tastes."

" After she kicked off her shoes and got comfy, she started to nod. Being a gentleman, I made her as comfortable as possible. One thing that caused her trouble was a small gob of frosting that she could hardly reach with her tongue, but she finally made it and to sleep. As the paperback in my day would have said: "Here was the sleeping beauty with all her charms, when suddenly passion reared its ugly head and this cad, this fellow of low degree, stole a kiss." I was either excited or hit a rut because my aim was rotten and it landed between her upturned nose and shell pink ear. By this time, Brown Eyes was wide awake, and she gave me one of her dirtiest looks and said: "Rulon Sterling Dixon, I never was so insulted in my life, and if you can't do better than that, don't try again." Wow, what a gal!"

"It had been nearly three years since I had last seen Erma, and she was everything I expected! More beautiful than ever, with a few extra curves where they do the most good, along with a maturity, polish and poise. And she didn't have that "thus saith the Lord" attitude I disliked in so many Lady Missionaries. All in all a livin' doll, and was I ever thrilled to see her. She seemed equally happy to see me. We had a few dates and I just assumed she was my steady girl friend. How wrong can a guy be? "

" Later I called on her without phoning and asked her to go for a ride. She said she would have to be back at seven. You guessed it, my chickadees, she had a date at seven, and this, as the Union would say, was our "cooling off period". She explained it was her missionary companion's wedding and the missionary who was going to take her had asked weeks ago. She then said: "Let's go for the ride. I'll skip the wedding."

" We headed for Heber via Charleston. I told her I no doubt had assumed too much, but to hear me out with no interruptions. I said I thought my feelings towards her were mutual, but it seemed not, and I didn't like the situation at all. I resented her going out with other boy friends. I realized she hadn't said anything like she would only go out with me, but had seemed to care for me as much as I did for her. Things being as they were, I didn't think we should see each other. She asked me if I was through talking, and I told her only one other thing; that I thought it would be very nice if she would change her name to Mrs. Rulon Sterling Dixon, as one R.S.D. loved her very much, and she said "OH! YES!"

" And you brats ask me how the story ended. Well, for your information, the stork didn't lose his way to our place four times."

" We had decided to get married during "beet vacation". We had a week off and I didn't believe in long engagements (not more than four years). Also, Mom had about decided to go back to school, and of all schools, the U. Of U."

"We had rented an apartment across the street from the High School in Pleasant Grove. We had new everything to put into it, the best of furniture, china, glassware, etc. and it really was beautiful."

" Our wedding day was to be a Saturday and Aldous had asked President McKay if he could make it on a Saturday and he said he would be delighted to marry us. So at 9:00 a.m. we were to arrive for the fatal hour. I couldn't get to sleep, and as the light appeared over Mt. Timpanogos, I crawled out and dressed in my finery. At least I had a new pair of socks. I was ready to hie me to Salt Lake. I just knew my beloved would be in a tizzie. I was delayed for some reason and didn't arrive until 8:30, and expected my bride to be pacing the floor. I really had thought up a dilly of a reason why I was late."

" Grandma Murdock let me in and told me to go in and wake her daughter up, as she had called her but as yet had no response. I gazed at Erma, sound asleep. Could she be snoring? What a cad I was to even let a thought like that cross my mind! In deep slumber, yes, but the other, decidedly not. As I gazed at her, I thought: Dixon, how can a guy like you be so lucky? "

" This would never do -- we were nearly late. I shook her a couple of times, and still no response. This called for something drastic. So I smacked her where it would do the most good. She stretched and finally opened one eye and smiled, but she had a wicked gleam in her eye. In mock terror she gathered a sheet around her 38-22-36 and let out the most blood-curdling scream you ever heard. Grandma was in the room in a bound and her lovely daughter points a finger at me and says: "Look, Mom, a man in my room," and adds, "and the coward won't even stay and help me get dressed." When she recovered, Grandma said: "Erma Murdock, you ought to get a good spanking." I told them I would love to spank her, but they shooed me out, and as I paced the floor musing on life in general and Mrs. R.S. Dixon-to-be in particular, the door opened and my radiant bride(to be) said she was ready and we better get started. I thought my problem would be to calm her down and reassure her what a wonderful step we were taking to face life together, but now I knew my problem would be to keep her awake while we said our I doos. After all these years, Mom was up the other day and waved to me from the car, and I still get butterflies, only more and better. She has all the fine qualities her Mom had, and turned out to be something very, very special. WOW WHAT A GAL!"

Rulon and family lived in Ogden for about three years and Idaho Falls for about three years, working for some of the largest feed mills in the intermountain area, including General Mills and Sperry.

Rulon then concluded he had sufficient clientele, who had become sold on his superior diagnosis, service and supply of poultry and animal feed, to start up his own feed company. He called this company the R. S. DIXON PRODUCTS COMPANY.

He developed many new and far-reaching formulas which were registered under his name. Even during his last illness in the hospital, he was still making up new formulas to register and market.

Through his early diagnosis and diligent service he was able to save many flocks and herds from being wiped out by disease.

Rulon was constantly being called upon to act as a judge in some of the largest and best livestock and poultry shows and fairs in the West.

He was a true Dixon and loved to visit, even going out of his way to call upon one of his ailing, aged aunts or uncles. He always had the right thing to say which left encouragement and happiness on his departure.

Even when "Abe" was hospitalized in Ogden, his wit, good nature, his enthusiasm for life, and his art of expression are revealed in the following thoughts he penned:

" This is Saturday and Mom(Erma) generally makes it up here. She sure is a "dream boat".

" Hitch your wagon to a star, keep your seat, and there you are."

" To me: - six months and it doesn't seem a day over ten years. Oh! how time flies."

" An Avon saleslady was asked if she ever tried to sell Mrs. Dixon any of her products. She said, "No, there is a woman who is just too pretty for even Avon to do any good."

" I heard a newscaster say that there should be five freedoms and he included freedom to choose. Boy, he has something there. When you get right down to facts, it is a basic. I say I will choose lamb chops, sliced tomatoes, and a baked potato. I get a cut-up weiner in a sea of tomato soup."

" The orderly just brought me a chair that has casters so that I can hang onto the chair and push it. I guess I was making them dizzy with my walk."

"One of the internes, who was checking me, touched one of my shingles, and I went about three feet in the air. He looks at me and asks me if it hurt. I said, "No, I just took off like that for the sheer hell of it."

ON THANKSGIVING DAY in the hospital:

" Thought for the Day: I am thankful for my family, nation and Church.

Program for the Day: As our old Charley would say, "Let's just sit around and josh and sing hymns.

For those away from Home: At least no dishes to wash or ice cream to freeze."

" They have a new batch of student nurses from St. Marks. There is one blonde among them that the local gentry thinks is really something. Yesterday she passed the room across the hall and one of the local Romeos yells, "Come on in, bright eyes!" And was he floored when their instructor, a girlish sixty, fluttered in like a wounded dove. She was right behind the blonde and thought it was for her and she beamed all day."

Even after thirty-eight years of married life, and after one of Erma's weekly visits to the hospital, he writes: " Boy, what do you mean, you trapped me? Did I ever want to be trapped? I chased you for seven years, but it was worth it, you cute brat. After your visits I just walk around in a fog for the rest of the week." "Doll, you is the mostest, and have always been." "So long for now you beautiful hunk of womanhood. I adore you."

" If it was in my power to send you any gift in the world to repay you in a small way for the gifts you have given me down through the years of love and devotion (sure we had minor explosions, but never a dull moment), it would not be jewels, mink or cadillacs, but it would be PEACE OF MIND."

" So a salute to the most wonderful wife in the world, and a merry, merry Christmas to you my darling."

After a confinement of forty months in the hospital at Ogden, Rulon Sterling Dixon passed away on October 27, 1965.

He and his wife Erma had the following family of boys:

James R. Dixon	(Jim)
Joseph M. Dixon	(Joe)
G. Michael Dixon	(Mike)
Peter M. Dixon	(Pete)

Compiled from material furnished by the Rulon Sterling Dixon family. September 1973.

Clarence D. Taylor

See also: "MY FOLKS ON FIFTH WEST"
Written by Rulon S. Dixon
In "My Folks The Dixons"
Volume I, Page 151

Very Brief Life Sketch of SARAH ANN LEWIS DIXON

ID# 2 Wife

Born April 23, 1868 at Provo, Utah to Jane Davis and William John Lewis.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church on April 23, 1876.

Married John DeGrey Dixon by A. N. Lund in the Manti Temple on September 18, 1889.

Children:

Henry Aldous II, John William, Stanley Lewis, Rulon Sterling, Maud, Lucian and Grant.

Her education was scarce and at intervals when she was not helping her father plant and harvest the crops. Or she attended school when the freezing weather closed the Woolen Mills, after she became a weaver there.

Her first school was Benjamin Walton's private school. She also attended the B. Y. Academy, in the old Lewis Hall and in the Z. C. M. I. warehouse.

Her early life was a typical Pioneer Family life, including the trading of fruit and vegetables for other necessities; the making of soap, starch and lye, to be used in washing the clothes; white-washing the walls in the house; filling the bed ticks with straw and corn shocks for mattresses; drying fruit in the sun; picking and drying ground cherries; and self amusements.

She opened her home to many B. Y. U. students, for a place to live in a good L. D. S. home. Many of them bear testimony to a good influence here, which played a major part in moulding their successful lives.

She was President of the Provo Third Ward Y. L. M. I. A.

President of the Provo Third Ward Relief Society for nearly twenty years.

She died at the Utah Valley Hospital, Provo, Utah on October 28, 1951.

8th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 63

ELTON LE ROY TAYLOR.

ETHEL L. SCOTT

Paul Julia Louise James
Ethel Elton

RFD Box 333, Lakeview
Provo, Utah

Elton - Lakeview Farm

Elton - Hillcrest Farm

EVENTS IN MY LIFE
ELTON LE ROY TAYLOR

June 22, 1900, at 256 North Fifth West, Provo, Utah, was the time and place where I first saw the light of day, being the third child of Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Dixon Taylor, the second child to be born in their new home. I once remarked to Mother that this was the next to the longest day of the year --She quickly replied, "It was the longest."

Shortly after my birth, Father received a call to go on a mission for the Church to England, leaving three small boys, with Mother at home. The new home was rented and we moved in next door to live with Grandma Sarah DeGrey Dixon, she having been a widow for many years. Mother was able to get her old job back at Mr. Skelton's Book Store, enabling her to help with Father's mission expenses. Six months before Father returned from his mission Mother, at the urging and with the assistance of her family, joined Father in the mission field, in Birmingham, England, he being the Conference President there. This left us in the sole care of Grandma Dixon, she bearing the brunt, with the help of my older brothers Arthur D. and Lynn D.; of my tedious care.

Upon the return of Father and Mother from England, we moved back into our own home, which became a beehive of activity. Mother's brothers, the Dixon boys, being skilled brick masons, had built a large two story, red brick, barn in the rear of our houses, which was used jointly by the two families. The Dixon brothers, having formed the South Fork Cattle Co., fed their cattle there in the winter time.

Our fruit and dairy farm at Hillcrest was sold and Father purchased land near the mouth of Provo River. Most of this land was lake bottom land and had to be broken up. This was done mostly by Uncle Jim McClellan and myself. It was done with three horse teams on sulky riding plows. Later Father bought a Cletrac Crawler gas tractor, which I drove in the farming operation. The principle crops we raised were sugar beets, grain, and native or wild hay.

After the Skipper Bay dike washed out and flooded all the farm land, we decided to build a bathing resort on the Lake front. We purchased bathing suits and towels and acquired rowboats. We built a wooden bridge across the river, permitting access by automobile to the beach. We named our enterprise, "The Provonna Beach Resort." Henry D. and myself were given charge of the operation, with all members of the family participating. The next spring ice piles from the lake demolished our bathhouses. They were rebuilt and a dance hall and dining room and store were added.

When the resort was first begun, a neighbor boy and close friend from an adjoining farm, Alfred J. Madsen, brought his sister Gladys, with her almost inseparable companion, Ethel Scott, also of Lakeview, to visit us. They came in a horse and buggy. This was my first meeting with Ethel. With her jet black hair, dark eyes, contagious smile and quick wit, I thought she was the most beautiful girl I had ever met. She just plain did something to me. I met her again at a party at LaMar Bird's home. She was in nurses training at the Provo General Hospital. A few days later I got up enough courage to call her on the phone and ask her for a date. She accepted. From then on we were going steady.

My early schooling was in the old Timpanogos Grade School. Later all of the eighth grade pupils in Provo were transferred to the Central School. Here I was graduated from the eighth grade in 1914. Next I attended the B.Y. High School for four years, from which I graduated in 1918. In the fall of 1918 a unit of the U.S. Army, the Students Army Training Corps was established at B.Y.U. I enlisted along with Lynn, and became a part of that unit. We were quartered in the Maeser Memorial Building, on the hill. While there the flu epidemic broke out. Lynn and I both came down with it. Medical facilities being very inadequate in the unit, all of the boys from Utah County, who were stricken, were sent home to have their families provide the necessary care for them. This Mother gladly and efficiently did for us.

After the Armistice, I enrolled in college at B.Y.U. which I attended for parts of two years. Then Father feeling that I was to be the farmer of the family, suggested that I attend the Agricultural College at Logan. Accordingly I enrolled at the Utah State Agricultural College and for the first year lived at the home of William A. Noble. Besides my Agricultural and Business courses, I was required to take Military Science and Drill, and enjoyed swimming, handball and long distance running. I also went out one spring for football.

In 1921 when Father was building a new building for the newly organized Dixon Taylor Russell Co., I worked as a laborer on the construction until it was completed. With the arrival of new merchandise, I was made the official truck driver and later was installed as store deliveryman.

I left on my mission in January 1923, serving in the Eastern States Mission under one of the General Authorities, President Brigham H. Roberts. It was a great privilege to labor under this great missionary, historian and prolific writer. I wrote to Mother during one of my discouraging moments, telling her of some of my problems. I did not get much sympathy from her. She wrote back, "It will make a man out of you." I received my mission release in 1924.

I returned to my work at D. T. R. Co., as a salesman in the North end of Utah County, which eventually developed into a Branch Store in Pleasant Grove, and my appointment as store manager.

Ethel and I felt it was now time for us to get married. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on March 31, 1926, by President George F. Richards. After the ceremony President Richards handed the marriage certificate to Ethel, saying, "Sister Taylor this is yours." Not having been called by that name before, she turned around and waited for Mother to take it. After leaving the Temple we drove to Aunt Sarah McConachie's beautiful home on North Main Street where Aunt Sarah had prepared a lovely wedding breakfast for us. We spent our honeymoon in California, and returned to Pleasant Grove to make our home.

In the spring of 1929, Ethel and I accompanied by her Father and Mother, took a drive to Price to inspect the progress being made on the new D. T. R. Co. building there. The last of June our household goods were loaded on a large truck and Fred Williams drove it to Price, we going ahead in our Ford Model T. Sedan.

We were fortunate in moving next door to some wonderful neighbors, Carl and Catherine Raile Saxey. She brought over a large basket filled with a delicious lunch and jumped in and helped with the cleaning of the house. All the while she was giving Ethel a pep talk, with these prophetic words: "You can learn to like any place if you will make up your mind to do it. The way you react to people is the way they will react to you. There are good people here in Price, the same as those you have left. When the time comes you will hate to leave them." How true this proved to be. We stayed there thirty-one years.

Because of business and church work, I was away from home a great deal. Ethel said when the children saw me coming home, they went to get their bibs, chair, or nightgowns. They thought it was time to eat or go to bed. Ethel became known as the "church widow" in our ward. I served in the Bishopric for five years and then served on the High Council for seven years, Bishop of the Price First Ward for ONE WEEK, and Carbon Stake President for seventeen years.

In 1952 I began experiencing back problems. I was in constant pain and was losing partial use of my legs. After our trip to Mexico City, my back problem continued to get more critical. An appointment was made with Dr. Nephi K. Kezerian, an Orthopedic Surgeon in Provo, who gave me an intensive examination, taking x-ray pictures. His diagnosis was a blockage in the nerve system of my spinal column. He recommended an operation but suggested we make an appointment with Dr. Alfred M. Okelberry in Salt Lake City to check his diagnosis. Dr. Okelberry confirmed Dr. Kezerian's diagnosis and treatment.

Prior to my admittance to the Utah Valley Hospital in Provo, I attended a meeting held in the Deseret Coal Mine, near Orangeville. The mine was part of the Church Welfare Program. To this meeting, Stake Presidencies, High Counselors, Bishoprics, Relief Society Presidencies and other leaders of the Central Utah Region, of which I was serving as chairman; had been invited to attend. The place of the meeting was inside the coal mine in a room of the mine, the black coal walls of which had been "rock dusted" until the room was a gleaming white. Electric lighting was installed and chair and benches provided. The room was appropriately designated as "The Chapel". In attendance from The General Authorities were: Elders Spencer W. Kimball, Delbert L. Stapley, Henry D. Moyle and Dr. LeRoy Wirthlin of The

General Church Welfare Committee.

I was having a difficult time to sit through the meeting, experiencing much discomfort and pain. Without my knowledge, my counselors Presidents Arvel R. Stevens and Asa L. Draper had requested the Brethren to administer to me and give me a blessing, after the meeting, to which they agreed. When the meeting was over we went from the mine down the hill to the tipple where the scale house, wash and clothes change room, which we entered; was located. The three Stake Presidencies joined in the circle with The General Authorities in giving me the blessing. Elder Kimball, being the senior Apostle present, requested Elder Stapley to be "mouth" in giving the blessing. Elder Stapley started with words usually used in a blessing, then sick as I was, I felt the power of the Priesthood in the promise, "Your life will be spared. The Lord still has much work for you upon earth to do. You will be given a complete recovery of your health and strength."

About a week later I went into the Utah Valley Hospital for the operation. During the operation it was found that I had a tumor on my spinal Column, putting pressure on the nerve system. It had also caused deterioration on some of my vertabrae. Test showed the tumor to be malignant. I had cancer. The tumor was removed, the decayed parts of the spinal column were chipped away. After the operation Ethel was told that my condition was critical, my future was bleak.

Six years later I returned to Provo for a check-up by Dr. Kezerian where more x-ray pictures were taken. In his letter as to the results of his findings, he said, "Six years ago, at the time of your operation, we found an active tumor (cancer) on your spinal column. The x-ray pictures just taken show no evidence of a re-occurance of the tumor and where we scraped the diseased part of your vertabrae, it has now completely been filled in. The tumor has been arrested, or you have been completely healed."

With the closing of the D.T.R. Co. store at Price and our return to Provo, we purchased Ethel's folks farm and house in Lakeview, which we completely remodeled and added to, making an attractive, convenient and modern home and with one of the best gardens in Lakeview. This garden supplies our family, neighbors and friends with "dirt fresh" vegetables all summer and our winter potatoes and carrots.

Ethel and myself were invited to attend a local Farm Bureau dinner where I was presented with an award as being "The best gardner in the Lakeview Ward".

Shortly after this we were able to purchase 18 acres of farmland, just two blocks west of our home, from Spencer Madsen. Later 15 acres of pasture land was purchased from Mark Scott.

With persistent hard work of digging drain ditches, leveling, fencing and cultivation, this swampy land has been re-claimed and turned into a productive farm and pasture land supporting up to twenty head of beef cattle for our family and friends consumption.

I am now serving as Patriarch of the West Sharon Stake.

9th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON
First Granddaughter

I.D.# 81

ERMA MAE DIXON

ARNOLD BOSHAR

DEAN

ARNOLD ERMA

BLISS

662 West 400 North
Provo, Utah

Wildwood

ERMA MAE DIXON BOSHARD

Erma Mae Dixon Boshard was born on September 10, 1900 in Provo, Utah. She was the first child of Ernest DeGrey and Mary Ann Painter Dixon. She was the first granddaughter of Henry Aldous Dixon, and as such was given a new silk dress made by Aunt Mary, as she had promised.

Her childhood years were happy ones and she spent much of her time playing with her younger sister Leah and her cousin Rhea. She attended kindergarten at the Brigham Young Academy and at the age of six began school at the Timpanogos Elementary School. Her father attended this school as did her sons and grandsons.

On the 21st of March 1909 she was baptized by Paul Ashworth and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints by Roy Passey.

Many happy days were spent with cousins and relatives at Nephi. Family outings at the Old Resort on Utah Lake were always an occasion for happy celebration. One of the highlights of her youth, was her first ride in Provo's first automobile.

Little did she realize in 1915, the year she graduated from the 8th grade at Central Junior High, when she and her family went on an extended trip to Duchesne in a covered wagon, that they would be moving to this area. She attended Provo High School for two years and then the family moved to Blue Bench, near Duchesne and the Indian Reservation. Here she experienced real pioneer living. The family lived in a one room log cabin, no electricity, no running water. Water had to be hauled in barrels from the nearby stream. There were no trees for shade; just lots of drifting sand from the newly plowed land.

Erma being the oldest child in the family, it became her job to help her father get the land leveled, after plowing, so crops could be planted. She drove a span of four horses on a leveler for days at a time. It was also her job to deliver the milk to the creamery at Duchesne, driving a team of horses and wagon.

After the family moved back to Provo, Erma attended the B.Y.U. for three years where she majored in Domestic Science. During this time she worked at the Woolen Mills and at Wm. M. Roylance wholesale fruit and produce Company. She was working at the Woolen Mills at the time it was destroyed by fire.

Arnold Boshard was also working at Wm. M. Roylance Co. the same time as Erma was working there. Casual acquaintenance developed into love and they were married on March 10, 1921 by Thomas N. Taylor. Erma's mother prepared and served a full course dinner to over forty people. This marriage was later solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple.

Their first son, Dean Dixon Boshard, was born March 5, 1923. Their second son, Arnold Bliss Boshard, was born January 8, 1929.

A few years after Dean was born Arnold and Erma went into business with Arnold's mother at her grocery store in Provo. Erma worked at the store and Arnold worked at the Pacific States Pipe Co. At this time Arnold and Erma's father, Ernest bought the Startup's cabin at Wildwood in Provo, Canyon.

The depression years were hard ones as the children were growing up and Arnold was working as a truck driver with the Conservation Corps. He later returned to work at the pipe plant. After the depression, Erma began to work at Dixon Taylor Russell Co. drapery department. They also commenced to remodel their home. She has always taken pride in her home and has used her creative talents to make it a beautiful place to live. She has always been interested in antiques, and her Provo home and summer home at Wildwood have many of these antiques she had acquired over the years.

Shortly before 1940 they bought the East Side Store and remodeled it. A year later, when Dean graduated from high school, war was declared, so Arnold rented the store and went to work in the Small Arms factory outside of Salt Lake City. Dean went into the Service in 1942 as a Navy Flyer and was gone until the war ended. Bliss enlisted in the Navy and served for four years, mostly aboard the aircraft carrier, Princeton.

In 1945 Erma moved to Bakersfield, California, where Arnie worked in Inyokern. By 1950 they were back in Provo and sold their old cabin at Wildwood so that they could build a new summer home. Erma, like so many of the Dixon, loved living at Wildwood. She has spent more than thirty summers there and enjoys every minute of it.

In 1953 Arnie secured work in Alaska, where his sister Genevieve was living. Erma also secured work in a furniture and drapery store in Anchorage. It was a beautiful place and both Erma and Arnie enjoyed it for awhile.

In 1954 they went to Rico, Colorado where Arnie had a job. They had to live in a hotel and eat in a restaurant every night. The town was just like a scene out of the Western Movies.

Erma has been active in the Church, holding many positions including, secretary of the Mutual in the Provo Third Ward and on the Utah Stake Relief Society Board.

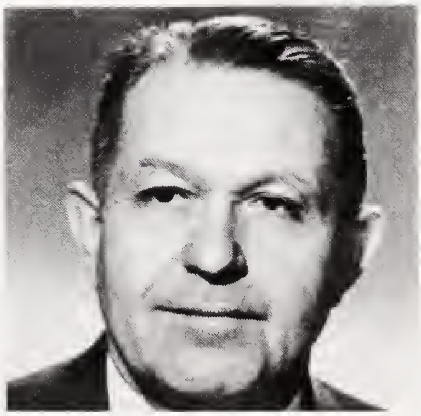
Erma is a long time member of the Sons and Daughters of Utah Pioneers of Provo, who have charge of the relics and pictures in the Pioneer Museum located in the North Park.

She anxiously looks forward to the meetings of the Dixon Cousins Organization to renew acquaintenance with over a hundred of her Dixon cousins. They now meet each year in April.

Now after many years, Erma and Arnie are the proud parents of two boys, six grandchildren and eight great grandchildren. Three grandsons have now served missions for the Church.

I.D.# 25

MAUD DIXON



FRED L. MARKHAM

John Diane Barbara Dixon
Maud Fred

440 North Fifth West
Provo, Utah

Wildwood

MAUD DIXON MARKHAM
MY PERSONAL HISTORY

I was born in a big two story house on the corner of 2nd North and 4th West. It has recently been made a Historic Site. Now that it has been restored it is pleasant to see with its grey walls and white trim.

When three weeks old we moved to Salt Lake City as father was elected State Treasurer, so that my earlier days were spent in the Thirtieth Ward and our home was located at 189 Mead Street, two blocks west of Governor Cutler, with whom father worked closely.

Six years later Uncle T. N. Taylor wanted to start the Farmers and Merchants Bank and asked father to be the cashier. So again we were back in Provo living in part of Grandma Dixon's house, at 270 North Fifth West, while our present home at 440 North Fifth West was being built.

I went to the Timpanogos School just across the street (since torn down). The new Timp. building is on the north corner of the block.

With all my cousins I had a good time even catching forbidden sled rides from passing vehicles.

Then I spent one year at the old Junior High at Central School and three happy years at B. Y. High School.

College at the Y had the close knit feeling of a small high school, enrollment being about six hundred with about sixty college students graduating each year.

Fred and I went to most events together and had a great time. By taking easy classes, I graduated Summa Cum Laude and was prepared to teach. Deciding to go on to a Masters degree, I stayed in college. Midyear, Bro. L. John Nuttall asked me to teach English in the Junior and Senior grades at B. Y. High. I enjoyed my work.

Fred and I were married June 25, 1924, the day he left for the Eastern States Mission. Having been engaged a year, we decided that day would be best, and were able to be married that afternoon in the Salt Lake Temple, Temple President George F. Richards, parents and relatives attending. We were so happy, that parting was not sad.

Meeting Fred in New York two years later and staying there two months seeing all its wonderful attractions was an exciting time for me.

Two years later Fred and I left for Boston so that he could attend M.I.T. in architecture. After teaching another year at the Y I quit to rear a family - John, Dix, Barbara and Diana.

As my father had died the year we were married Fred and I came to live with Mother in our present home which we purchased from her a few years later. She lived with us until her death in October 1951. It was wonderful to have her with us.

My home, family and church were always my first priorities.

At fifteen I was dear Uncle Walter Dixon's assistant, teaching the intermediate Sunday School classes. Then I was on the Sunday School Board under Supt. of the Utah Stake Sunday Schools, Victor Bird. Then the Mutual called me from 1926 to 1973, with a few years out - making about thirty-five years in that organization as President and teacher. I was on the Relief Society Stake Board under Sister Josephine Bird. As Spiritual Living Teacher in the Relief Society, I taught from 1945 until 1974, with the exception of three or four years during that time.

I belonged to the N.L.U. and O.S. Travata at B.Y.U. and was an officer in the B.Y.U. Women of the Faculty organization. I have been a long time member of the Literary League and have been active in the district Republican organization.

My hobbies besides getting lessons have been cooking, reading, walking, hiking and traveling.

I.D.# 12.1

RHEA DIXON

FENTON W. REEVE

Rhea Dixon Reeve Family

Rhea Ruth
Fenton

232 North Fifth West
Provo, Utah

A BIOGRAPHY OF RHEA DIXON REEVE

Shortly after the turn of the century in lovely Utah Valley a beautiful, sandy-haired daughter was born to the happy union of Walter DeGrey and Louie Maiben Dixon. The date was August 21, 1901 and the place the old family home on 2nd North and 3rd West in Provo, Utah. For their firstborn, Walter chose the name Rhea Luthenia. The middle name was chosen because it was Louie's Mother's name. In later years Verl Dixon and other cousins would often tease Rhea by calling her "Luthenia".

Four other outstanding children were born to these goodly parents: Fred Walter (Buck), Donald Maiben (Sank), Edna Dixon Ballif, and Amy LaVerne Dixon Larson. This was an extremely close family and Rhea was always very devoted to her parents and her brothers and sisters, and their mates and children.

When Rhea was three years old the family moved into a new home at 232 North Fifth West, thereafter affectionately referred to as "232". Walter's brothers had helped with the building of the house and it was well constructed. The family were elated over their new dwelling located amidst uncles, aunts, and cousins. The area was called "Sandy Alley" because of all the red-headed Dixons and Taylors who resided there. Love and comradery were the order of the day and Rhea basked in the association of so many loving, kind people, and it made for a secure, happy childhood. Through the years Rhea always remained close to her uncles, aunts, and cousins as well as her immediate family. She always maintained a special fondness for all the Dixons and commented often how proud she was of her "kin".

Rhea in her appearance was a good composite of her parents. She inherited the auburn hair from the Dixons; she had her Father's hazel eyes and light fair complexion; but she also resembled her Mother. She was slim and of medium height and grew into a very pretty young lady and later a strikingly attractive woman who was always well groomed. Rhea favored wearing vivid colors like aqua, blue and pink and was often stunning in monochromatic color schemes.

School days were rewarding and pleasant for Rhea. She attended Timpanogos School to the 7th grade, Central School up to and including the eighth grade and then two years at Provo High School with her good friends Erma Dixon Boshard, Maud Dixon Markham, Henrietta Taylor, and LaVerne Banks Singleton.

From 1917 to 1919 Rhea attended the Brigham Young High School. She made many new acquaintances there and was especially friendly with sisters Joyce and Ruth Isgreen. She graduated from college in 1949 after several years of taking night classes, summer school, and correspondence courses. She must have been inspired in choosing education for her major as she became a master teacher and teaching was the love of her life.

While she was pursuing an education she had odd jobs to help out with the family income. One of these was at the Provo Woolen Mills. When a serious fire broke out at the Mills the family were concerned about her safety.

Rhea's Mother was a homebody and liked to stay near the hearth and so Rhea became her Father's constant companion at Bishopric and church socials and would accompany him as he visited relatives, friends, and people in need. Rhea simply adored her Father and he was always her ideal. She thought he was the kindest most loving, Christ-like person she ever knew. To her he was 100% perfect and she idolized him and held him in high esteem. She often remarked that she always felt safe and secure in his presence.

Rhea's beloved Father died on November 26, 1921 when he was only forty-four years old. This was probably the greatest loss she ever suffered in her life. Her heart was truly broken and she lost her best friend, her closest confident, and the person she respected and loved more than anyone else.

However, she did not allow herself to suffer self pity and grief long and being the eldest child she keenly felt the financial and emotional responsibility on her shoulders for her dear Mother and her two brothers and two sisters. She even delayed her marriage for five years while she worked and helped the family.

Following her education she accepted a teaching position in the small community of Fillmore, Utah. Because of the death of her Father she returned to Provo and taught at the Franklin School from 1921 to 1927. These were busy years teaching, helping with her family, courting, and being active in church, college, and school affairs.

After a five year engagement, Rhea was married to Fenton West Reeve on June 18, 1925 in the Salt Lake Temple. The marriage was sealed by David O. McKay. Fenton was a tall six foot three husky football player from Hinckley, Utah whom she had met at Brigham Young University. Fenton was a high school football and track coach and they resided at 87 North 200 East in Spanish Fork, Utah until 1938. Rhea was a homemaker during those years as well as being active in church, community, and social affairs.

On June 27, 1929 a plump, nine pound baby daughter was born to the Reeves and she was named Ruth. Fenton had been counting on a potential football player but Rhea was delighted to have a girl. Ruth resided with her until September 4, 1951 when she was married to Howard D. Lowe. Although Ruth was to be Rhea's only child, she was blessed with one lovely granddaughter and four handsome grandsons. Her grandchildren are as follows: Kevin Howard Lowe, Linda Ann Lowe Weaver, David "Jordan" Lowe, Kenton "Alan" Lowe, and Mark Douglas Lowe. Rhea now has three beautiful great-grandchildren with hopefully many more to come.

From 1938 to 1940 Rhea divided her time between teaching in

Provo and residing in Los Angeles, where her husband had moved for employment reasons. In 1940 Ruth and she returned to Provo and she resumed her profession of teaching and taught uninterrupted until 1968 when she retired after an illustrious career of thirty-five years. Thirty-three of these years were at the Franklin School. She usually walked to school at dawn and returned home at dusk with an armload of papers to correct. The Franklin School was her second home and the faculty and students there were her second family. There has probably never been a more dedicated, conscientious, and devoted teacher than Rhea Dixon Reeve. She seemed to love all her students, both the slow and rebellious and the bright and obedient, and she was beloved by three generations of students. She was a member of local, state and national educational organizations. She served on the State Language Arts Book Committee for four years, and was a delegate to national educational conventions to New York and Los Angeles. After her retirement she exclaimed that she enjoyed every moment of her teaching career and it was truly a labor of love.

Through the years, Rhea was a loving, devoted daughter to her Mother, dedicating her life unselfishly in caring for her needs, especially in her declining years when she was ill. She would often walk home from the Franklin School to fix her Mother's lunch and then literally run back to school. Her Mother had an unquenchable sweet tooth and Rhea would bring pastries, candy, and assorted treats to her almost daily. She would also always have a supply of goodies on hand in the pantry for guests. Louie Maiben Dixon died on April 19, 1964 and Rhea had again lost a much loved parent.

The Dixon family always put great emphasis on holidays, especially Christmas. Rhea played a big part in helping her parents make them memorable occasions. Every year she had a long Christmas card and gift list and spent hours shopping, wrapping, and preparing for the holiday season. She was a regular Mrs. Santa Claus to her family and remembered not only her brothers and sisters but all her nieces and nephews and their families. She has been the beloved "Aunt Rhea", ever interested in the activities of her brothers and sisters and their families. Being generous to a fault she not only remembered her family and friends on Christmas but on birthdays, Valentine's Day, Halloween, etc.

Rhea has always been a talkative, outgoing person with a warm, extrovertish personality. She has had a great deal of energy and up until the last few years has had a very active life. In addition to her church activity she has been a member of the American Association of University Women, the Business and Professional Women's Club, literary clubs, and has been a joiner and a doer. One of the highlights of her social life has been her long association with the "Glamorous Eight" Club. This group consists of the following four Ermas - - - -

Erma Boshard, Erma Hedquist, Erma Anderson, Erma Wiest, plus Elsie Miller, Vi Wasden, and formerly Gladys Davis and Florence Jensen who are now deceased. These lovely ladies met at least once a month but formerly met every two weeks for dinner, bridge, and visiting. Rhea has attended hundreds of weddings of relatives, friends, and former students and has always been faithful to attend funerals in spite of the long trek to the mortuary. Never having owned a car or learned to drive she has been an avid walker. One of her favorite pastimes has been her almost daily trip to town for shopping, visiting with sales clerks, and chatting with people along the way. Rhea, her sister Amy and brother Buck are some of Provo City's best known citizens. Rhea loves people and could never be happy as a loner. Her friendliness, sincerity, concern for others, enthusiasm, and kindness to the youth, aged, and less fortunate have endeared her to the hearts of many.

Rhea acquired a talent for creative writing and through the years has written tributes, poems, and toasts for countless people, rarely if ever declining a request. She also was author of many plays and operettas that were presented at the Franklin School and she was responsible for the narrations of many church programs.

For most of her life she has resided in the Provo Third Ward, holding many positions. She was M.I.A. President for several years, on the Utah Stake M.I.A. Board, and her last assignment was Cultural Refinement Leader in the Relief Society Organization. She prepared all her lessons well and when asked to work at the cannery, help with luncheons at Relief Society or take any other assignment she was always willing to render service.

Rhea has traveled to Canada, across the country to the East Coast, to Hawaii, California and other places but her heart has always belonged at "232" in Provo, where she grew up among those gentle hearts and kind people.

Although she is receiving excellent care from her younger sister Amy, it is difficult in her later years to accept a slower pace of life. Even though her vitality has somewhat dimished, her love for her "kin" remains constant. She has made a great contribution to the lives of many people through her kindness and willingness to render service to others.

Ruth Reeve Lowe
Kailua, Hawaii
April 1980

Very Brief Life Sketch of
WALTER DE GREY DIXON

Born November 15, 1877 at Provo, Utah to Sarah DeGrey and Henry Aldous Dixon.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church on June 1, 1886.

Married Luthenia (Louie) Maiben on October 10, 1900 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Children:

Rhea, Fred W., Donald M., Edna, Amy Lavern.

He truly lived his short forty-four years of life by his creed:

"Do all the good I can, by all the means I can, in all the ways I can, in all the places I can, to all the people I can, as long as ever I can."

Walter attended the Provo City Schools to the 8th grade.

At 16 years of age he was employed as office boy in Taylor Bros. Co. store. When his brother John went on his mission, he became bookkeeper.

Walter's many interests included:

Sports of all kind, especially soccer, tennis, baseball.
Photography and tinting the black and white pictures (long before colored film).
Hiking -- helped organize the annual Timp hike.
Fishing, Drama, Holiday Festivities, Penmanship.
A Lover of Nature and all Mankind.

Was in the Bishopric of Provo Third Ward at the time of his death. Interested in Temple Work and helping the Old Folks.

Died in the Aird Hospital, Provo, Utah on November 26, 1921.

The Biography of Walter DeGrey Dixon is given
on page 215, Volume I of
"My Folks The Dixons"

Very Brief Life Sketch of
LUTHENIA (LOUIE) MAIBEN DIXON

Born January 30, 1878 in Provo, Utah to Luthenia Lydia Crockett and Henry Joseph Maiben.

Married Walter DeGrey Dixon in the Salt Lake Temple on October 10, 1900.

Children:

Rhea, Fred, Donald, Edna, Amy.

Louie's mother died when she was born and her early childhood was not as happy as it could have been.

She worked for Grandma Dixon, assisting in cooking for the boarders. Here she fell in love with Walter and after a brief courtship they were married. At the wedding dinner given by Walter's sister "Rye", the newlyweds were the last to arrive because Louie, who was a fastidious housekeeper, was fussing with the curtains in their first home. She was very unselfish and self sacrificing. She lived in the Provo Third Ward for 60 years, and most of that time in the same house.

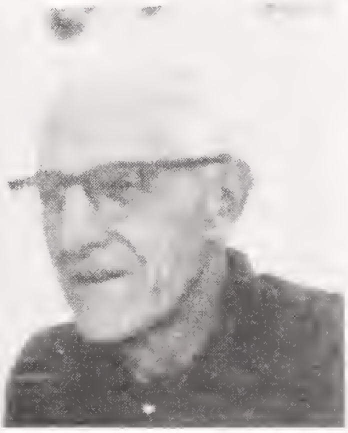
Her home was her castle, where she delighted in entertaining with her delicious food and friendly atmosphere.

She was active in the Y.W.M.I.A. and Relief Society.

She died at Provo, Utah on April 19, 1964.

I.D.# 52

NANCY SHEARSMITH MC CONACHIE



ANTHON ARMSTRONG

MARY NANCY DORIS
SHEARSMITH

MARY DORIS ARMSTRONG

1391 North 380 West
Provo, Utah

HISTORY OF
Nancy Shearsmith McConachie Armstrong

My family was living in Hull, England when I made my entrance into the world at 4:00 a.m. on the 7th of October 1902. I was the second child born to Walter and Fanny Smith Shearsmith. My sister Doris had arrived two years earlier.

I almost passed through this life in a hurry. On my third day I contracted pneumonia and Father sent for the minister to baptize and christen me. But by January I was well enough to be brought downstairs and included in the family circle.

My sister Mary Alice was born a few years later and two years after this event our father died. Mother went to work in a laundry. Doris and I attended infant's school, just across the street from our grandparents home and Grandmother Smith took care of Mary during the day.

Our parents had joined the Mormon Church through the missionary efforts of Albert and LeRoy Dixon. After Father's death, Uncle Albert offered to loan Mother money to come to Utah. Although her parents, especially her father, were much opposed to it, she disposed of her few possessions and in January of 1910, we set sail on the S.S. Dominion, from Liverpool.

In Salt Lake City we were met by Sarah Dixon McConachie, Mother's second cousin. A few days later we traveled to Provo where Mother set up housekeeping and went to work for Uncle Jabe Dangerfield at the Royden House.

Sarah and Alexander McConachie had lost their only child and were anxious to adopt one. Mother finally consented to let them have one of her girls, and I was their choice. On April 7, 1910 I was legally adopted and given their name. From then on I called them Mama and Dad. No one was ever blessed with finer parents.

That fall I entered the second grade at Lafayette School and loved everything about America, except being teased about my English accent. In November, I was baptized in the Tabernacle font. The brother who baptized me spoke broken English and Mama had to go to the edge of the font and pronounce each of my names for him to repeat. But then, Nancy Manchester Shearsmith McConachie is quite a mouthful.

I studied dancing and elocution and believe I recited at missionary farewells in every ward in Salt Lake. In those days farewells were held on week nights with a program, dancing, and refreshments.

After graduation from the eighth grade I attended East High where I enjoyed taking parts in plays. When the United States entered World War I, we students made bandages during our free periods. Then a flu epidemic closed schools for many weeks. During this time, the Armistice was signed and crowds danced in the streets to express happiness. Following this big celebration, the epidemic was much worse.

At the University of Utah I majored in Drama and Physical Education, taking part in many school plays and dancing in several operas. In those days, the shows were performed at the old Salt Lake Theater. At present, students think nothing of flying around the world, in school activities. I was on cloud nine when one cast I played with was allowed a ten day tour to such remote places as Nephi and Richfield.

After three years at the "U" I became assistant kindergarten teacher at the Lafayette School. Right back where I started, only this time in a new building. The old building having burned down shortly after I graduated. The following year I taught the First Grade.

Dancing was still my first love and I continued to study. When the Perry-Mansfield Dancers came to Salt Lake in concert, I was so impressed with their work, I attended their school at Steamboat Springs, Colorado, the following summer. In December of that year I received a telegram from Portia Mansfield asking me to join one of their acts in New York. A week later I was dancing in the act. I spent six years working in dance acts and one season playing a dramatic part in the road show company of "Street Scene". By this time the depression was well underway and talking pictures caused one theater after another to drop live entertainment. It became increasingly difficult to keep working.

Dad's business, the "Chesapeake Cafe", had been greatly affected by the depression and his health was failing. I went home and was glad to help a little by doing the cashier work. The following spring the restaurant closed and Mother asked me to go to England with her. Doris and Mary were both raising families and not free to go and Mother didn't want to go alone. Seeing the places I knew as a child and getting acquainted with English relatives made it a wonderful summer.

The next four years I worked with Mother in her little restaurant, "Mickey's Place" in Price, Utah. During that time Dad died and Mamma moved to Provo. When Mother sold "Mickey's Place" and also moved to Provo, I went to live with Mama in her apartment. That winter I registered for a class in vocabulary building. A gentleman by the name of Anthon Armstrong sat next to me. He had the latest edition of Webster's dictionary. Mine was an old one, so I kept borrowing his. Soon we were seeing each other nearly every evening. Now he tells me he decided to marry me so he could keep the dictionary. Well -- we still have it.

We were married on July 4th 1940, by Bishop Frank Bennett. After living for a year in Provo, we bought an old farm house in Lindon and found wonderful neighbors and friends there.

World War II burst upon the world and Tony was drafted with the first group of married men from Utah County. When he was at radio school in Madison, Wisconsin he asked me to join him. Nothing was as important as being together, so I went. Tony had one 24 hour pass a week and two free hours each day we could spend together on the post. Six weeks later he was shipped out and I returned home. Mama moved to Lindon to be with me and stayed there with us until her death seven years later.

Our only child was born January 2, 1945 while Tony was in Italy. The baby died at birth but was christened Mary Doris. The bitter disappointment caused by the baby's death made this one of the most unhappy periods of my life. One morning, while sitting at the dining room table writing a letter to Tony, and crying as usual, a strange feeling of intense quiet came over me. No voice spoke to me but words formed so clearly in my mind that it seemed as if someone said, "You have not only lost her in this world but also in the world to come, unless you do something about it. And there is something you can do, you know."

In my letter I told Tony that as soon as he came home I wanted us to make ourselves eligible to go to the Temple. Long before there was time for him to even receive my letter, I received one from him saying he had been to an L.D.S. Conference in Foggia and he felt the wisest thing we could do was prepare ourselves for the privilege of going to the temple.

A few months after his return we knelt at the altar in the House of the Lord and were married for eternity and had our baby sealed to us. The weight of grief I had carried was lifted from me.

Not having had the opportunity to attend college, Tony was anxious to take advantage of the G.I. Bill. After a few years working full time for the Bureau of Reclamation, while taking classes at B. Y. U. and being very active in the Lindon Ward, we realized the load had to be lightened or Tony would never get a degree. So we moved into one of Mother's apartments in Provo. Tony graduated with honors in 1953.

After doing accounting for B. Y. U. for three years, Tony went back to the Bureau of Reclamation in the regional office in Salt Lake. We lived there for three years until the Central Utah Project office opened in Provo and Tony was offered the opportunity to come back as Budget Analyst. We were happy to return to Provo because it is our first choice as a place to live. We bought a home in Pleasant View Second Ward and have lived here ever since.

I have served as Cultural Refinement class leader in four different wards and one stake for a total of nineteen years. I have also served as Drama Leader in M.I.A. and twice as a counselor in Relief Society. Because of a severe hearing problem I cannot do many things I used to, but at present I am serving as Visiting Teacher Message leader and have been a visiting teacher for about 35 years. Since returning to Provo to live I have become interested in Juvenile writing and have had stories and articles published in many children's magazines, including the Friend. I am a member of the League of Utah Writers and have won several awards on both the State and National level.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
SARAH ANN DIXON MC CONACHIE

ID# 5

Born December 7, 1871 in Provo First Ward to Mary Ann Smith and Henry Aldous Dixon.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church in May 1879.

Married Alexander Collie Mc Conachie, October 7, 1897.

Children:

Donald Collie McConachie and Nancy Shearsmith McConachie.

Her first school was Miss Whitesides private school in Salt Lake City. Later she attended school in Provo.

Her youthful health was very delicate. At age fourteen her illness almost claimed her life. She was a very capable dressmaker. Ella Arrowsmith taught her the trade, after which she started a very successful dressmaking business.

Sarah was a Relief Society Teacher for 25 years.

She was a supervisor of Art and Work in both Ward and Stake.

During World War I, was Director of gauzework for the Red Cross.

Assisted in making burial clothes for the dead.

Was a member of the Daughters of Pioneers.

She was a most willing, generous and friendly person, entertaining family, friends and strangers.

She died at Lindon, Utah on December 26, 1950.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
ALEXANDER COLLIE MC CONACHIE

ID# 5 Husband

Born October 8, 1863 in Glasgow, Scotland to Ann Paul and Alexander Mc Conachie.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church, October 29, 1937.

Married Sarah Ann Dixon on October 7, 1897 at Provo, Utah.

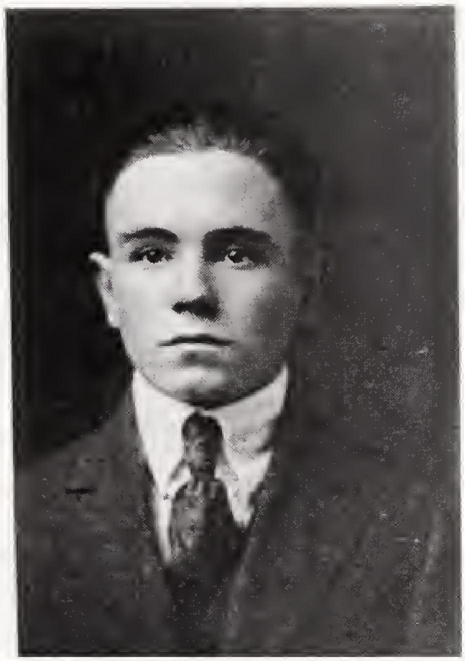
Children:

Donald Collie McConachie and Nancy Shearsmith Mc Conachie.

Mac worked in the Vienna Cafe, Salt Lake City, before he was married, and continued to work there until it burned down. He later owned and operated the Chesapeake Cafe in Salt Lake City.

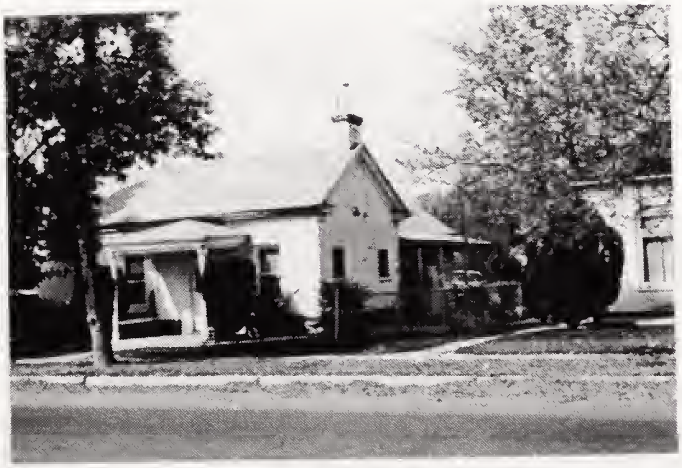
Died at Salt Lake City, Utah on January 16, 1938.

I. D.# 42



ROYDEN JAMES DANGERFIELD

Birthplace



550 West Second North
Provo, Utah

ROYDEN JAMES DANGERFIELD

Royden J. Dangerfield was born December 31, 1902, in Provo Utah, the son of Jabez W. Dangerfield and Alice Dixon Dangerfield. He attended the Provo City Schools and the B.Y.U. High School where he graduated in 1921. He continued his education at the Brigham Young University where he became an outstanding scholar and extra-curricular student. In 1923 he was a student body officer, Manager of Dramatics. He belonged to the Commerce Club, participated in one of the school's plays, was a member of the Inter-class debating championship team and was winner of the Extemperaneous Speaking Contest receiving the "Rulon Dixon Silver Cup". He graduated from the B.Y.U. in 1925 with a major in Political Science, Finance and Banking.

In 1931 he received his doctor's degree from the University of Chicago, where a scholarship was tendered him to attend the International School of Foreign Relations, at Geneva, Switzerland. While in Europe he attended the Sorbonne in Paris and the London School of Political Science in London, which is regarded as the outstanding school of its kind in Europe.

Royden began his academic career at the University of Oklahoma, where he was assistant professor of political science from 1928 to 1934 and an associate professor from 1934 to 1938.

After teaching at the University of Oklahoma for ten years and at the early age of 36, he became a full professor and assistant dean of the Graduate School in 1938, retaining the latter position until he was named dean of the faculty in 1942.

He was administrative assistant to the president of the University of Oklahoma from 1945 to 1947 and executive vice president of the University during 1947-48, leaving Oklahoma University for the University of Wisconsin, where he was a professor of political science from 1948 to 1950.

Dr. Royden J. Dangerfield went to the University of Illinois at Champaign, Illinois in 1950 as a professor of political science and director of the Institue of Government and Public Affairs. He took leave of absence during the summers of 1951 and 1952 to teach at the University of Tokyo and the University of Kyoto and then at the University of Kyoto and Deshisha University in Japan.

After seven years as Professor of Political Science at the University of Illinois, he was appointed associate provost, a post he held until 1967. He served as dean of administration from 1957 to 1964 and was director of international programs at the University of Illinois from 1962 to 1967.

He became MUCIA executive director in 1964, overseeing the development of the year-old organization set up to help participating universities carry on activities overseas and strengthen their own international programs.

His retirement from that post was announced this summer, and he said then he hoped to take a sabbatical leave from the University of Illinois and resume research in American diplomacy, working in the archives of the State Department.

On a number of occasions during his career, Royden was on leave from the full-time job he held, serving with various government agencies.

The first such appointment was in 1930, when he was principal research associate to the President's Committee on Recent Social Trends under the Hoover Administration. Others were:

Forum director for the U S. Office of Eduction during 1936-37.

Chief of Blockade Division of the Board of Economic Warfare in 1942-44.

Chief International law officer with the Navy's Judge Advocate General's Office, with rank of lieutenant commander in 1944-45.

Assistant chief in charge of research for the State Department's Division of Research and Publications in 1945.

Civilian professor with the National War College and a professor and director of studies 1948-49.

Civilian member of Advisory Survey Team of the Army War College in 1951.

The professional affiliations of Dr. Dangerfield, include the American Political Science Association, the American Society of International Law and the Social Science Foundation of the University of Denver, the Council of Foreign Relations, Southwest Social Science Association, Chicago Council of Foreign Relations, Tau Kappa Alpha and Theta Phi.

He was the author of two text books on political science and government and the author or editor of a number of books and articles, among them "The Hidden Weapon; The Story of Economic Warfare," written with David Gordon.

Royden J. Dangerfield married Helen Morrison of Norman, Oklahoma, on March 30, 1931, in Washington D. C. They were the parents of two daughters, Mrs. Helen K. Nunnally of Chicago and Mrs. Karen Fisher of Champaign, Illinois.

On October 28, 1969 Royden was taken to the Carle Hospital in Champaign suffering from emphysema and died on Saturday, November 1, 1969 at 3:00 a.m.

At the time of his death at the age of 67, he was living at 601 Haines Blvd., Champaign, and was professor of political science at the University of Illinois and recently had retired executive director of the Midwest Universities Consortium for International Activities.

Private services were held on Monday, November 3rd, at the Weaver-Henderson Funeral Home, with Bishop Joseph Larsen of the Mormon Church officiating. He was taken to Norman, Oklahoma, for burial.

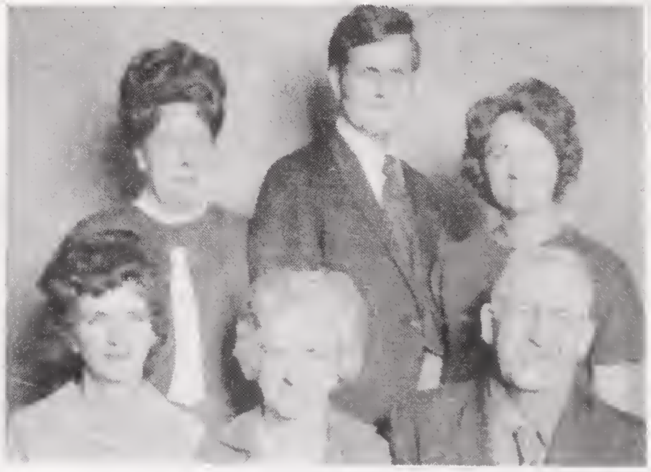
15th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 82

LEAH LILLIAN DIXON

MAYO FORD

Leah Dixon Ford Family



Lois Dixon Janice

Marilyn Leah Mayo

Wallsburg, Utah

1575 West Fifth North
Salt Lake City, Utah

LIFE HISTORY OF
LEAH LILLIAN DIXON FORD

I was the second child born to Ernest DeGrey and Mary Ann Painter Dixon on May 18, 1903, at Provo, Utah County, Utah, the day we had a four inch snowstorm. Before father and mother were married, father built a brick home on the east portion of the Henry A. Dixon lot on Second North between Second and Third West. It was in the front room of this house that I was born.

We did not have a lot of toys to play with, but those we had we were taught by Mother to take care of them and make them last for more than just one year. I had a minature cast iron toy stove that I could make a real fire in it and bake in the oven. I was ever so proud of it. I still have my little rocking chair that I got for Christmas when I was four years old and I can still sit in it.

When I was three years old I had rheumatic fever and couldn't walk for months, because of the severe ache in my legs. To encourage me to take cod liver oil, my father would give me a dollar for every dollar bottle of cod liver oil I would drink. Before I fully recovered from this illness my bank was almost filled with silver dollars.

Erma was three years older than I and she wanted to play with the older kids who could run faster, so I spent a good deal of my time playing with my younger brother Arnold. He was two and one half years younger than I. He received a concussion of the brain when his sled struck a telephone pole, and died from this accident. He was age nine.

On January 21, 1912, I was baptized by William Russell and confirmed on January 21, 1912, by Alfred Booth.

I attended the elementary Timpanogos School on 4th North and 5th West, the Provo Junior High School, the Provo Senior High School and the Brigham Young University, from which I later graduated with a B.S. degree in 1958. My major was education with a minor in Art.

Before our twins were born, father decided that our home on Second North was getting too small for our family of four children who had all been born in this house, namely, Erma, myself, Arnold and Verl; so he sold this house to his cousin George Smith and built a new home on 8th West and 5th North where he had ten acres of land. This was a lovely new white, brick home and Mother enjoyed it very much, but it had one drawback in that it was quite a distance from town. While it was being built during the summer, we lived in Aunt Rye Taylor's home. She and her family were living at their farm on Provo Bench for the summer. Uncle Arthur would eat dinner with us each day and then go out on the farm at night.

We moved into our new home before the twins were born; Ralph and Ronald were born September 16, 1912. Mother was quite sick for a long time. Ronald was very small and ill, weighing only 3 lbs. Ralph weighed 6 lbs.

My little brother, Arnold, was killed on January 26, 1915, and a little more than a month later, on March 2, 1915, Edith was born.

Father sold our home on 5th North and 8th West and we moved into Uncle Albert Dixon's home on 6th West and 3rd North. It was here that I contacted diptheria and became very ill. For some time after my heart was not so good.

We moved to Duchesne to live one summer, on the Jesse Knight Ranch. Father built some buildings for them and broke up sage brush ground on a homestead for the Knight Investment Co. Father bought a herd of milk cows and sold the cream to the creamery in Duchesne. The creamery was managed by Parley Ford. That fall we moved back to Provo and father bought the old Hoover home on the corner of 6th West and 4th North. He did some remodeling work on the home and I lived here the remainder of my single life.

In 1924 after completing two years of college at B.Y.U., I then had a First Class Elementary Teaching Certificate and went to Wallsburg to teach school. Jessie Carter and I started teaching there together. We lived at Martin and Amber Ford's home. Here I met and was courted by Mayo Ford and we were married in Salt Lake City, Utah, on January 30, 1926.

The next fall, September 29, 1926, our own baby Marilyn Mae was born in Provo, Utah, at the Crane Maternity Home. We lived in Provo in a small basement apartment at the Harris House across the corner from the Provo High School. From here we moved South a few blocks to the Stewart Apartments. It was here that Marilyn had a bad case of whooping cough. When she was about 16 months old we moved to Park City where Mayo worked in the mines. His work at the Judge Mine consisted of operating a drill machine which made the holes and loaded them with blasting powder. In Park City we lived in the Ervin Maxwell house, next to Elmer and Mercy Maxwell. They became very good friends of ours.

On November 25, 1928, our precious little Lois Amber was born, and we were lucky to have her. We had such a hard birth. Lois and I almost died. She was black for hours after birth. My health was not good after that. I had ulcers of the stomach and hemorrhages in the stomach and very bad headaches.

Mayo left the Judge Mine and we moved over to the Park Consolidated Mine up Deer Valley in Park City. That summer we lived in a boarded tent. By fall we built us a good little two-room house, which I just loved. I grubbed the sage brush off the hill which allowed the wild grass to spread and cover the ground. Between the house and the road we had a bunch of about fifty quaking aspens growing. This was really a beautiful view.

The mine was hard on Mayo's health, so we sold our house, and Mayo moved it for the Mills to their ranch below Park City.

It was while we were at the Park Consolidated that my father suffered a cerebral hemorrhage at the age of 57 years. He recovered some but not completely. He died June 15, 1938.

July 30, 1932 our first dear little boy Dixon Alton was born at Provo, Utah, in the Crane Maternity Hospital. We moved a one room house from Uncle Mart's farm in the Second Ward over to the lot in Wallsburg which Mayo's parents had given to us. We built a kitchen addition on the back of the house.

We moved back to Park City, first up on the hill then later down by the High School.

On July 26, 1934, our sweet last little baby Janice Ann came to us. She was born in Provo at the Crane Maternity Hospital. She was premature and we almost lost her. Aldous Dixon came and blessed her and named her when she was just a few days old. She was so ill that we took her to Salt Lake to Dr. Blood, a baby specialist. Dr. Cullimore and Dr. Merrill had worked with her all one night in giving her infusions in the tissues. Aunt Electa Dixon and Aunt Lizzie Clarkson helped the Doctors. She recovered and has been such a joy to us, as have all of our children. I am so thankful for them; they are all so good.

In the spring of 1935, we left Park City and moved back to Wallsburg in our own little home. Mayo built a large coop to brood turkeys in and we went into the turkey business. We started with 1000 turkeys that first year. That first year we learned about the turkey business and did quite well so we decided to try it again the next year. For the next 18 years we raised turkeys on a large commercial scale of about 4 to 6 thousand each year. Sometimes we would put the turkeys on a summer range, on the bench back of our home, in the Roundy's fields. One year we went up Springville's Hobble Creek, another year down on the Deer Creek, or over to Charleston, on the bank of Deer Creek Reservoir.

Mayo and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple on February 28, 1940, and our four precious children were sealed to us for time and all eternity, for which I was so thankful.

In 1948 we bought a beautiful ranch in Hobble Creek Canyon which provided us with a perfect range for our turkeys and cattle. This Graham Ranch had the clear Hobble Creek stream running thru it and was a most delightful place to spend our summers. We loved this place.

In the fall of 1942, I started teaching school in Wallsburg. I taught there for 13 years. All four of our children received their elementary education at the Wallsburg School and they all graduated from Heber High School and Seminary. Dixon and Janice attended the Brigham Young University at Provo. Marilyn attended the University of Utah and graduated from the Salt Lake General Hospital Nursing School.

In 1953 Mayo and I sold the Hobble Creek ranch and in July we took Janice and went to Alaska where we had a lovely trip.

Upon our return from Alaska, we moved to Salt Lake where Janice was working. Mayo had a job at Kearns, building houses, and I taught school at Rose Park Elementary for 14 years.

My mother, May Painter Dixon, died April 3, 1954 at Provo.

We lived in Rose Park for 11 years, then bought the home we now occupy at 1575 West 5th North, Salt Lake City.

On January 13, 1967, at about 1:00 a.m. while sleeping, I suffered a cerebral thrombosis, (stroke). My entire left side was paralized. The Doctor said I could not live two days. He also said I would never walk again. I was very thankful I had my mind and could talk. I was in the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake for 28 days. Upon my return home from the hospital, Mayo has been with me night and day, and has been so very patient. I owe my life to his good care. I have continued to improve. Mayo made me a three legged walker from alumimum tubing.

I learned to walk, the power of the Priesthood and faith and prayers were my greatest help. I can walk with a cane and can do a lot of my own work. My arm and leg are still paralized but they are getting a little better as time goes by.

On the 16th of August 1970 Mayo was advanced in the Priesthood to a High Priest. I am so thankful for the blessings we have and for my good husband and children. All of our children have been to the Temple to be married and have had their children sealed to them.

I have worked in the Church since I was eighteen, at which time I was asked to be secretary of the Third Ward Primary in Provo. At this time I was attending the B. Y. U.

At Wallsburg in 1923-24 I taught religion classes early in the morning, before the regular school session. I have also worked in the Sunday School, Mutual, Primary and was President of the Primary and Young Ladies M.I.A. in our Ward for many years.

In January, 1972, I developed trouble in my left leg. Diabetic gangren set in. Dr. Allred, a Orthopedic surgeon had to amputate my leg above the knee. It has been hard to get used to being confined to a wheel chair. Luckily I still have my right leg and an artificial left leg.

I am thankful for the blessings Mayo and I have received. My faith has never been shaken by my illness and trials. Mayo has done a great work in the Church, in his Priesthood and home teaching. For these blessings I am so very thankful. I thank my Heavenly Father for the health our family enjoys. I know that Jesus is the Savior of men on earth and that Joseph Smith is a true Prophet of God, and that the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the true Church. I am thankful for my good children and grandchildren and three great-grandchildren and my husband and I ask them that they will always keep the commandments of our Heavenly Father that we might all be together in eternity. I seal this with my love for them and for the Gospel.

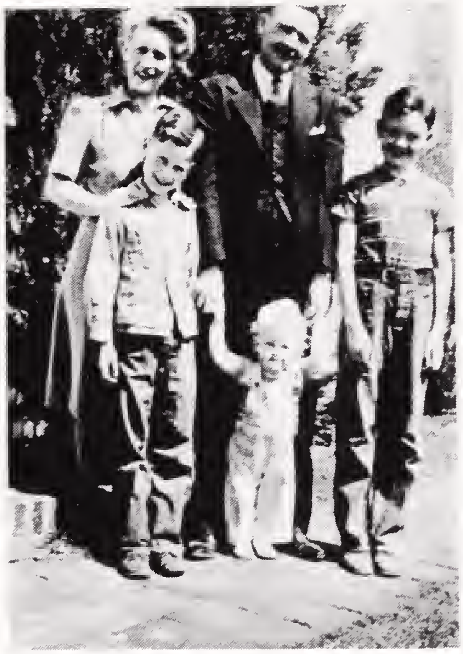
17th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 64

HENRY DIXON TAYLOR

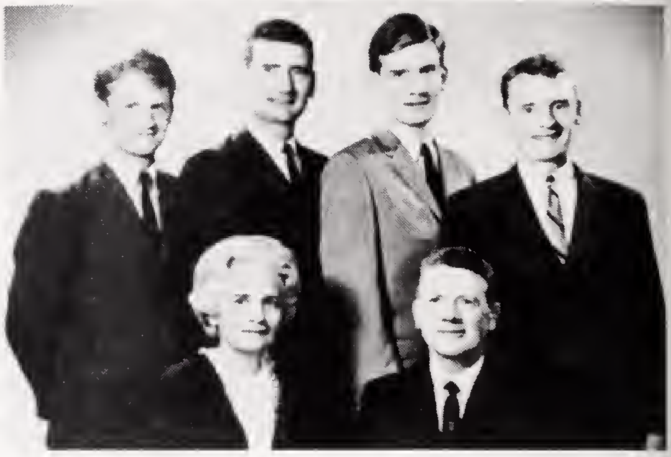
ALTA HANSEN

Henry Dixon Taylor Family



Alta Henry

Tony Stephen Dee



Stephen Anthony David Henry D., Jr.

Alta Henry

2025 No. Oak Lane
Provo, Utah

Brickerhaven

"It was inevitable that he should reach high places", was said of Henry Dixon Taylor when he was called as an Assistant to the Council of the Twelve in April 1958. He was trained for leadership from his early days of disciplined farm life in Provo, Utah, where he was born at 256 North Fifth West on November 22, 1903, to Arthur N. and Maria Dixon Taylor.

He was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the Provo Third Ward on December 21, 1912 by William Russell and confirmed the same day by George Powelson.

He attended the Timpanogos School for seven years after which he attended the Central School for the eighth grade. Upon his graduation from the eighth grade he enrolled at the BYU High School in the fal of 1917, graduating four years later in the spring of 1921.

After his Freshman year of College study, he was employed as bookkeeper at Dixon Real Estate Co., where he worked for two years, prior to his mission call to the Eastern States Mission.

Henry departed for his mission on October 8, 1924, not yet fully recovered from a bout with typhoid fever. The Mission President of the Eastern States Mission was B. H. Roberts, who was Senior President of the First Council of the Seventy, and therefore a General Authority. President Roberts assigned him to labor first, in Brooklyn, then New York City, then when summer arrived, he and his companion, went to the upper part of New York State, where they travelled without purse or script. After about a month in the country, President Roberts called him back to mission headquarters, to serve as bookkeeper or Assistant Secretary of the Mission.

On November 5, 1925 he was appointed Connecticut Conference President with headquarters at Hartford.

President Roberts' letter of July 1, 1926, requested Henry to return to Mission Headquarters in Brooklyn and serve as Mission Secretary, and also have supervision of the Sunday Schools and MIA work in the Mission.

It was on a July morning (July 27, 1926), as the office staff assembled in the living room of the Mission Home for devotional exercises prior to breakfast, President Roberts said to Henry: "Brother Taylor, how would you like to be a Seventy?" Somewhat startled, he replied: "President Roberts, that would be a great honor." President Roberts then said: "Sit down in that chair." He then ordained him to the office of a Seventy, and gave him a tender and beautiful blessing.

Henry was honorably released in the latter part of December and arrived home from his mission just before Christmas in 1926. He enrolled at B.Y.U. for the winter quarter of 1927. He was active in the off campus Goldbrickers Club and became the President of Social Unit Number One (Nuggets) when the Goldbrickers were invited back on campus with a new name. With the granting of a Alpha Kappa Psi business fraternity charter to B.Y.U., Henry became a charter member. He was elected Second Vice-president of the Student Body, having charge of the Public Service Bureau. Chosen to assist him were, John L. Allen, Ruth Clark and Audrey Ostlund.

Henry graduated from Brigham Young University in 1929 and in 1960 was awarded the Y's Alumni Distinguished Service Award. He received a master's degree from New York University School of Retailing in 1937.

In his senior year in 1928, he courted Alta Hansen of Richfield. They were both graduated in the Spring of 1929. He then went to work for Dixon Taylor Russell Company, and she taught English in the Provo High School. The day after Christmas, December 26, 1929, they were married in the Salt Lake Temple by Elder Melvin J. Ballard of the Council of the Twelve. They have four sons; Henry D. Jr., who married Colette Green of Lethbridge, Canada, who with their family of eight children (5 boys and 3 girls), live in Palo Alto, California. Anthony, who lives in Salt Lake as yet has not married. Stephen K., who lives and teaches school in Payson, married Lorna Bird of Springville. They have three children, two boys and a girl. David A., who lives in Provo, and teaches school at the B. Y. U., married Kristine Boynton of Mesa, Arizona. They are the parents of two girls and a boy. Their mother, Alta, passed away of cancer on July 6, 1967.

In a Salt Lake Temple ceremony on Monday September 9, 1968, Henry was married to Ethelyn Peterson Taylor, his younger brother, Kenneth's, widow.

Henry has held the following Church positions during his lifetime:

President of his Deacons Quorum
President of his Teachers Quorum
Secretary of Provo Third Ward Sunday School
Secretary of Utah Stake Sunday School Board
Assistant Secretary of Eastern States Mission
President of Connecticut Conference
Secretary of Eastern States Mission
President of 123rd Quorum of Seventy
Sunday School Teacher in Pleasant View Ward
Member of Sharon Stake High Council
Sharon Stake Clerk
Bishop of Pleasant View Ward, Sharon Stake
Pres. of Sharon Stake -succeeding Arthur V. Watkins
President of East Sharon Stake
Chairman of Central Utah Welfare Region
Chairman of Mt. Timpanogos Welfare Region
President of California Mission

Church positions (continued)
- Assistant to the Twelve - General Authority
- Managing Director of Church Welfare Program
- Member of First Quorum of the Seventy

His Civic Activities have been:
- On original Board of SCERA - Trustee for the Bondholders
- On Board of Utah Valley Hospital
- Board Member of Provo Chamber of Commerce - Served as Pres. at time President Harry S. Truman visited BYU
- Board Member of Provo Kiwanis Club, also President

Business Activities in which he has been engaged:
- Dixon Real Estate Company
- Henry D. Taylor Company - Real Estate & Insurance
- Dixon Taylor Russell Co. - Home Furnishings Store
- Bonneville Development Co. - Land Developer
- Brickerhaven Corporation - Canyon Home Development
- Taylor Terrace Home Owners Association

Henry's memories of his Grandfather, George Taylor, Sr.:

"At the conclusion of the school year in the Spring of 1922, Uncle LeRoy Dixon offered me the position of bookkeeper at the Dixon Real Estate Co. Elsie C. Ross who held the position had received a call to serve as a missionary in the Eastern States Mission."

"The Dixon Real Estate Co. had purchased a parcel of business property from Basil T. Kerr, upon which a mortgage was held by my grandfather, George Taylor, from whom Basil had acquired the property. Grandfather insisted that the interest on the mortgage be paid on the morning of the first of each month. It was my responsibility to deliver the check to him. He lived on the East bank of the Mill Race, in a home facing the West on Second West and Center Street."

"Grandfather was a hard-working man and even in his advanced years would be found laboring in his garden or cutting wood. He was very thrifty and conservative. His word was his bond. He was exacting in keeping his word and expected others to be the same way."

"On the first of one month I was involved in affairs at the office, and it was after 1:00 p.m. before I was able to go to his home with the interest check. He was waiting for me. What a blistering tongue lashing I received! He gave me to understand that the payment was due the very first thing in the morning. He taught me a lesson in punctuality and promptness that has stayed with me through-out my lifetime. After that experience, I was never late again in delivering his check."

"He was a sincere, devout member of the Church in his earlier years, but in later life he became disillusioned with the Church through business dealings with some of the early Church leaders in Provo. This made him critical and somewhat bitter."

"In 1924, after I had received a mission call to the Eastern States Mission, when I went to deliver his monthly interest check, I advised him of my call, and that this would be my last visit to him. He looked at me for a few moments, then said: "I think that you are a damn fool, but go my boy and do your best and may the Lord bless you." He then reached in his wallet and handed me a $5.00 bill."

"That evening at the dinner table as I related my visit with Grandfather and told of his gift, Father was amazed and said that Grandfather had not offered nor provided him a single cent when he was a missionary."

Henry points out three men who influenced his young manhood years:

" As a person reviews his or her life, he becomes aware that certain persons have had a tremendous influence in his life for good or otherwise. As I contemplate my life, I discover that three men influenced my young manhood most. The first was my father, Arthur N. Taylor, a reserved but forceful man, short on words, but long on performance. The second was my Mission President, Brigham Henry Roberts, who was a powerful orator and an effective defender of the Church and its doctrines; and the third was Arthur V. Watkins, with whom I first served as a fellow President in the 123rd Quorum of Seventy, then later on the Sharon Stake High Council for eight years when he was President of that Stake, followed by four years as his Stake Clerk, then as Bishop of the Pleasant View Ward for two years, and finally succeeding him as President of the Sharon Stake."

On President Harry S. Truman's visit to the BYU in 1952, where he addressed the students, the official Provo Chamber of Commerce greeter, was its president for that year, Henry D. Taylor.

"Welcome to Provo, Mr. President, we trust that you will have an enjoyable time, while here." To which President Truman replied: "Thank you. I always have an enjoyable and good time, wherever I go."

Later, when talking to one of those present, the man asked the question: "Wasn't it an honor to shake hands with the President of the United States?" To which Henry replied: "Yes, it surely was, but no greater honor and thrill than shaking hands with the Prophet, because it is always a great honor and privilege to shake hands with President McKay."

For the April Conference of 1958, all mission presidents and wives in the United States, Canada, and New Mexico had been extended an invitation by the First Presidency to attend. Henry, as President of the California Mission, eagerly accepted the invitation and made reservation for rooms at the Hotel Utah.

He attended the Friday and Saturday sessions, sitting by Los Angeles Stake President, John M. Russon, near the front of the Tabernacle on the Saturday afternoon session. At 4:15 p.m. he was handed a note by the head Tabernacle usher, David Thomas. It was a note written by Sister Clare Middlemiss, President McKay's secretary, requesting that he be in President McKay's office at five o clock. He was there on time.

"President McKay pointed out that a vacancy or vacancies would exist in the Assistance to the Council of the Twelve, and it was his desire and the desire of the Brethren that I should fill one of those vacancies."

"President McKay, when you called me to be a mission president, I advised you that I did not give long talks; and they haven't lengthened much, and I also assured you that when a call came from the Church leaders, there could be but one answer, and that answer must be YES, I'll do my very best."

President McKay took him by the hand and looked into his eyes, with eyes that pierced his very soul, as he said, "Brother Taylor, this is the will of the Lord."

The next morning, which was Easter Sunday, April 6, 1958, his name was read by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. and sustained by the members of the Church, who were assembled in the Tabernacle.

The following Thursday, April 10, 1958, in the Council Room of the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve in the Salt Lake Temple, he was set apart by the members of the First Presidency and all the Council of the Twelve.

In fullfilling these weekly Church assignments, Henry has visited most all the Missions and Stakes throughout the world, including visits to Dudley, England and Grahamstown, South Africa, the birthplace of his Dixon Grandparents.

Following a Stake Conference in Johannesburg, South Africa, he and his wife, Ethelyn, flew to Grahamstown, Grandfather Dixon's birthplace. They were impressed with the importance attached and accorded to the 1820 Settlers. Upon going out into the country in the Coombs Valley, they saw a mail box with the name of Bert Dixon painted on it. Upon talking with Mrs. Dixon and her son, they learned that her husband, Bert, was a great grandson of John Henry Dixon, and his first wife Margaret, who had passed away, prior to his marriage to Judith Boardman.

Message Of Inspiration

While man is struggling to achieve security and independence, he should also realize that happiness and joy can be his. This joy comes from performing unselfish acts for others, a life filled with love for fellowman, the rewards that come from honest toil, from a home where love and kindness abide.

—Elder Henry D. Taylor

I. D. # 13.1

VERNON LEE DIXON

LOLETA WISCOMBE

Lois

Vern Lee

Vernon L.

Loleta

Carl W.

Loleta Vernon L.

729 No. 600 West
Provo, Utah

I, Vern Dixon, was born 22 May 1904, the son of Parley Smith and Mary Etola Dangerfield Dixon. I was given a name and a father's blessing by my grandfather, Jabez Dangerfield. My mother says of me: "Our first child came 22 May 1904 born at the home of my parents. He was a beautiful blue-eyed, round faced, seven pound boy and the apple of his Daddy's eye. He had him out on parade in his wicker, bronze and lace trimmed pram before he was two weeks old. We named him Vernon Lee, but you all know him as just plain, "Vern."

Because mother was teaching part time at BYU Training School, I spent my early months with my Dangerfield grandparents. I like to think that I was Grandma's pet, for she was always making little treats for me. During the war when white flour was so scarce and being rationed, she found enough to occasionally make a small loaf. She always saw to it that I got a slice or two of it. Her pies were the best in the world.

Dad, as a builder, was able to construct our homes as we wanted them. We moved into our home on Sixth West and Third North when I was just a baby. This home is still standing, a sturdy building and still in use to this day.

I started school in the old Timpanogos building when I was six years old. It was near our homes, so some of my cousins and I spent many hours on its playground both during the winter and summer. Miss Lewis was my teacher in the Fourth grade. Lucile Knowlden was one of my teachers here. Although she was a small person, we learned early that she meant what she said and when she said it. One day we were having singing practice. One of the big boys decided he didn't want to sing. He laid down his book, left his seat and started for the door. Miss Knowlden met him there with a brass lined ruler and whacked him back to his seat. Thereafter when she said sing, that is just what we did. She was later to become my cousin by her marriage to Aldous Dixon.

I have always enjoyed math and arithmetic. The later led me to meeting my wife-to-be. That is another story. These subjects have been a great help to me in my business. I finished my schooling at the High School and a year at BYU.

It was the summer that I worked with Dad on the new addition to the High School that I decided I wanted to be a brick mason, like my dad. I think that he was pleased with my choice and so he took me on as an apprentice. He gave me the opportunity to learn the trade well. Four years of apprenticeship is required in this trade. First one must become a helper to the mason, learn how to mix the mud and how to run a job for the greatest efficiency. As a helper, one can make or break a mason. Dad was always proud of his work as a mason, for he was the best. So it has come to me to have that same pride in my work. We Dixons have never, and I hope never will feel that our work is not the best.

In 1916, Dad's business took he and his family to the big 24th of July celebration in the Uintah Basin. Many in the crowd were Indians. I was the center of attention on my shetland pony. As the men crowded around this tiny animal, there were many bids for him. Yes, it didn't take long for one of them to make an offer that Dad felt he couldn't resist, so my pony was sold. Dad promised me another one when we got home. I often wonder if the new owner had the same experience with this skittish, flighty little cuss as I did. He would, if he felt so inclined, find a mud hole or even a stream and dump me off in it and then stand off and laugh at me.

It was during this trip that Dad contracted to build the Duchesne High School. This contract proved very costly to him for it was almost impossible to get brick, the building was on poor shifting sands, the men got typhoid and had to go home, and it seemed that everything went wrong. Our family was to lose our lovely home on Third West and Second North and take years to pay for the job that turned out so badly.

Dad continued to take work both in Utah and out of State. As soon as I could I went with him. It was a great experience for me and I know I benefited from it in many ways. In our jobs in Grand Junction and Colorado, we met many fine people who remained friends the rest of our lives.

On the 14th of November 1923 I was married to Loleta Wiscomb in the Salt Lake Temple. We had dinner after the ceremony with Uncle Mac and Aunt Sarah McConachie in Salt Lake. Aunt Sarah came back to Provo with us for our wedding reception. We rented an apartment in the Choules home and here our first child, a girl, Lois was born on August 25, 1924.

I was fortunate to find work at Ironton, when they were building the coke ovens. It was hard work and long hours but the experience was invaluable to me. I was there until Dad called from Grand Junction that he needed my help, so I went out there. Between jobs from here, we took jaunts "over the mountains" and liked what we saw, so in 1926 we took off for the midwest, working as we went. One of our trips took us into Wisconsin and on down to Chicago. There was plenty of work and we were urged to stay here, but we felt we should get back to the job in Springfield where a Mr. Fisher had been so kind to us. After working with him for a time, he offered me a partnership. I knew that he was elderly and needed me but when Dad called for me to come home and help, we left all and went West again. I often wonder just what our lives would have been had we stayed. We met so many fine people and still have correspondence with many of them.

I guess I have never satisfied my curiosity about the world, for we have done quite a bit of traveling in the United States and Mexico, and Canada. It has always been a wonderful experience to see and learn more about people.

Back home we settled in Edgemont and it was a wise move. It was 1928 and in 1929 the depression hit the nation. It had crippled the building trades much earlier and so we were fortunate to have our own home free of debt, a cow, chickens, fruit trees and a garden spot. I know that we were much better off than many of our age. We had been able to save some, and when money became almost non-existent we were able to have a bit of cash for what was needed. Almost in the middle of this time our second child Lee was born 8 April 1929.

It was also at this time that Dad and family moved out to Orem, on a fruit farm. As family members, we all pitched in to harvest the crops and get them ready for sale. Many of them were trucked out to the Basin and other places where fruit was scarce and exchanged for meat (beef on the hoof) or anything that could be used by the family, or sold for cash. It was interesting to see the truck come home, for it might have any number of things which had been exchanged for the fruit. I guess the depression was hard on most people, but we didn't look on it as a disaster. Even tho times were hard, there was sickness and etc., we were a close-knit family and there were many happy times when we were together. I know now that my parents had much to do with this feeling of security that we had. They were special people.

As time went on, Dad was unable to work full time and so I took over the contracts and we worked together as much as we could. Gene and Bert, who had returned from the service, went to work with us as apprentices, as did Reed. It was great to work as a family. We pooled our time and resources and made it a point to see that each of us had a good home and the boys became more proficient in the work. It has been their vocation. Bert did some carpentering in his time, but he is still in the brick trade. Unlike Dad I have never taken jobs away from home. I didn't want to leave my family and have never seen the need for it because I have always had plenty to do right at home.

Carl, our third child, was born 21 May 1935. In 1929 we had sold our home in Edgemont and moved to Provo. We built three homes on Sixth West. One we sold and the other two we occupied for a time. It was a beautiful location and we were sure we were settled there for life. We found the area building up very fast around us and I was instrumental in helping it build, for I did the brickwork on all the homes in the Riverside Subdivision, taking in most of the original Knudsen farm.

We bought property, gave some to the Church, sold a lot to Bert who built a home just across the street from us. To-day what was known as the old Allen Ice Pond, is the center of our home (or we are in the center of the old pond area. I had plans to retire and take it easy but then:- We were called on a building mission for the Church in Hawaii. I was to train young men in the brick trade and build chapels.

I feel that it was one of my greatest and best experiences. I did train young men and we did good work and they are doing it as I trained them, which is what I wanted. We learned to love the Island people and that they are great people. The chapels that we built are a tribute to the fine men that I had with me.

Home again, we had decided that our home and grounds were too large for us to keep up. We were like two peas in a large pod. With the family all settled in their own homes, we sold and built a tri-plex in Orem and again decided to retire.

Well again, the Church stepped in and we were called as ordinance workers in the Salt Lake Temple. It was three days a week and nine hours a day, counting travel time. Again this was an outstanding experience and a great blessing to me who for the most part was of a retiring nature. When one learns all of the speaking parts required in the temple ceremony and gives them letter perfect before an audience of 300 people, one is no longer of a retiring nature. It is one of the blessings which has come into my life.

When the Provo Temple was opened, we were set apart for the same work here.

In 1971 I had a serious operation, nearly losing my life. It has curtailed my activity to a great extent. My lungs are full of silica dust, brick and mortar dust and they are a great handicap to my doing much in the way of strenuous work. I know what I have to live with and I am learning to cope with it by being as comfortable as I can. I am grateful that I stay as well as I do, since I just passed my 74th birthday, 22 May 1978.

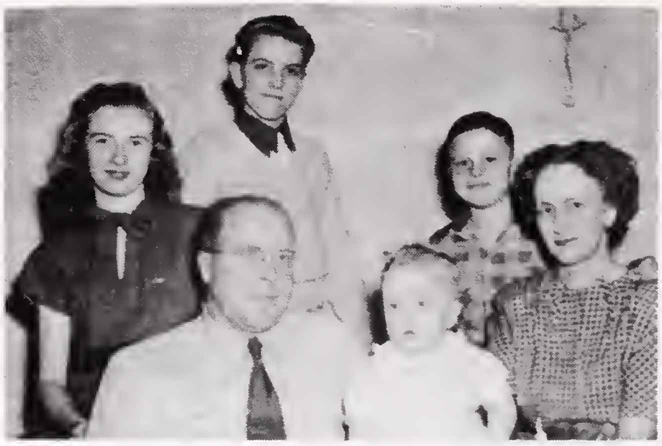
My wife and I are parents to 3 children, grandparents to 12 children and gt. grandparents to 21, with more coming. Our eldest great-grand child, Terri Lyn Morgan, was the first of Henry Aldous Dixon's Third great grandchildren.

I.D.# 12.2

FRED WALTER DIXON

HELEN CHIPMAN

Fred Walter Dixon Family



Fred C.
Mary Lou Richard
Fred W. David Helen

"Buck" Dixon "Putt" Thomas "Heintz" Taylor

BYU "Preferred" Man

943 No. University Ave.
Provo, Utah

FRED WALTER DIXON

I was born on July 30, 1904 in Provo, Utah to Walter DeGrey Dixon and Louie Maiben Dixon. I was the second of a family of five. Rhea, the oldest; and Donald, the third; Edna, the fourth; and Amy, the fifth.

I was named after my Doctor and Father. Fred for Dr. Fred Taylor and Walter for my Dad. All of us but Rhea were born at 232 North Fifth West, and we all lived there while we were growing up and until we were married. It is still the home for Amy and Rhea, who have both lost their husbands. It is still a home we all love.

My life has been a happy one and I have wonderful memories that constantly come back to me. My early childhood was full of activity. We lived in a neighborhood of many friends and relatives. Fifth West, where we lived, was called "Sandy Alley" because of the many redheads that lived there. I missed having red hair but did have a red face. Many of the Dixons and Taylors that lived in the Third Ward (my Ward) had red hair, and we were a close family.

My first school was the Timpanogos Elementary School on the corner of Fifth West and Fourth North. I was six years old in 1910, when I entered the first grade. We went to the seventh grade at Timp. and we were then promoted to the eighth grade at Central Junior High. All seventh grade students from the four Provo City grade schools attended the Central School for one year when they were graduated to High School.

My High School education was two years at the Provo High and two years at the B. Y. U. High School. I graduated in 1922.

My college schooling was at B. Y. U. from 1922 to 1926 when I graduated with a B.S. degree. Later in 1939 I completed work for a Masters degree at B. Y. U. I attended numerous coaching schools and my family and I had six months of further schooling at West Virginia in Morgantown, in 1950.

From early youth I was interested in sports of all kinds. We have a picture of myself at the age of three years holding a basketball and I was to be actively engaged in sports for most of my life.

There was basketball, baseball and track in the grades, but it was in High School that the real competition started, both at the Provo High and B.Y.High. I made letters in football, basketball, track and tennis. In my senior year at Provo High, I won the John McAdam Medal for all-around achievement in athletics.

In College at the B.Y.U., I won fifteen letters in the above mentioned sports. I also won the Ed. Stein Medal for all-around athlete. I was picked on the All-Conference football and basketball teams and won the singles and doubles all Conference in tennis.

I was Intermountain Tennis singles champion for many years and with my brother, Sank, was also doubles champions in both State and Intermountain Tournaments. We went to Boston, Mass. four straight years to represent the Intermountain Area.

In the past few years I have had the honor of receiving the following athletic awards:

The Dale Rex Trophy which is given yearly to the outstanding Utahn for past achievement in amateur athletics.

Installed in the Utah Sports Hall of Fame.

B. Y. U. Sports Hall of Fame.

I also played on the Provo Baseball team and the Provo Golf team.

After my school days I still competed in many sports but mostly in golf, tennis and bowling. Athletics have been very good to me.

My first job after graduating in 1926, was at Weber High in Ogden. I was the Coach of all the sports and taught bookkeeping and Physical Education. I was at Weber High for two years.

In the fall of 1928 I accepted a job at B. Y. U. in Athletics and Physical Education. I coached in most of the sports and was Head Coach of tennis and golf for many years.

I was at the B.Y.U. for about forty-five years before retiring in 1973. It was a wonderful time.

In the fall quarter of 1930, I was teaching a class in Kinesiology, when a pretty blonde girl came to my class. She was about two or three weeks late and after class I told her she would be better off if she would wait until the next quarter to take this class. She insisted she could make up the work, and she did. Several weeks later I finally asked her for a date. Three weeks after our first date we were engaged. Her name was Helen Chipman Heiselt. She was the daughter of Washburn Chipman and Margaret Chipman of American Fork. Mr. Chipman was the president of four banks in Utah County. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple on May 27, 1931.

Helen had a seven year old daughter, Mary Lou, when we were married. Our three sons are:

Fred Chipman Dixon, born June 15, 1932.

Richard Chipman Dixon, born April 30, 1936.

David Chipman Dixon, born October 20, 1944.

We were married at the start of the depression and at that time I was making about $150 a month. In the next two years we took two cuts of 10% and 12½%. It became necessary to have more income. We decided to take in boarders for the next few years.

Helen has been employed in many jobs, the last was being manager of Castleton's in Provo, for several years. We have often had a good laugh at the number of ways we both have had to help out the income. But we got by and in the process have helped all four children through College and two of the boys on missions.

Helen and I have many friends. We have enjoyed belonging to several groups and clubs. One of the social groups have kept together for nearly fifty years. We are both retired now but manage to keep busy.

Helen and I have been married for nearly forty-nine years and it has been a wonderful life.

Over the years I have been active and had interests in several activities. They are: Gardening, music, golf, bowling, reading and going to Provo Canyon, especially Wildwood; to name a few.

I have never played a musical instrument but have always enjoyed good music. I have acquired hundreds of albums in opera, symphonies, concerts and etc. We have enjoyed hearing them over and over.

When we were first married, we started a garden in our back yard and it has been an enjoyment to us and to hundreds of our friends. I specialized in buying tulips from Holland. One year I had over 14,000 tulips on my lot, in bloom. We still grow many flowers.

I have enjoyed golf and bowling, which has helped to keep me active in my later years.

I love to read books, mainly history, novels, auto-biographies, and others. It is an interest I have always enjoyed.

Provo Canyon and especially Wildwood, has always been a keen pleasure for me. Just to ride through the Canyon always gives me a big lift. When I was young we always spent two weeks in Wildwood each summer and I still remember the good times we had.

I am now a High Priest and like most other Mormon men, have come up through the ranks. I have held Church jobs as a teacher and the leader of the High Priests Group, Superintendent of Sunday School.

Provo has been my home all my life, except two years I spent in Ogden. I have enjoyed my life here very much.

FRED BUCK DIXON

Is Named To Utah Sports Hall of Fame

By Joe Watts, Daily Herald, Nov. 7, 1972

Fred "Buck" Dixon, a former all-around athlete at Brigham Young University in the 1920's, has been named to the Utah Sports Hall of Fame and will be formally inducted into the elite group of athletes next Wednesday, Nov. 15, 1972.

The Utah Sports Hall of Fame has been organized by the Old Time Athletes Association and those selected to the Hall of Fame will be pictured in a special section of the Salt Palace especially set aside for that purpose.

Buck was an all-around athlete, competing in football, basketball, track, and tennis while in school at BYU through the years 1922-1926. He earned 15 letters during those four years.

Interestingly enough, B Y U didn't have a baseball team in those days, but he was playing for the Provo City team and was even the manager of the team one year. Had the Cougars had a baseball team he would undoubtedly have even earned more letters.

He was an all-conference fullback in football and also an all-conference basketball player. Some of his more prominent teammates during those years included Golden Romney, Eddie Kimball, Ariel Ballif, and Elwood Romney.

While he was outstanding in those sports it was in tennis that he gained national recongnition. In his day, he was one of the premier players in the West. He was Utah State Singles champion five times and captured four intermountain singles titles. He was conference champion in tennis on two occasions.

Competing with his brother Don "Sanky" Dixon, the two gained fame as a doubles team. They won the Intermountain doubles title a number of times and competed together nationally.

Since graduating from college Buck has taken up a number of other sports and has excelled. He is a fine golfer, and tied for the championship in the first Provo Tournament at the Timpanogos Golf Course with a one under par 69. He has sunk two aces during his golfing career, and even now, at the age of 68, still plays golf nearly every good day at the Riverside Country Club.

He has also taken up bowling and has developed a high skill in that sport. His highest score was a 280 several years ago. He started with a strike and then a spare and then finished out with ten strikes.

He is still an active bowler and is participating in a bowling league, as well as teaching bowling classes at BYU.

Participating wasn't the extent of Buck's contribution to sports. After graduating from B Y U he started a coaching career at Weber High School and taught classes in bookkeeping.

Weber High recently honored him for the standards of excellence he set while acting as the school's first coach. Sportsmanship, preparedness, and determination were the hallmarks of his teams.

In 1928 he returned to BYU where he was an assistant football coach to Ott Romney. Before his coaching career ended some 45 years later he had coached nearly every major sport. He was head basketball coach in 1937 and 1938, and served in a dual role as coach of the golf and tennis teams.

In 1957 he was named the winner of the coveted Dale Rex Memorial Award which goes annually to a Utahn who has contributed greatly to amateur athletics in Utah.

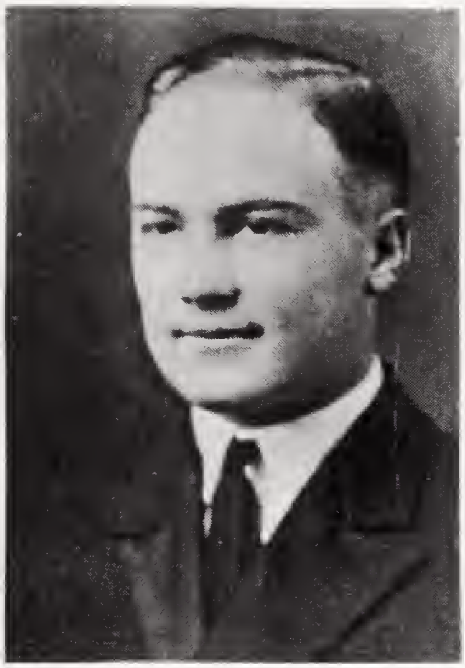
Sports are not his only interests. He is an avid music lover and has a collection of classical music. He also has a keen interest in raising flowers, and each year has a beautiful garden full of tulips and other flowers.

He is a gentleman with a sense of humor. Like the other night in his bowling league he called his team together to give them a pep talk and said, "Let's bowl like we've never bowled before--bowl good."

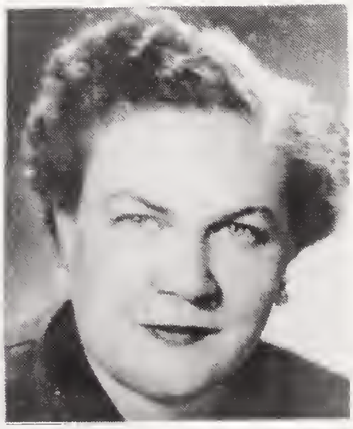
Buck didn't need the pep talk. He's always done his best at everything.

23rd Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 14.2



PAUL SMOOT DIXON



ORA ANDERSON

Paul S. Dixon Family

1334 Michigan Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah

A Profile of my Father

PAUL SMOOT DIXON

By Vivian Dixon McKay

"Why, Mr. Dixon was one of my best friends," the elevator man from the Union Pacific Building said to me as he stopped to talk to the family at the mortuary that cold, wet December evening prior to the funeral of Paul Smoot Dixon. "I'm really going to miss him!"

Paul Dixon was a great man; and I'm proud to say he was one of my closest friends," said another. And another -- "Your Father was one of those few special people that come to earth. I hope you realize how much he was loved."

So many similar comments were expressed by people from all walks of life ---- bankers, church leaders, janitors, secretaries, switch board operators, investment brokers, teachers, business men of all kinds. I have reflected many times about these comments voiced by so many that night. What was the "special quality" that made him the kind of man who claimed admiration and love from so many?

Was it his twinkling eyes or warm smile? Was it his drive to accomplish his goals? Was it his love and loyalty for his family? Was it his sincere interest and love of others? Was it his great faith and unfaltering testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ? Was it his limitless energy? Was it his kindness and extended hand of friendship to all? Was it his desire to serve the Lord? Was it his love of country and his patriotism? What was it that made Paul Dixon the man we, as his wife and children, loved so much?

In the following pages, I will with the help of my Mother, brother and sister try to describe him to the reader as we knew him:

To tell the story of Paul Smoot Dixon, one must begin long before April, 1906 when he was born in Provo, Utah.

He was, as Nephi said, "born of goodly parents." These parents were unusual people. A cousin of Daddy's (Fred Dixon) said to me a few years ago, "I'm sorry you never knew your grandfather, Vivian. Uncle Roy was one of the finest men I ever knew. In his short life he achieved a stature of greatness that few men ever attain." Another cousin of my father's (Aldous Dixon) said in a letter he wrote to me speaking of LeRoy Dixon, "There was no brighter star in the Dixon Family."

Grandfather (LeRoy Dixon) was a leader by nature. He served as mayor of Provo for many years and at the time of his death, he was serving as a State Senator. Always active in the Church, he held executive positions in his spiritual callings. I have always felt sorry that I was not able to know him; for he died before I was born.

Grandmother (Electa LaPrele Smoot) was a very active, energetic woman devoting the greater part of her life to the service of others--

first as a wonderful mother of eight children (6 lived to maturity) and second as a Relief Society President ministering to the needs of the sisters in her ward and stake. My mother has told me many times that her mother-in-law was "an angel and a queen." Few daughters-in-law are found saying such glowing compliments of their mothers-in-law; but mother has aaid this so often that I know it must be true.

Again from the letter of Aldous Dixon (1966) "Paul Dixon comes from a long line of outstanding pioneer leaders. He perpetuated the finest of their family traits. He was short, muscular, light complexioned, fair skin, very quick of reaction, too energetic for the sake of his health, very keen of intellect, highly spiritual and he possessed an abundance of the love of Christ in his heart for children and his fellow men. This later trait has been and is one of the chief assets of the Dixon clan. I simply adored him when he was a child. Father's family lived next door and Paul was Uncle Roy's only boy."

In this same letter written to me, Aldous related the following story about my father when he was twelve years of age.

"Uncle Roy had just returned from his mission; so father hired him to help me break-up 18 acres of land and plant to peach trees. Later we planted the whole 40 acres to peaches. Paul used to ride out to the farm with me from time to time, from the time he was about seven years of age.

When the trees came into full bearing, we employed as many as 105 people and Paul was always on the job to help. When he was about 12 years of age, we had one of our heaviest years. We shipped around 6600 bushels of peaches - - 11 freight car loads.

During the middle of the havest when father was checking out some cars at the Orem railroad station, he tripped on a railroad tie, striking the rail so hard that it broke his nose and also caused a slight concussion. I had to rush him to the hospital.

When quitting time came, our people simply dropped their work and went home leaving one load of 110 bushels of peaches standing in the sun in the orchard and leaving Paul alone.

After night fall when he did not come home, Uncle Roy drove out to the farm to see what had happened. He found Paul just unhitching a huge team of horses of our (weighing about 700 pounds each) from the rack used for hauling peaches.

Uncle Roy said, "What are you doing way out here this time of night? We were worried sick!"

Paul said, "Well, Dad, Uncle John is hurt and Aldous took him to the hospital and the driver just unhitched his team and left this big load of peaches out in the sun to spoil; so I just went to the barn, got this big team of stallions out, stood on a box and put their harnesses on. It took me an awful long time to get their bridles on and I could hardly lift the harnesses; but I did and took them over to the wagon, hitched them onto it and drove it over to the railroad switch, but the man was gone so I unloaded the peaches into the refrigerator car myself."

"All of us, especially Uncle Roy, never forgot that. It gave us some kind of idea what kind of kid he was -- certainly an unusual one to say the least."

Kindness and thoughtfulness was an integral part of Daddy's nature. As we see by this incident given by Aldous that it was a characteristic he had from the time he was very young. . . perhaps an inherited trait from his parents who possessed the same virtue.

April 17, 1906, was a very important day in the lives of LeRoy and Electa Dixon when their second son was born. Pneumonia had claimed the life of their first son, LeRoy, when he was less than a year old.

Paul could not be mistaken as their child for he came equipped with a very special Dixon characteristic -- red hair. He grew up on Fifth West in Provo -- among many cousins, aunts, grandparents who supplied the love and sense of belonging that creates a security so needed for a well-adjusted and happy childhood.

When Paul was just a young boy, his father LeRoy was called to fill a mission to Great Britain. When there were just six months remaining of this mission, Grandmother was allowed to join him and to work with him in his missionary labors. Paul was left in Provo with Aunt Allie Coleman, Grandmother's sister.

As time passed, the Dixon Family was blessed with five daughters and one more son: Allie, Sarah, Maurine, Helen, Arthur, and Gladys. Young Arthur was the "apple of the family's eye"; but when he was four years old, he contracted pneumonia, and his little life was snuffed out.

From earliest recollections, Paul was a man of projects, whether it be the raising of rabbits, running a lemondade stand, selling butter wrappers, or producing a neighborhood circus. It was fun to prepare for the 4th of July in Provo. His younger sister Allie was always "fair game" for Paul's latest project. She often starred as the main attraction on the float or in the circus or wherever she was needed.

The Dixons and Taylors of 5th West had a very warm place in their hearts for the Third Ward Chapel. Many significant events were witnessed there and it is where Paul received his first formal teaching of the Gospel. Between his wonderful parents and the training he had at the 3rd Ward, Paul's testimony grew and developed until he had an abiding and strong testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

The LeRoy Dixon family was an unusual family. There was a tremendous love and loyalty that developed between the children and the parents that one rarely sees in families today. Oh, there was the normal teasing and tantalizing that only a big brother can display --- but underlying such behavior was always this deep and abiding sense that they were blessed to belong to a great family.

When Paul was a young man, he helped his father and some friends his father had hired to build a small cabin at Wildwood in

Provo Canyon. Each summer, Paul would drive the family cow up Provo Canyon so the family would have daily milk. Many wonderful hours were spent each summer -- Wildwood was inhabited by many of the Fifth West family, and family memories continued to grow. One of Paul's favorite stories is how Aunt Rye (Maria Dixon Taylor) would take "all the kids" to swim in the Provo River. It didn't seem to matter that Aunt Rye couldn't swim ---but everyone knew they were safe if she were along.

As a missionary called to serve in the Eastern States Mission, Paul had the great fortune of serving under the direction of President B. H. Roberts - - a man for whom he had profound respect and love. President Roberts' impact on Paul's life was tremendous; and we know that his spiritual growth in the mission field was a significant period of his life. His mission was primarily spent in the western part of Pennsylvania. Not long before his anticipated release, Paul's father, LeRoy Dixon, died very suddenly with complications from an abscessed tooth. Paul was released early so he could help his mother and five sisters. Needless-to-say this was a very sad time in the lives of this family. But the Dixons are optimistic people, and I'm sure this experience was a maturing one for each member of the family.

Shortly after the death of his father, while Paul was attending B. Y. U., he was introduced to a lovely coed on campus by the name of Ora Anderson. She was from Fairview, Utah, and a daughter of A. R. and Ida Anderson. Her father was a wool grower in Sanpete County.

B. Y. U. was a great experience for Paul and Ora. There were only 2500 students at the time---and it seemed that everyone was acquainted. Paul was one of the first members of the Bricker Social Unit. Together this group purchased a tract of land farther up Provo Canyon near Aspen Grove and behind Timpanogos. It was the dream of each Bricker to build a beautiful summer home at what they had now named the land, Brickerhaven. Death interfered with Paul's realization of this dream. (As his daughter and son-in-law, we hope to fulfill my father's dream by building a summer home there.)

Ora, a home economics major, was president of O. S. Travata and was involved in many campus activities.

It did not take long for Paul and Ora to realize how much in love they were. It was now time to take Paul to Fairview to meet Grandfather and Grandmother Anderson. Paul captured their hearts and they knew he was the right choice for Ora.

Business was Paul's major in college where he received a fine background in the Business College with Herald R. Clark as Dean. Dean Clark knew the value of a formal education beyond a bachelor's degree. He encouraged the young business students to go east for graduate training.

Following graduation in June of 1929, Paul and Ora were married by Stephen L. Richards in the Salt Lake Temple on June 6, 1929. They began their new life together as they traveled east to New York. On their way, they stopped in Pennsylvania where Paul introduced his new bride to members of the Church and friends he made while serving his mission.

They visited a very sweet family who were very poor. They were so thrilled to see Elder Dixon and his new wife. They insisted that they stay for dinner. Paul and Ora were not aware that the only thing they had to give them for dinner was the pet rooster. The rooster had been killed and prepared. As the dinner was served, one by one each member of the family put their forks down and simply could not eat. When the Dixons found out, they were so sad to have been responsible for this sacrifice. But it is an example of how strongly these fine people felt about Paul and how desperately they wanted to please him.

Life in New York was exciting and filled with surprises. The 1929 Crash on Wall Street was a horrifying experience for most New Yorkers, But Ora was fortunate to obtain work as a dietician for a chain of five restaurants which helped greatly during the first two years. Paul was in school at New York University pursuing his Masters Degree in Business. He later attended Columbia University where he added to his education in the field of Real Estate Appraising. Soon afterward he became qualified as a residential appraiser in real estate. During the 18 years that the Dixons lived in New York, Paul worked for the Bank of Manhattan and as a real estate appraiser and agent.

The small group from Utah were very close to each other. In a sense, they were family away from home. These friendships have been lifelong and are still strong, forty-five years later. The Church became the center of their social life. The ward picnics and outings, the days spent working on the Church Welfare Farm, the Sunday dinners shared at each other's homes, etc. Always active in the Church, Paul served in the Bishopric of the Queens Ward in Flushing, Long Island. The Ward met in the Good Citizenship League Hall. It was an old club that was not what one would consider an ideal place for spiritual learning. But this never seemed to matter. The difficult circumstances only seemed to weld the members closer together and bring them closer to the Lord.

The Dixon's home in New York became a "HAVEN" for visitors from Utah. They were always welcome and Paul and Ora enjoyed sharing their hospitality.

Children came into the Dixon Family as Paul Smoot Dixon, Jr. arrived on February 25, 1932. Paul was identified quickly as a Dixon for as his Father, he had sandy coloring and red curly hair. Their new little son was truly a joy for Paul and Ora.

Four years later on June 13, 1936, Vivian joined the family. Shortly after her birth, the Dixons moved from Jackson Heights to Little Neck on Long Island. Paul had long since finished his schooling; but because they had grown to love New York, the family became permanent residents.

Then the war years came. Because Paul was in the Bishopric, he was classified as a member of the clergy and would be called to active duty only if they needed more chaplains. Instead he put in hours after work in an arms factory and served as an air raid warden.

Suddenly in 1945 without any previous indication, Ivor Sharp called Paul in New York and offered him a position as Comptroller of K. S. L. Radio in Salt Lake City. Returning to Utah had always been in the back of their minds; but this was something they planned for the future. "Mixed emotions" was definitely the state they were in. Paul had just been called as Bishop of Queens Ward. Ora was pregnant and was experiencing all the typical problems of any expectant mother. They were so close to their dear friends and did not want to leave. But in a matter of two weeks, the house was sold, packing done, the goodbyes were said; and they were on the train headed for Utah.

July 19, 1945, was another important day as another daughter, Margaret Electa, was born. Margaret was named for her Grandmother Dixon, Electa Smoot Dixon. Ora had loved her mother-in-law so much that she had always wanted to name a child for her. I'm sure there was nothing that pleased Paul more than to have a child named for his mother that he had adored.

Margaret was a happy baby and has always been a happy personable young woman. In many ways, it seems that her warmth and personality are more like my father's than any of the children. Still a very young child when Paul first became plagued with cancer, Margaret was a real comfort and very special to Paul and Ora during his five years of illness. Her darling childlike ways helped to distract them from the anxieties of his illness.

One of Paul's philosophies of life is explained in the following statement from one of his talks he delivered in Church: "HAPPINESS COMES THROUGH LIVING A LIFE IN BALANCE- SPIRITUAL, MORAL, PHYSICAL AND INTELLECTUAL."

Paul Dixon was a man of many interests. He was industrious and hard working. He was at his desk at K. S. L. shortly after 6:00 a.m. each morning and had usually put in a good two hours work before anyone else on the staff arrived. His secretary, Edith Johnson, has told me, "Mr. Dixon was a wonderful man and a joy to work for."

Church work was a special love for Paul. He sincerely loved people; he cared about them, and loved to work with them. While living in Salt Lake he worked as Ward High Priest Leader and at the time of his death, he was serving as a High Councilman in Bonneville Stake. As long as I can remember, my father had a strong testimony of the Gospel and was eager to share it.

Uranium, oil and gas were speculative areas that were of great interest to Paul. He always hoped he would be part of a successful find. Perhaps if he had lived longer, he might have seen this come to pass.

He was a stalwart supporter of B.Y.U. He served in executive capacities of the B. Y. U. Alumni Association. Politics was another interest. His father, LeRoy, had been Mayor of Provo and a State Senator. Paul never aspired to public office; but he was truly committed to good government and the support of the Republican Party.

A happy man by nature, he radiated optimism in whatever he was doing. He was even tempered and rarely needed to discipline or scold his children. He was, however, very definite in his feelings of utmost respect for Mother at all times. This is something only a father can do; and I am most grateful that this is one way he chose to show us his love for Mother. He was, by nature and heredity, an affectionate man. A pat on the back; a hug or a kiss was always a welcome acknowledgement and reassurance of his love.

Personal hygiene was very important to Paul. He was always careful to be impeccably clean and well groomed. One never saw his desk at the office at the end of the day left in disorder. It was important for him to see that he left his office in an organized manner.

One of the rich experiences of my youth was the travelling to and from New York to Utah in the summer for vacations.

Daddy loved to sing! He and Mother taught us all the college songs they had loved: "Down by the Old Mill Stream," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart", "Smiles", "A Long, Long Trail", etc. These were happy memories. These were also the times of developing an interest in U.S. and Church History. Mother and Daddy were very interested in government and historical things. Our trips seemed to be planned to incorporate many new sites and experiences. All three of us children are vastly interested in history, and I know that these trips helped to trigger this interest.

The measure of a truly great person often comes during times of stress, illness, or discouragement. Our family learned a great deal about strength and greatness during the last five years of Daddy's life.

Cancer is an ugly disease that can take a strong, healthy, vital man in his mid-forties and whip him. But with Paul Dixon, this dread disease would not accomplish this without a fight.

A tumor was removed from the colon -- and we all had great hopes that the surgery would solve the problem. Paul Jr. and I were teenagers at the time and Mother made a decision not to share the fact that the tumor had, indeed, been malignant. For four long years Mother shared this information with no one. She wanted our lives to be as normal as possible. I have often thought this was too much for one person to bear alone -- but she did it unselfishly and nobly. I am sure that she was a great strength through his entire illness.

Four years passed and the malignancy began to reoccur. It was now necessary for further surgery. I shall never forget the look on Dr. LeRoy Wirthlin's face as he returned to the room following the operation to tell us the outcome. He had been a long time friend of Daddy's and he was deeply affected by what he had to tell us. As tears welled up in his eyes, he told us that the cancer was too wide spread. There was no need to remove any further tumors. How long? Anywhere from six weeks to one year -- was the answer.

Now the complete facts about his condition became ours to share as a family. The following year was not a tragic one. Daddy's great faith sustained him as he planned for a discovery to combat this disease. As a family we drew closer than we had ever been before.

Determined to continue working, each day he would be at the office, not always for the full day, but he continued to do his work at K. S. L.

In the month of November, 1955, his illness took over and Daddy was confined at home. His faith and hope of recovery was still a very real part of him.

Earlier in this account, I spoke of the unusual love and loyalty that Daddy and his sisters shared. During that last month, each one of his sisters left their families and spent a great deal of time at our home. It was a pleasure for us to have them with us.

It was during this month that many, many friends came to visit, to buoy him up, but instead they were the ones who seemed to have their spirits lifted. He never complained nor was he out of sorts nor impatient. He appreciated everything and everyone who helped him. He sustained great pain, but never let us feel this burden. Mother was constantly at his side and slept only as he could rest.

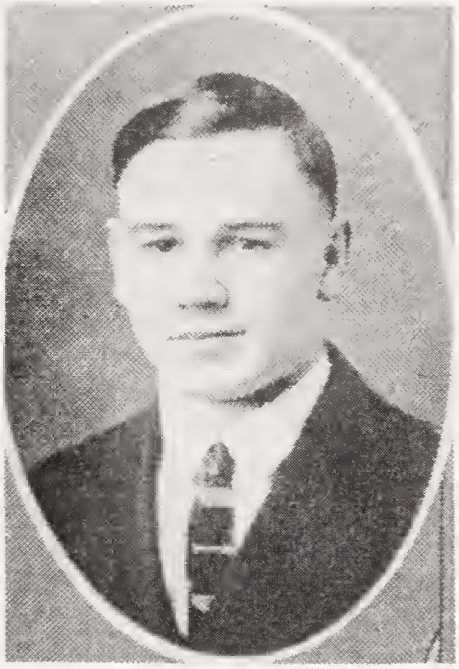
How pleased Daddy was one evening when the entire High Council arrived and had a prayer circle around his bed. And then again, just a few days before he died, Brother LeGrand Richards came to the door one night and told us he had come to see Daddy and to give him a blessing. These wonderful moments always buoyed Daddy up and helped him to handle his illness with the unwaivering faith he had always had.

One of the most touching and emotional experiences I have ever witnessed was on the day before he died, Daddy had now accepted the inevitable. Paul Jr., Mother and I were in his room.

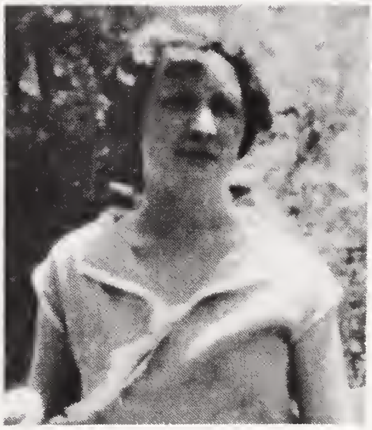
"Help me, son. You are the only one who can help me now!" The young man torn with emotion of the love he had for his dying father, laid his hands on the head of this father and gave him a blessing of release from an illness that had cut short the life of a great man. The next morning, Sunday, December 4, 1955, his strong and beautiful spirit slipped quietly from this body that could no longer house it.

LIFE HAD BEEN FULL AND HAPPY FOR HIM FOR FORTY-NINE YEARS. ALWAYS "ON THE GO" --- ALWAYS A GOAL TO BE ACHIEVED. HIS SMILE, HIS ENTHUSIASM, HIS LOVE OF PEOPLE, HIS REVERENCE AND LOVE OF GOD, HIS LOVE AND LOYALTY TO HIS FAMILY AND HIS LIMITLESS ENERGY- ARE ALL THINGS THAT I HOLD DEAR AS MEMORIES OF MY FATHER - Paul Smoot Dixon

I. D. # 44



HAROLD DIXON DANGERFIELD



FLORENCE JOHN

Harold

Florence

Diane

Carolyn

"Gingerbread House"
101 Cebra Ave
Staten Island, N Y

Brief History of HAROLD DIXON DANGERFIELD

I was born May 14, 1906 in Provo,Utah,the third son of Alice Dixon and Jabez W. Dangerfield. I attended the Parker School which was located on Second North and First East, from the first through the seventh grades.

I attended the Provo High School which was located on Third West between Center Street and First South, and was graduated in 1925.

For the next three years I attended the Brigham Young University and in September of 1927 I married Florence John of Provo.

In 1934 I returned to school and in 1935 I graduated from the Brigham Young University with an A. B. degree.

I then enrolled at the University of Utah Medical School in 1935 and in 1937 was graduated with a two year medical certificate. (I was ill and unable to attend school during the year of 1936.) The University of Utah at that time was a two year Medical School, teaching only the laboratory courses in medicine.

In 1937 I transferred to the University of Pennsylvania where I was graduated in 1939 with an M.D. degree.

For the next two years, I interned at Staten Island Hospital, Staten Island, N. Y, then received a preceptorship under Dr. Donald E. Law in Obstetrics and Gynecology. I continued my practice of Obstetrics and Gynecology at Staten Island Hospital until the end of 1968.

In the years 1964 and 1965 I served as Chief of the Obstetrics and Gynecology Service of Staten Island Hospital. In 1963 and 1964 I served as Treasurer of the Richmond County Medical Society.

After thirty years of the private practice of Medicine, in 1969, I retired and went to work for the State of New York at Willowbrook Development Center, a school for retarded children, where I remained until 1975, when I retired completely.

I served in the Army in 1942 and was stationed at Camp Lee, Virginia. I received a medical discharge in late 1942.

I am now a life member of the Richmond County and New York State Medical Societies, and also a member of the Staten Island Chamber of Commerce, and a priviledged member of the Kiwanis Club of Staten Island.

My wife, Florence and I celebrated our Golden Wedding Anniversary in 1977. We have two daughters, Diane and Carolyn, also six grandchildren and one great grandson, who was born on his great grandmother's birthday in 1978.

My wife and I still live in our home of the past thirty years at 101 Cebra Avenue, Staten Island, N. Y., which is known locally as "The Gingerbread House".

Very Brief Life Sketch of

ALICE SMITH DIXON DANGERFIELD

Born to Mary Ann Smith and Henry Aldous Dixon at Salt Lake City, Utah on April 29, 1869.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church in 1878.

Married Jabez W. Dangerfield December 5, 1900 in Salt Lake Temple.

Children:

Jabez Aldous, Royden James, Afton, Harold D., Clifford D., Grace, and Donna Mae.

She received a limited education in the Provo City Schools and attended the Brigham Young Academy in the old Lewis Hall.

Was an excellent cook, especially for large groups. She cooked for Dave Stagg's construction crew. She and her husband owned an operated the old "Greer House" Restaurant and "Royden House" Hotel.

She was a favorite clerk to many customers of the R. R. Irvine Dry Goods Store, before her marriage.

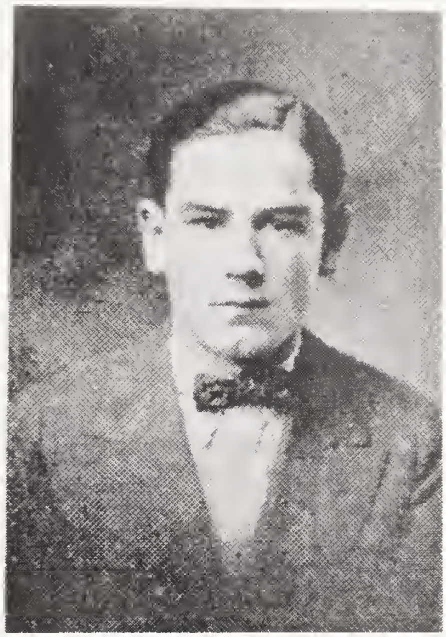
She was very energetic, big hearted, and very much concerned about the welfare of other people. She and her husband's generosity was unlimited.

She was a teacher in Primary and Relief Society.

She was a member of the Daughter of Utah Pioneers and the Alice Louise Reynolds Club.

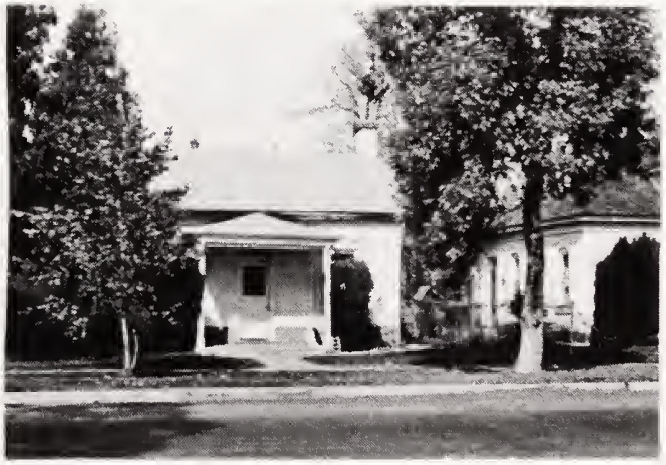
Died December 7, 1948 at her home at the age of 78 years.

I.D.# 45



CLIFFORD DIXON DANGERFIELD

Birthplace



550 West Second North, Provo, Utah

CLIFFORD DIXON DANGERFIELD

Twin boys were born to Alice Dixon Dangerfield and Jabez W. Dangerfield at their home on Second North in Provo, Utah on May 14, 1906. One of these twin boys was christened Clifford Dixon Dangerfield in the Provo Third Ward.

When Clifford was about three years of age, his family moved into the newly remodeled "Royden House" Hotel. His father had purchased this property together with adjoining property where he had built a modern printing plant. The rooming house and adjoining "Grill Cafe" would be managed by the mother, with the help of the father, when he could be spared from his printing business which was not very often; and by the other members of the family.

Cliff and his twin brother Harold attended the old Parker public school, located on the corner of First East and Second North, for the six grades taught there. They were then transferred to the Central Junior High School for the next three grades - 7th - 8th - 9th. Grades 10-11-and 12 were considered the Provo High School and was located on the same block as the Junior High. This was on First South between Third West and Fourth West.

While here at the Provo High School he became a member of Coach "Prof C. S. Leaf's" swimming team and when he entered BYU he continued his swimming and became a member of that school's team.

After taking a pre-medic course at the BYU he moved to Aunt Sarah McConachie's home in Salt Lake City and attended the University of Utah Medical School. He also attended the Universtiy of Oklahoma where his brother Royden was a member of the faculty. Cliff received his M.D. degree from the University of Pennsylvania Medical School in Philadelphia. He interned for 18 months at the Staten Island Hospital, New York, and spent another 6 months of internship at the Sailor Snug Hospital in New York.

After his internship, Dr. Dangerfield returned to Helper, Utah where he took over the practice of one of the local doctors, while he was on leave. In October, 1934, he joined the medical staff of the Civilian Conservation Corps at Fort Douglas, Utah, and served here until 1935. He received his commission this year from the United States Regular Army Medical Corps as a First Lieutenant. His first assignment was to Fort Logan, near Denver, Colorado.

While here at Fort Logan, Cliff remembered the many kindnesses he and others had received from Aunt Sarah McConachie, while they attended school at the U. of U. So he insisted that she come and live with him and his wife at Fort Logan. Here he would see that she received, at no cost to her, all the surgical and medical care necessary for the removal of cataracts which had developed over her eyes. She stayed at his place in Colorado for the better part of a year.

For the next 12 years he served in the Army, and as is the case, was transferred from one hospital to another. At one time he was the Commander of an Army Hospital.

After his discharge from the Army he joined the staff of the Staten Island Hospital in New York where he had interned and where his twin brother Harold was a member of the staff.

He also served as ship's Doctor on many of the cruises to South America and Round-the-world tours.

Doctor Clifford D. Dangerfield was a member of the American Medical Association and the New York Medical Society.

At the time of his death from cancer on February 13, 1973, he was a member of the Brookdale Hospital in Brooklyn, New York.

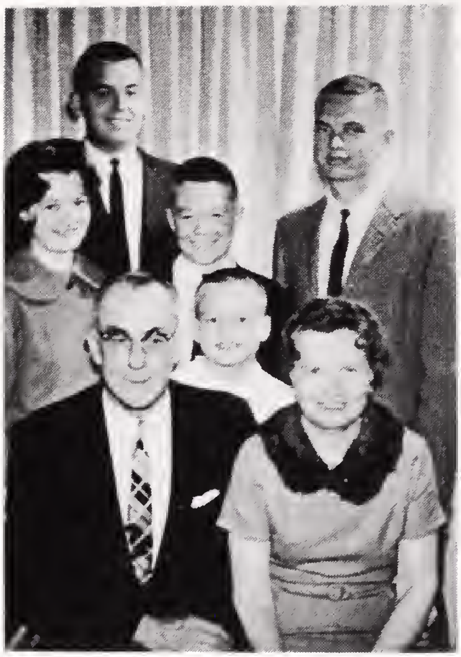
Graveside services were held at the family plot, on Tuesday February 20, at 11:00 a.m., at the Provo City Cemetery.

He is survived by his son, J. William (Billy) Dangerfield.

I.D.# 65

ALICE LOUISE TAYLOR

G. EL ROY NELSON



Alice Taylor Nelson Family

Arthur

John

Christina

Henry

James

El Roy

Alice

Brickerhaven

1469 Princeton Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah

Life Sketch of
ALICE TAYLOR NELSON

Life on Fifth West in the early nineteen hundreds was colorful and unique. Unique in the sense that relatives lived side by side in apparent harmony and love. These relatives were not only on my mother's side, the Dixons, but on Father's side too. So Dixons and Taylors were thought to be all related. This was true only in our family. They were, however, all close friends, for instance, my Uncle Tom Taylor, who lived a block north from us, was my Uncle John Dixon's closest friend. They were even married at the same time.

The cousins all played to-gether, went to church to-gether, were invited to the same parties. I was "Sank" Dixon's date for years until he got up enough courage to ask other girls.

Extra school curricular activities took place in Uncle Walter Dixon's chicken coop. With Rhea as the teacher we were given free tutoring in the three R's. No wonder she became such a good school teacher. We should perhaps take credit for her later success.

As we grew older we were drawn to other friends, but the strong ties have always remained, which inspired the Cousins' Club.

My family was a family of boys. There were four of them when I was born. From accounts I've heard, it was pretty novel to get a sister and cause for celebration. There were two more boys before Mother succeeded in getting me a sister. She was well worth the waiting. Helping to care for her was one of the choicest experiences in my life. She has grown into as nearly faultless as any one can be. Everyone loves her, which indicates it's not wholly partiality on my part.

The folks sent me to the B. Y. U. Training School, which was an elementary school, with the finest teachers. They trained prospective teachers. Aunt Maud Taylor had suggested I attend with Mary, a cousin just six months older.

When I had finished the seventh grade at the Training School, I chose to go to Provo Junior High. At graduation I was presented my certificate of graduation by my Father, who was on the Board of Education at that time.

High School was uneventful for me, except for an art class, taught by O. D. Campbell. This class created an interest in art, which has been a great source of enjoyment.

My brother Lynn got me launched at B. Y. University. My classes were mostly in art, along with French, and some required courses. B. F. Larsen taught most of the art, although E. H. Eastmond was head of the Department. They were both great men and wonderful to work with. My major was art when I graduated four years later, with a minor in English.

In the spring of my Junior year, Harold Glen Clark put my name up for Secretary and Historian of the Student Body for the following year. I thought it a great joke, as the girl on the opposite ticket was a secretarial major. I was astounded and shaken when the election was in my favor. I couldn't even type. That year I had been Secretary of the Junior Class; ElRoy Nelson was President. This position had entailed none of the duties I was faced with.

That summer, 1928, Henry, Clarence, and I, with the help of Edna Dixon, ran Provona Beach Resort. Father's land facing the lake on the Provo River had facilities for bathing, dancing, etc. I gave myself the task of learning to typewrite, by getting up at the crack of dawn to practice each morning, much to the disgust of the boys, trying to sleep in the next room of our cabin quarters.

ElRoy Nelson was a student body officer in 1929 also, and though we had mutual friends and activities in common, few dates, but lots of kidding, like: Why wouldn't I marry him and go to Hawaii on a honeymoon. After graduation he left with other fellows to do graduate work in New York. He received his Ph.D. five years later. He returned to Utah at this time. I was working with Lynn in the Interior Decorating Department at Dixon Taylor Russell Co. We had dates during the summer, a trip to Grand Canyon with his family, and ended the summer with an agreement to write during the winter, which resulted in engagement at Christmas and marriage the following August.

After our marriage in 1935, we left for Troy, New York, where ElRoy had accepted a position with Russell Sage College, as head of the School of Business. This period was a new and most interesting experience for us both. Our first baby was born here in 1937. The next year we left for the West, and spent the next nine years in Denver, where Roy was connected with the Business School at Denver University. The next three children were born here. The youngest, Henry, or "Hank" was one year old when we returned to Utah and Salt Lake City, where Roy was to teach at the University of Utah. This was in 1947. Jim, our youngest, was born here in 1950.

Our children are all married, except Jim. Art to Bonnie McKay, John to Lynne Sanders, Christina to Ron Preston, and Hank to Kristy Stewart. We have seven grandchildren and feel that life has been good to us, for which we are most grateful.

The above history of Alice Taylor Nelson was read at the Dixon Cousins Heritage Luncheon on April 10, 1971 by her sister Ruth Taylor Kartchner.

NOVEMBER 1979:

Jim is married to Consuela Marquez. In 1975 sold our home in Salt Lake and built a new house in Taylor Terrace, across the street, east of the Provo Temple. "My dream house".

To-date, there are now sixteen grandchildren.

29th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 13.2

AFTON DIXON

DERMONT W. WAGSTAFF

Donna, Gary, Afton, Mont, Kathy, Norma

175 East 400 North
Orem, Utah

AFTON DIXON WAGSTAFF

On November 20, 1906, I made my entrance into this world, the daughter of Parley Smith and Mary Etola Dangerfield Dixon.

I was the second child of seven children, four brothers and two sisters: Vern, Eugene, Reed, Inez and Anna.

I was blessed with the name of Afton. Mom and Dad built their first home on the corner of 6th West and 3rd North in Provo, Utah. On their second wedding anniversary they moved into their new home, and I was born in this home.

It wasn't very long after this that they built their large two story home on the corner of 2nd North and 3rd West and this is where I lived until I was fourteen years old. I was baptized June 27, 1915.

I have many fond memories of my childhood and teenage years, and I had the most wonderful parents any girl ever had.

Some of my most cherished memories were the ones I spent with my friends and cousins in Wildwood at Aunt Rye's and Aunt Alice's cabins.

I attended the Timpanogos Grade School, the Central Junior High, and the Provo High School.

In 1924 I met my husband, Dermont (Mont) Wagstaff, at a Mutual dance in the Third Ward Amusement Hall (as it was called then). On October 6, 1926, we were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

When our oldest daughter was a year old, we moved to Ogden, Utah where Mont worked for his Uncle Ben Hunsaker in the Gateway Garage. After two years the depression hit, business slowed down in the Garage, so we moved back to Provo.

Soon after our return to Provo, Uncle Jabez Dangerfield asked us to take over the operation of his Royden House Hotel. We managed the Hotel for five years.

About a year after we left the Hotel, we bought a store and service station in Grandview, which we operated for about five years.

We were blessed with four wonderful children, three daughters and one son: Donna, Norma, Gary, and Kathleen (Kathy). We are very proud of all of them. We have twenty-one grandchildren and eleven great, grandchildren, of whom we are also very proud.

We have four grandchildren who have served full time missions, and one grandson who is serving in the Louisiana, Baton Rouge Mission now.

Donna and Jerry's sons:	David Russell Olson in Austrian Mission
	Kurt Dixon Olson in Louisiana
Norma and Lorus' sons:	Jay Ladd Johnson in Cal.-Los Angeles
	Jerry Dixon Johnson in Washington D. C.
	Lori Johnson in Minnesota

Mont and I were called to serve on a Building Mission in the North Eastern States. We received our call from the First Presidency on

April 16, 1964.

In May of 1963 we went to Kalamazoo, Michigan, where Mont was building supervisor on a new L.D.S. Church chapel being built there. We were here a year when we received a mission call to go on a building mission for the Church. We served for two years and six months at Long Island, New York, building an addition to a chapel there. For the next year and a half, we worked on two chapels in New England. We enjoyed our mission very much and made many friends. We were released January 31, 1966.

After we returned home, I went back to work for BYU until June 1973. On January 2, 1974 we received a call from President Harold Glen Clark to work in the Provo Temple. Mont was called as an Ordinance Worker, and I was called as a Receptionist, which we are still doing at the present time, November 1979.

We have enjoyed working in the Temple very much and are grateful for the opportunity and blessings that are ours.

On April 26, 1979 we were saddened by the death of our lovely daughter, Donna, and we miss her very much. She was a beautiful girl and a very spiritual one.

We want our family to know we love them very much, and are very proud of them. Our family has grown to forty-seven members.

I have held many positions in the Church including a Teacher in the Primary for a great number of years, a Relief Society President, Counselor, Secretary, Teacher and Librarian; a MIA Counselor and Teacher, a Jr. Sunday School Coordinator and Librarian, and a Counselor in the Stake Relief Society.

My Father in Heaven has blessed me so much, and I'm proud to be a member of His Church.

My most cherished experiences were going to the Temple with all of our children and three of our grandchildren to see them married and sealed to their mates. Another grandson was married and sealed in the Swiss Temple. Donna and Jerry were there with him.

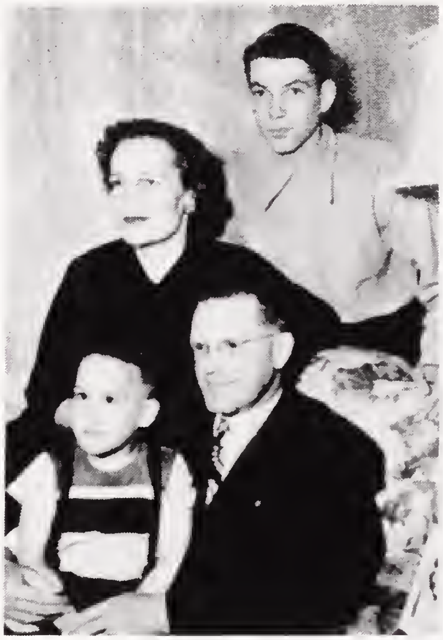
I have a wonderful husband and we have had fifty-three happy years together.

I.D.# 12.3

DONALD MAIBEN DIXON

LETTIE ROMNEY

Donald Maiben Dixon Family



Diane

Donald R.

Lettie
Donald M.
Alan

" Sanky

2483 So. 15th East, Salt Lake City, Utah

DONALD MAIBEN (SANKY) DIXON

I was born March 12, 1907 in Provo, Utah to Walter and Louie Maiben Dixon. Our family consisted of Rhea, Fred (Buck), Edna, Amy and myself. At an early age we (Buck and myself) started in sports. Dad was a good athlete and spent many hours with us.

The Arthur N. Taylor family have been extra special to our family. Aunt Rye was idolized by all of us. Clarence "Bud" Taylor was my buddy and best friend. We spent many happy hours together. Also, cousin Alice was my favorite girl friend until I was a Senior in High School.

The neighborhood kids put a hoop up in Uncle Art's barn. We had some heated games and this is where we sharpened our basket shooting ability.

Aunt Rye was a second mother to me and I spent several summers with her family at Wildwood. Each summer, Bud and I were given the job of taking "old Jersey" (a cow) from Provo to Wildwood. It was very slow walking (13 miles) and we would leave early in the morning and get there in late afternoon. It was a thrill to go down across the Provo River and meet the "old Heber Creeper" train, which always brought new friends, mail, newspapers, and etc.

When you think of it, my generation has lived in a rather exciting age. World War I with all the sorrow and happy moments and the wild celebration at its end. The great depression of 1929 followed World War I when the stock market failed and banks closed. I remember going down town on this morning and seeing people lined a block long hoping to get into the bank and drawing their money out. We didn't suffer much as we had $1.29 overdraft.

We lived through many exciting inventions. The radio came into being. Ear phones were held to the ears to hear and it was very much like a telephone conversation. Then the many improvements. The most popular program was "Amos and Andy". I remember in my early coaching of taking a basketball team to Manti and we couldn't start the game until this program had finished.

Then the evolution of the old "Tin Lizzie", to the beautiful cars of today. Then the Television and the wonderful medical discoveries to stamp out sickness and disease such as: Polio, Typhoid, Measles. Then World War II and the terrible struggle with Hitler's forces. I was too young in World War I and too old in World War II so I had to settle as a guard at Geneva Steel Plant along with Buck and fifty others.

During World War I, I remember coming home sick. An influenza epidemic had hit Utah. The Doctor was called in and I was isolated from the rest of the family. However, every one in the family but Father ended up with it. Aunt Sarah Monk, a practical nurse, took care of us.

At this time I would like to recall the sadest event of my life. I was thirteen years old at the time. Father had been bothered with stomach trouble for a long time and had to work such long hours. He was finally operated on and became weaker and weaker. Finally all the family were called to his room in the hospital and I realized he was dying. Buck and Rhea remained with Mother and the rest of us were taken home. Not long after, Aunt Electa (Paul's Mother, Uncle Roy's wife) came in, visited a minute then picked up the telephone and said, "Uncle Walt just passed away". The bottom of the world dropped out for Buck and myself. He had been such a wonderful Father and so close to us. The funeral was held in the Third Ward Meeting House and I remember we had a funeral procession from our house to the Church. Father had served in the Bishopric for many years. The Church was filled to overflowing and many people stood outside. He indeed, was a wonderful person and loved by many people. It took some time for Mother to get over this tragedy and her whole life was devoted to her family. We were surely blessed with two wonderful parents.

Father left very little money and Rhea, the oldest, was faced with taking care of four younger kids and Mother. She quit school and began a teaching career. She was honored by the Provo District for her outstanding teaching career.

Uncle Tom Taylor (Taylor Bros. Company) had Buck and myself come to work in their warehouse. We both worked part time all through high school and college. We would go to school from 7:00 to 12:00 a.m. then hurry to work until 4:00 p.m., then hurry for athletics which consisted of football, basketball and tennis. While going to college I worked for several years at the Utah Power and Light Co. for Jim Bullock.

Uncle Roy Dixon became a second Dad to us and would take us to Salt Lake to compete in the Utah State and Intermountain tennis tournaments.

After my graduation from college, I met a most beautiful gal from Salt Lake City by the name of Lettie Romney and I fell "hook, line and sinker" for her. My first date with her was at a Lincoln High Faculty party. As I remember, she was awarded a pair of baby shoes and was quite embarrassed. Her father, a wonderful religious man, thought I was just a playboy because of my tennis playing. He wrote to my Bishop in the Provo Third Ward to find out a little about me. It so happened my cousin Aldous Dixon was the Bishop and I got a real good recommendation.

We became engaged in the tower of the Old Mill in Salt Lake in a very picturesque setting. We were married October 17, 1930, during Teacher's Institute. After the Temple marriage we honeymooned in Ogden on Friday. Attended a B.Y.U. - Utah State football game on Saturday. Set up a little apartment on Sunday and I put her to work on Monday. This year we will be celebrating our 50th Wedding Anniversary.

Alan, my youngest son was injured in child birth. It was a sad blow to us when we found out he was not normal. It was impossible for him to get along in our society. When he was ten years old we placed him in the American Fork Training School. Alan had an unusual personality and made many friends and brought to our family a humility that brought us close together. We all loved him and I was so proud of Don and Diane for the way they accepted his handicap and the love they had for him. He passed away at age twenty-eight, April 17, 1973. Lettie wrote an article "My Special Child" that was beautifully worded.

I attended grade school at the old Timpanogos School, Jr. High at Central, and High School at Provo High. I graduated from B.Y.U. with a B.S. Degree, in 1929. I spent two summers at Univ. of So. Cal., and a summer at Washington State, working on my Masters Degree.

After graduation I signed a contract to coach at the old Lincoln High School in Orem. I was there for nineteen years and in 1948 my football team won the State High School Championship and I had the opportunity of accepting the coaching of football at Granite High School in Salt Lake City. I spent five years at this school and when it was divided I signed up at Olympus High School (a new school) as football coach and counselor. I retired from Olympus in 1972.

I have always been active in athletics. At Provo High School I played football, basketball, cross country running, and in tennis I won the State High School Singles Championship. Also in my Senior year I was named on the State High School Basketball First Team.

At the Brigham Young University I won three letters in football, four letters in basketball and four letters in tennis. My Senior year I was picked on the All Conference Team in football. I played with Buck my Freshman year and my Senior year Ott Romney was my coach.

Buck and Ott have had the most influence on my life.

Buck picked me up as his doubles partner in tennis when I was quite young. We won eight Utah State Championships, four Intermountain Championships and participated in the National Tournaments in Boston, Mass. four straight years. The last year we entered the National Tournament, we were both married and we took our wives, Lettie and Helen, back East with us, where we spent most of the summer.

In the summertime I also played baseball for the Provo Timps and enjoyed some fine moments in this sport.

In my Junior year at B. Y. U., I followed in Buck's footsteps by winning the Anderberg All Around Athletic Medal. Other awards I have been proud of receiving are: The Stevens and Brown Plaque for service in the betterment of Utah High School Athletics.

The Utah High School Activities Award for outstanding service to High School Athletes.

The "76" Award for Sports Achievement.

The Utah Tennis Association Plaque for contribution to tennis.

The Sportsman Sporting Goods Award for contribution to High School Athletics.

The Distinguished High School Coaches Award presented by the Old Timers Athletes Association.

The Granite Education Award for service in the Education of Youth.

I have spent many hours with young people giving them lessons, taking them to tournaments outside of Utah. I was in charge of the tennis program in Salt Lake County, and on one occasion was sent back to Pittsburgh, Pa. to bid on getting the National Public Parks Tournament in Salt Lake City, which we were able to get.

Much of my church work was involved with youth in the M. I. A. sports program as coach and athletic coordinator. I spent several years in the Sunday School Superintendency in charge of the Junior Sunday School, and several years in the High Priests Quorum of the Holladay First Ward Presidency.

One of the high lights of my coaching career occurred on November 10, 1974. After being away from Orem for nineteen years, I was honored at a special banquet by my former Athletes and their wives at the Old Lincoln High School. Lavell Edwards, successful coach at B.Y.U. and my football captain in his Junior and Senior years and an all State player, was the main speaker.

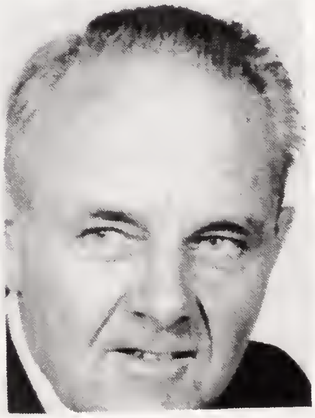
Back in 1929, Orem was just a farming community, with a very small High School. They had never had a football team so I started from scratch. The first year we had no field and practiced in Tom Cordner's pasture. There were many potential hazards the boys had to contend with, but developed some outstanding open field runners. We played several Jr. varsity teams on their field and that was the beginning of football at Lincoln High (now Orem High School). We had no allotment for equipment. B.Y.U. Coach Ott Romney gave me a lot of old stuff he was going to throw away and these were our uniforms. I think we had about eighteen boys on the squad. We took our lumps for several years but I am very proud of the great football tradition we established at this school. We won eight region championships. We were often in the State Playoffs and in 1947 lost the State Finals by a score of 13 to 12 on a pass in the last second of play. Then in 1948 we won the State Championship.

We presently reside at 2262 Carriage Lane in Holladay, Salt Lake City. Lettie and I have three children and nine grandchildren that we are very proud of.

31st Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 72

VESTA DIXON



ALBERT BOOTH

Vesta Dixon Booth Family

Gary Vesta Albert Gordon

2055 No. 150 East, Provo, Utah

HISTORY OF VESTA DIXON BOOTH

I was born in the "White House" apartments in San Pedro, Los Angeles County, California on 10 of June 1907, just seventeen days befor the death of my grandmother, Mary Smith Dixon. I was a very welcome addition to my parents, William Aldous and Harriet Hands Dixon's home. They were very happy when I arrived safely and healthy, for their first child was still born.

I have been told how proud my Dad was as he pushed me down the street in my baby buggy, proudly showing me to both friends and strangers.

Just before I was to be named, the people in the apartment house met in our apartment to witness the selection of a name. All contributed their favorite names, including Gladys, Harriet, Baradina and Vesta. The names were put in a hat and my Dad put my hand in and I held onto the slip of paper with the name "Vesta" on it. This was repeated three times and each time I came up with the name "Vesta".

Shortly after, we moved back to Provo, Utah and it was here on the 5th of November 1908 that my brother Glen was born. My Dad's health became worse, so we moved back to California. This time to Aunt Hattie and Uncle George West's ranch at Colton, just out of San Bernardino, California. It was here in San Bernardino that my sister Mary was born on the 23 January 1911.

There were quite a number of Mexican men and women employed on the ranch, so my brother Glen and I picked-up their language and was able to speak it quite fluently. We often blessed the food at mealtime in Spanish (Mexican).

I have a few memories I can remember while there, but not very many, for when I was five years old, we moved back to Provo, Utah, because of Dad's health.

We moved into Grandmother Dixon's home on 4th West and Second North, and I lived there until I was married.

I received my schooling in the old Timpanogos School, from the first grade including the sixth grade. Some of my teachers there were: Velma Howe, Olive Gilchrist, Miss Arbuckle, Miss Harmer, Maurine Goodridge, and Barney Hyde. Then I went to Provo Jr. High School, graduating from the ninth grade on 22 May 1924. The next two years I went to Provo High School. Rather than complete my senior year at this time, I went to work in Woolworth office for a short time. After the Christmas holidays I enrolled at B. Y. U. I had the intention of registering as a special student in the business school, but thanks to Pres. Franklin S. Harris who talked to me and convinced me that I should graduate from High School, for I lacked such a little credit, and at the same time take some college classes, which I did. I graduated from B. Y. High School on 24 May 1928 and had 12 hours of College credit. The next year I completed two quarters of College study.

I had some very happy times in the Provo Third Ward. On the long summer evenings, the neighborhood boys and girls would play "Run my sheepie run" "Dare Base", "Kick the can", using the area under the street lights as the home base.

Then there was Christmas Morning when we would go all over the neighborhood to see what presents each received. It wouldn't even be day light when we were at some of the places.

There was the fun we had acting out the serial movies we had seen the previous Saturday afternoon. We each had a part to act out on Clayton's porch.

At this time, my closest friend was Thelma Strong, we were inseparable. Others were Atha and Chloe Murdock, Afton Dixon and Alene Manson.

While in Jr. High and High School, we had the D.D.D. Club, in which we met every two weeks. The group that had their annual summer vacation at Wildwood at Alice Taylor's cabin consisted of: Florence John, Ida Knudsen, Afton Dixon, Rhea Dixon, Irene and Viola Clayton, Alice Taylor, Lucille Manson, Bessie Collins, Afton Baker. One by one we got married but through the years, the one's around have tried to continue our club.

At a dance on Thanksgiving night in 1928, I met Bert. We began going steady from then on. We had a lot of fun. We were married 25 Aug. 1930 in the Salt Lake Temple by Geo. F. Richards. Glen and Elva were married the same day. We had a double wedding. After the marriage ceremony, we all went to Aunt Sarah McConachie's home to a wedding dinner.

Late in the afternoon the four of us left for a honeymoon trip to Yellowstone Park, spending our first night at a motel in Ogden. We had a wonderful time on this trip, one that we never will forget.

After 5½ years of happily married life, out first child was born on 16 Feb. 1936 at Provo, Utah. He was a beautiful, long, black haired boy weighing 8¼ pounds. We named him Gordon.

It was not until 8 years later, 4 June 1944, that we were blessed with another 8¼ pound baby boy. He was another beautiful, black haired boy. We named him Gary Lynn. I only had the two children but I am very thankful to my Heavenly Father that I was blessed with my two wonderful boys. I am proud of them, and have tried to raise them right and to be a good mother to them. We have had a very happy home.

Having no girls, I have gone fishing and hunting with my men folks, and have enjoyed it very much. I am like my Dad, I love the beauty of the great outdoors.

I have worked in the Mutual as a secretary and a Beehive teacher and have been a Relief Society teacher since 1954. I guess Primary has received my most attention, for I have served in it for over 17 years, acting as President, Secretary, a Counsellor, a teacher for the Larks, Blue-birds and Seagulls.

In later years I have been very interested in Genealogy and was on the Genealogy Committee in the Orem 13th Ward.

We have lived in the Provo Third Ward, where Gordon was born. We were living in Vallejo, California, when Gary was born. We lived in the Thirteenth Ward in Orem for over fifteen years. It was a lovely ward. From here Gordon was called on his mission to old Mexico. This was a wonderful experience for our whole family. He was gone for two and a half years.

On the 25 June 1959, Gordon presented me with a lovely, new daughter, in the form of his bride, June Phoebe Erskine. If I had picked a daughter myself I couldn't have done better. They have three boys and three girls. We love them all very much. They love to come and stay with their grandparents.

Then Gary married a lovely little girl, Sherry Ann Gaudio, on October 8, 1962. They have two fine boys.

My hobbies and interests are traveling, oil painting, collecting poems and spiritual thoughts, sewing, collecting recipes and caring for my family.

We have been on some nice trips in our married life: Yellowstone Park, Chicago, Mexico, the deep South, going thru 16 states and Canada and Hawaii, British Columbia, Glacier Park, Nauvoo, and other Church points of interest in Missouri, Montana, Colorado, Nevada, Idaho, Utah Canyons and Arizona, Wyoming, Nebraska and Iowa. Hope to see Europe, especially England and Alaska. I would love to go around the world, I guess I have gypsy blood in me.

Many of our trips have been with Afton and Mont Wagstaff.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
HARRIET AMELIA DIXON WEST

ID # 15

Born at Provo, Utah, May 24, 1882 to Mary Ann Smith and Henry Aldous Dixon

Baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church in May 1890 by Alfred Harding and Myron Tanner, respectively.

Married George Washington West in July 1907.

Children:

Lynn Dixon West.

After the death of her mother in Provo, she and a girl friend took a trip to California where she met a wonderful man, George W. West, After a courtship of less than a month, they were married in California.

She lived at Seal Beach and San Bernardino, California the rest of her life, with occassional visits to Utah in the summer time.

For many years she was bedfast, and had very delicate health for a good portion of her married life.

Her home was always open to the missionaries laboring in that area.

Died April 23, 1931 at Seal Beach, California.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
GEORGE WASHINGTON WEST

ID # 15 h

Born February 24, 1866 at San Bernardino, California to Adeline Weeks and James Monroe West.

His parents were pioneer settlers of San Bernardino in 1856. In partnership with G. W. Sparks, James West purchased a large ranch, about three miles East of San Bernardino, where he raised his family.

For many years, George W. West was engaged in Railroad grade contracting in California and Arizona. He was a wonderful, generous man of up right principles and honesty. He had accumulated sufficient wealth to lavish on his younger second wife. most everything she wanted.

During Hattie's illness, he provided the best medical help in hospitals, on doctors and nurses and often personally caring for her needs.

Although not a member of Hattie's Church, he welcomed the Elders into his home for meals and lodging and even transporatation in the use of his automobile.

About a year after the death of his wife, Hattie, he died at San Bernardino, California on February 26, 1932. Services were conducted by the Church of Jesus Chirst of Latter Day Saints.

32nd Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 15.1

LYNN DIXON WEST

MABEL MAY HANSEN

Lynn Dixon West Family

Mabel Lynn
Donald
Audrey

Donald, Mabel, Audrey

Brief History of LYNN DIXON WEST

By Donald L. West

My Father, Lynn Dixon West was born in San Bernardino, Cal. 18 August 1908, the only child of George Washington West and Harriet Amelia Dixon.

From the pictures I've seen, I have reason to believe he was just a little bit spoiled. He had his own little buggy with two matched ponies to pull it.

My Father was baptized July 1, 1917 by his Uncle, Albert F. Dixon, and confirmed, the same day, by Joseph Brockbank.

His childhood and youth years are generally obscured. He graduated from San Bernardino Senior High School in 1926.

Lynn Dixon West, married my mother, Mabel May Hansen on the 26 of April 1927 in Riverside, California. From here they moved to Seal Beach, California where I was born. My Mother and Father were apparently unhappy in their marriage and eventually it ended in divorce.

In one of the happier times, while living in Seal Beach, I remember when a violent storm washed up a fishing boat on the beach, near where we lived. My Father claimed salvage rights and had the boat brought up to a vacant lot next to our house. He worked on it very hard as we all did. He worked to repair the engine and calk the hull and eventually refloated it. We didn't take any long trips in the boat but I believe he did a lot of fishing aboard, but without me. I was still a little young.

His problems, he thought, were too much for him and he took his own life on 12 June 1940.

I have his graduation diploma, and a document from the Church Historian concerning his ordination to the office of Deacon on October 20, 1921 by William B. Hawkins.

ME AND MY FAMILY'S CONVERSION TO THE MORMON CHURCH

DONALD LYNN WEST

I, Donald Lynn West, son of Lynn Dixon West and Mabel May Hansen have been requested to relate in print the story of how my family and I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, which my Grandmother, Harriet Amelia Dixon West and my father was a member, and how I became re-united with the large Dixon family, which I knew nothing about.

My story begins in 1963, we were stationed in Northern France at Laon Air Base with the U.S. Air Force. During this time my mother sent me a letter with a list of some of my relatives in our family tree that my Grandma Hansen had written down before she passed away the summer before. She thought that I would like to have it for my file and to pass down to my children someday. I thought that was really nice and certainly I would keep it, even though most of the names I had never heard of before.

One day I became bored with all my spare time and needed to have a hobby that I could be active with, so I said to myself, "maybe I should try and trace my family tree, to learn who my family is, and where they came from."

The idea was presented to my wife Winnie, as I usually do my best to enlist her help in my little projects. Her answer was, "This will just be another of your little projects that you get all wound up about but never finish." Well, at that point I did have my doubts, but never-the-less I was going to at least try. I didn't have the foggiest idea of where I was supposed to start.

"Where do I start?" I asked myself. So I went to our small Base Library to try and learn anything about tracing my family tree, and how I should start. I was told that "genealogy" is the word for what I wanted to do, and they did have a couple of books on the subject which I read through thoroughly. At this point in time the LDS Church, the Book of Mormon, were never a part of my vocabulary.

I wrote to my Mother that I was going to try and trace my "genealogy" and asked her for everything she had on the family. We exchanged letters during the next few months concerning my new found hobby of genealogy. She wrote back on one letter that she thought one of my relatives was a Mormon missionary in South Africa and challenged me to "try and trace that!"

I went again to the Base Library and began to learn about South Africa and in an encyclopedia it stated that the Rhodes University Libarary was located there. So I decided to write for information on any record of Mormon missionaries there, specifically if (one of them could have been a Dixon). It took several weeks to receive a reply, but finally they informed me to make contact with the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City. I never had the experience of writing to a church, and didn't know if I was supposed to start off with "Your Excellency" or just "Dear Sir". I also thought that the Mormon Church was probably like all other organizations - difficult to obtain records from- - -and surely why would the Mormon Church want to give me information or records to a non-member - - -even if they had any? I pondered this for a while and wondered how I would ever get the address for the Church.

One day, again in the Base Library, I picked up another book of American Organizations, and there in front of my eyes listed the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I had just been informed that members belonging to this Church were called Mormons. After much thought I got up the nerve to write,. with the hope that I might learn something, no matter how small. One day when I least expected it, a letter came from the Genealogical Society, and a family group sheet was enclosed. This sheet, listing my relatives also had the name of the person who had submitted it. This was really a find! Loleta Dixon had sent that sheet in and I contacted her immediately. She sent me back a packet of material that overwhelmed me. When I first started this search, I believed I had no relatives at all, outside of my own immediate family. Apparently I had hundreds of relatives in Utah, many of whom are or were prominent. My new found relatives in Utah told me I was truly an answer to their prayers, as they knew I existed but had no idea where I or my family were located. We continued to exchange letters and I learned a great deal about my new found family.

After my return from France, we visited with these fine Mormon relatives in Utah and got to meet the majority of them at a reunion. We were received like "royality". These people lived the way everyone should. We had never given religion much thought, but had been going to the Protestant Chapel on Base in France. We were both amazed at how Mormons lived and how happy they truly are. They had great principles to base their life on. Who knows, one day we might look into it further.

In October of 1966, I received my orders for the Republic of Viet Nam. Up to this time, we still had not talked about religion or the Church to any great extent. We both knew that something was needed in our lives, especially for our children. A short time after my departure, Winnie wrote that she had a visit from the missionaries and had invited them to return. A few letters later, we were beginning to think the same things. She wrote and told me all about the things she and the kids were being taught. During this time I was also starting to investigate the Church, reading the Book of Mormon and other things, like they were doing at home. I received my lessons from our Group Leader in his quonset hut quarters at Da Nang Air Base. One day I received a letter from Winnie asking my permission for her and the kids to be baptized. I thought this was great and immediately consented.

On 28 January 1967 they were baptized in the Palmdale Ward, at Palmdale, California. I was a bit slower, because my lessons had to be given when it was convenient, and also a place had to be found where I could be baptized. Many places were thought of and rejected because of polluted water or the danger of the Viet Cong in the area. Finally the South China Sea was selected near Da Nang. After waiting for a good while for the dangerous rip tides to subside and the deadly sea snakes to leave the area, I was taken out into the ocean, along a lovely beach by our District Leader, to be baptized. On my son's birthday, 22 April 1967, I was baptized and what a beautiful day it was. I was immersed twice, the first time my foot was out, but the second time was a good one, as our two witnesses confirmed.

After my return to the States, things again slowed down. My membership records had been lost and therefore I could not be advanced in the Priesthood. Eventually my records were located and on my birthday, 9 July 1968, we were sealed together as a family for time and all eternity in the Los Angeles Temple.

We have thought about all these events in our lives, and have truly wondered, and been amazed at our growth and the way things turned out. We know that our Father in Heaven was leading us by His hand even in the very beginning when I first had the tiniest mark of wanting to work in genealogy. Could it have been the Spirit of Elijah? Whatever it was, we know we were being blessed with a desire to continue on in our search for our genealogy.

Both of our children have since married in the temple and have strong and secure marriages because of it. I am presently a High Priest in the Edwards Ward, Palmdale, California Stake and teach the Ward Genealogy Class. My wife, Winnie, is the Sunday School and Relief Society Secretary. My son, Donald Jr., is a Senior at B.Y.U. majoring in Justice Administration, along with his wife, Helen and daughter Christina Marie. My daughter, Denise Irene, and her husbandRobert Rowley Jr. and son Robert III, daughters Lynette, Kristine, and Sarah live in Price, Utah.

This is our story, which is a happy beginning for the start of our eternal family.

33rd Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 73

GLEN HANDS DIXON

ELVA SCHEMENSKY

Glen Hands Dixon Family

William, Elva Jean, Richard, Shirley, Max

Above:
William, Richard

Glen Elva

Glen's Birthplace
795 West 500 No. Provo, Utah

Below:
Shirley
Elva Jean
Richard

William, Max

430 W. 400 No. Provo, Utah

GLEN HANDS DIXON

On November 5, 1908, the second son of William Aldous and Harriet Hands Dixon was born at Provo, Utah. He was a big baby weighing 8 pounds 8 ounces. He was given the name of Glen Hands Dixon and a blessing by his Uncle Jabez W. Dangerfield.

Glen was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints by Elvon L. Jackson and confirmed a member by Elwood Olson on August 12, 1917. He advanced in the Priesthood as follows:

Ordained a Deacon by his Uncle Walter D. Dixon, Nov. 20, 1921.

Ordained a Teacher by his neighbor, S. W. Russell, Jan27, 1924.

Ordained a Priest by his cousin, H. A. Dixon, Jan 8, 1928.

Ordained an Elder by Bishop A. E. Eves in the Provo Third Ward.

Glen was promoted from the sixth grade of the old Provo Timpanogos School in May of 1921 and graduated from the ninth grade of the old Central Junior High School in 1924. He was unable to attend the May graduation exercises because of illness. He had contracted mengitis and was in bed for 17 weeks. He luckily recovered with no permanent disability and continued his education at Provo High School where he graduated.

Glen being very handy with his hands, and mechanically minded, obtained a summer job in a local bicycle shop. He quickly learned the bicycle repair business and when he returned to school, his employer requested he continue to work after school and on Saturdays.

After finishing High School he went to work for Thomas Pierpont at the Provo Foundry and Machine Shop, which at that time occupied most of the block between 5th West and Sixth West and between Center Street and First North.

One of Glen's assignments at the Provo Foundry was to install the Foundry manufactured "Superior" automatic coal stoker. He traveled all over the intermountain area installing and servicing this product. He became one of Tom Pierpont's key men, always dependable and willing to go day or night, when called.

On the 25th day of August 1930 he married Elva Schemensky in the Salt Lake Temple. It was a double wedding for brother and sister. His sister, Vesta, married Albert W. Booth and the couple honeymooned in Yellowstone Park.

After the wedding ceremony, the bridal party went up to Aunt Sarah McConachie's lovely home and enjoyed a delicious dinner.

Provo had been Glen's home all of his life, with the exception of about a year when he and his family moved to Los Angeles, where he worked in a machine shop. They moved back to Provo in 1944 where he was employed by the Columbia Geneva Steel Co. Here he worked the remainder of his life. He first worked as a Machinist. In 1945 he was promoted to Machine Shop Inspector. In 1947 he was given another promotion to Machine Shop Turn Foreman and in 1953 became Maintenance Field Foreman Machine Shop.

Glen was a good, reliable and concientious worker. He always was on the go, and had to be always doing something. He helped build his two houses, doing all the work on them he could; and spending hours before and after work, at the Plant, so he could finish them.

W. A. Lane, one of Glen's old supervisors of the U. S. Steel Co. paid the following tribute to Glen: "Glen will ever be remembered as the finest friend and associate I have ever encountered. His devotion to his work, honesty, and sense of fair play has always been an outstanding example of those of us who have been close to him No man ever gave more and asked less."

Glen has always loved to fish and hunt. Elva and his family shared this enjoyment. During the summer they spent many week-ends at their cabin at Strawberry, enjoying the fishing there. Many hunting and fishing trips were taken by Glen, Elva, Bill and Richard, and occassionally some close friends were invited.

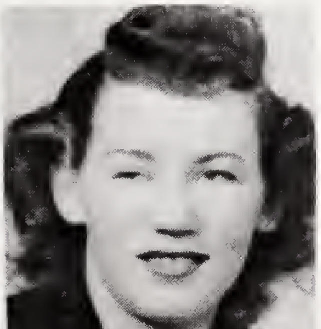
Glen loved his wife and their family of three boys and two girls and nine grandchildren.

At the age of 56 years, Glen passed away at 1:00 p.m. on Wednesday, Janury 20, 1965 at the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City. His wife, Elva, was at his bedside, never having left the hospital for two weeks.

Glen loved his family, his friends, his work and his men. On the job he showed it by the work he did to help his men. "It was often said, that on a large job, one couldn't tell Glen from his men." Always willing to go the "second mile" by putting in extra hours to complete a job - no assignment to hot or dirty - no area to far out of the way - no request for help too difficult to require his personal attention and effort- Giving a full days work for his pay - honest - concientious - reliable - and dependable. Those were some of the many qualities of GLEN HANDS DIXON.

34th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 84



ADRYNE HODSON

VIRGINIA POULSEN

Mary Ellen
Verl Virginia
Merrill Verl

Linda

342 No. 500 West
Provo, Utah

Wildwood

BIOGRAPHY OF VERL GRANT DIXON

By Virginia P. Dixon

Verl Grant Dixon was born November 26, 1908, at Provo, Utah the son of Ernest and Mary Ann (May) Painter Dixon. His father was a building contractor and brick layer who built many public edifices, including the First Ward Chapel in Provo. His grandparents were pioneers of Utah.

The old Timpanogos School gave Verl his first years of education. From there he went to Central Jr. High School and then to Provo High School. His college education was at Brigham Young University. In 1932 he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Brigham Young University. The following years (1933) he did post-graduate work at the Teachers College of Columbia University in New York City. While in New York City he became associated with the National Office of the Boy Scouts of America as Assistant to the Director of Registration Department. While working in the National Office he took night classes at Columbia University under Dr. Harry D. Kitson, studying Personnel Administration.

After four years in this capacity (1937) he was transferred to the position of Field Executive and served for the next two years at Visalia, San Joaquin Valley, California. When his father passed away he returned to Provo. Verl is an Eagle Scout.

He joined Fred L. Markham's staff as a draftsman. Upon the recommendation of Mr. Markham, he worked for the United States Army of Engineers, who were constructing Hill Field at Ogden, Utah. When this task was completed he returned to Provo and became an aide to Elmer Jacob, the Provo City Engineer, as a building inspector.

Verl has always been active in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. During the years 1929 to 1931, he served as a missionary in the French Mission. Later he served as Superintendent of the YMMIA in the Provo Third Ward and was a Sunday School teacher for a number of years. He was Scoutmaster of the Ward Troop and served as president of the 45th Quorum of Seventy. He served as a counselor to Bishop Ralph C. Fletcher in the Provo Third Ward for eight years and Bishop of the Provo Third Ward for four years and three months. At the present time he is on the Utah Stake High Council. His responsibilities on the High Council is the Relief Society and Temple Work.

Merrill Christopherson was the first to arouse his interest in aviation. Later, under Merrill's leadership, Verl gained a private pilot license, a commercial license and then an instructor rating. As an instructor, Verl taught Army and Navy Cadets under the War Training Service Organization in Provo, Richfield and Logan. Following a period of flight training, he was commissioned a Flight Officer at the Douglas Air Force Base in Arizona and was assigned to the Air Transport Command on February 28, 1944. During World War Two he served in Europe, Africa, Middle East and the Asiatic-Pacific Theaters. On January 25, 1946 he was released from active duty as a flight officer and returned to civilian life in Provo.

In November 1946, he was elected to the position of Utah County Clerk and served four years. Following this he served eight years as Utah County Commissioner. He was President of the Utah Ass'n. of County Officials in 1955. He was manager of the Provo Metropolitan Water District until he resigned to work for the re-establishment of the Commission Form of Government in Provo City. He was victorious in this battle and was elected Mayor of Provo City, serving for three four year terms in that position. He was President of the Utah State Municipal League in 1966.

In connection with his work with the Boy Scouts of America, he is on the Executive Board of the Utah National Parks Council, serving as Provo District Chairman. He is retiring President of the Provo Youth Council.

Verl is a former treasurer of the Rheumatic Fever Foundation. He is an active Kiwanian and has maintained a perfect attendance record in the Provo Kiwanis Club for 25 years. He is a member of the Dean Mendenhall Provo Post #13 of the American Legion, and is a former trustee of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. He is a member of the George A. Smith Chapter of the Brigham Young Chapter of the Sons of Utah Pioneers and is a member of the National Society of the Sons of Utah Pioneers, having served as President for the year ending in August of 1972. He is a major in the Mormon Battalion.

In politics Verl is a staunch Republican, and is former chairman of the Provo Precinct of the Republican Party for the years 1946-47.

Professionally, Verl holds a general building contractor's license.

The guidance of such great men as George H. Brimhall, Dr. O. K. Hansen, Roy Passey, Scout Executive A.A. Anderson, Dr. Wayne B. Hales, Dr. Carl F. Eyring and many others on a District and Council level was most important in the scouting development of Verl. He served as a Patrol Leader, Senior Patrol Leader, Assistant Scoutmaster and Scoutmaster in the Provo Third Ward Troop. From the Troop to the National Council was a wide jump but gave him a vision of the greatness of the Scout program.

On October 8, 1943, at the Salt Lake Temple, Verl married Adryne Hodson, daughter of William and Madeline McNary Hodson. Adryne passed away on June 28, 1945, while Verl was in the Service, leaving an infant daughter, Linda. Linda now has five children.

Verl married Virginia Poulsen in the Salt Lake Temple on June 17, 1952. They have two children: Mary Ellen and Merrill Verl. A Navajo Indian girl is also living with them.

35th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 13.

EUGENE PARL DIXON

243 No. 900 West
Provo, Utah

Life Story of EUGENE PARL DIXON

By his brother, Reed Dixon

Eugene Parl Dixon, the son of Parley Smith Dixon and Mary Etola Dangerfield, was born February 17, 1909 in Provo, Utah, at their home on Third West and Second North. Gene was the third of seven children born to Parl and Etta Dixon. The other children were: Vern, the eldest, Afton, Reed, Inez, Anna and Bert.

Gene was a very ambitious and conservative boy, and throughout his life. As a young boy he would gather scrap metal, zinc, copper and etc. and sell it to Dave Penrod, a junk dealer, who lived just a block south of his home. He also did odd jobs for Dave and also worked for Dave's brother-in-law, Jake Olsen, a brick layer; as a mason helper and on his farm.

In 1917 most everyone in the Third Ward had a cow. Each morning, Gene would go to Fifth North and start to gather the cows and drive them to the First Ward Pasture, located at the south end of Academy Avenue, where the Timpanogos Golf Course is now located. By the time he arrived at the pasture he would have a herd of about thirty or forty cows. In the evening, about five o'clock, he would separate and gather his herd of cows and drive them home. He was an has always been a very dependable person.

About 1919 due to a bad job and the flu epidemic, financial reverses forced his father to sell this big, lovely home on Third West and start all over. We rented for about a year and then Dad built a new house on Fifth North between Sixth and Seventh West. While we were in this home, Gene had a bad accident. He was swimming down at the Provo High School where four boys took hold of his hands and feet, after three swings they threw him into the water. This last time instead of landing out into the water, Gene struck his head on the edge of the tile pool. He suffered a severe brain concussion. After some time and tender, loving care by his mother, he completely recovered.

Gene was a self conscious person. If he did something he knew he shouldn't have done, he would punish himself by working harder.

About 1930 at the start of the depression years, there was no work, so Dad tore down an old house for the School Board, which was located on the old Franklin School grounds; in exchange for the materials in it. Gene took some of the materials from it and with new brick and materials he built himself a new house on Ninth West between Second and Third North, which he rented.

During the next year or two, Gene worked for John Manson prospecting for coal around Schofield, Utah.

About 1932 Dad traded two houses he had in Provo, for a fifteen acre fruit farm on Provo Bench. Gene gave up his coal prospecting and came to the farm to help Dad run the farm, in fact he took over and run it by himself. He spent long hours and worked very hard and really made the farm pay. I think he really enjoyed it. There was practically no construction work so all we boys worked on the farm. When it became time to harvest the fruit, all of the families pitched in. Gene ran the farm, the men folks picked the fruit and the women sorted it. Dad had a one and a half ton truck which we would load up with cull peaches, pears, apples and etc. and haul out to Duchesne County and trade for pigs, chickens, turkeys, cows, coal, gas or whatever we could get. The farm kept four families in food and the necessities throughout the depression years. Gene decided he would like to buy the farm and Dad agreed to sell it to him.

By now Gene was approaching thirty and decided it was time to get married. He started going out with Mary Bernard, a divorcee. They were married January 27, 1939. At first they fixed up a small shed in back of the house, and later moved into the farm house. After Gene's marriage, mother and Dad had moved from the farm to Gene's house on Ninth West. After a few month's living on the farm, Mary decided she did not want to be a farmer's wife, so Gene traded living in the farm house with his Mother and Dad who were living in his house on Ninth West. Dad hired a man from Mount Pleasant to run the farm, which he ran for one summer, after which Dad agreed to sell it to him in 1940 or 1941.

In January of 1940, Gene and I went to Hill Field to work. We worked here and in Ogden, laying brick, for about a year. After that Gene went to work in Las Vegas for a while, then came back to Provo where Gene went to work at Geneva Steel during its construction. Gene and Mary were renting a house on Fourth West and Third South.

In September 1943, Gene entered the Armed Forces of World War II and was stationed in the Aleution Islands, near Alaska.

After the war he and Mary moved to Bountiful, Utah, where he worked in Salt Lake for a couple of years. They then moved to Denver where they lived for ten years. It was in Denver that tragedy struck. There was a fire and Mary was unable to get out of the house in time. Prior to this, Mary and Gene had separated and Gene had moved back to Provo.

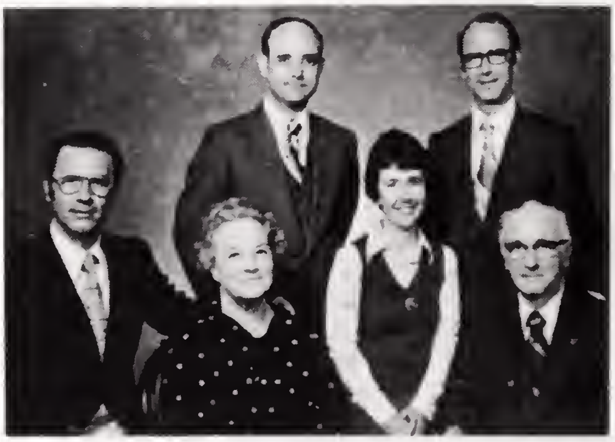
After Gene's Mother passed away May 27, 1952, he continued to live with his sister Inez at their home at 445 South Fourth East, Provo, Utah, until her death on December 27, 1969. When this house was sold, Gene rented an apartment on First West between Second and Third South where he is now living, April 1980.

I. D. # 14. 3

ALLIE DIXON

REED GARDNER

Gardner Family



James David

Reed P. Allie Vilate Reed Snow

425 Spruce Street
Berkeley, California

ALLIE DIXON GARDNER

I was born April 15, 1909, in Provo, Utah. My parents were living at 270 North Fifth West. I was a very cross baby and caused my parents many sleepless nights. With the help of our English friends, I survived the first few months of colic and became a more normal baby.

I was three years old when we moved to 418 North Fifth West, our new home. This home was the location for many wonderful memories.

We lived in the Provo Third Ward. We attended Sunday School, Primary, Religion Class, Mutual and other Church meetings and socials. I remember with fondness the church dinners.

My first class in school was at the B.Y.U. Kindergarten with Aunt Ida Smoot Dusenberry for a teacher. When I was old enough, I attended the Timpanogos School. Garda Gee was my first teacher. Other teachers were Jennie Harding, Elfie Bean, Estelle Manwaring, Thelma Eggertsen and Winnie Clyde. I loved school.

I attended the Provo Junior High and the Provo High Schools. My father encouraged me to graduate from High School a year early (1926) and have an extra year of college. After spending four years at B.Y.U., I was graduated in 1930. My extra year of education began on my graduation day.

The plan was to drive back to New York in the car. Mother and my four sisters went with me to see Paul and Ora and to have a trip. After the visit, Paul and Ora would drive Mother and the girls home and leave me in New York.

My year in New York was very rewarding. The experiences I had were educational and happy ones. I was graduated as a hospital dietition from Fifth Avenue Hospital. I loved my New York experience. My best friend, Ida Tanner, came to New York at Christmas time and went into training with me.

After our completion of the course at the hospital, we came home by way of the Panama Canal. It was a tremendous trip.

Jobs were scarce in the early 1930's. When I was offered a teaching job in Gunnison, Utah, I accepted. I taught there for two and a half years.

In 1934 I enrolled in a Nursing School in the Highland Hospital in Oakland, California. It was one of the best experiences I have had. It fulfilled a need I had to help people with a direct service. I was graduated in 1936 and became a registered nurse. I taught for one year in the Nursing School before leaving to teach at the B.Y.U. in Provo. I left my teaching to be married to Reed Snow Gardner.

Reed and I were married September 18th, 1940, in the Salt Lake Temple. He had been married to Margaret Pierpont. She died from cancer. They had three children: Reed, ten years of age; David, age seven; and Vilate, age two; at the time of our marriage. I was well received by the children in Berkeley. They seemed happy to have a mother again.

In 1943, we were blessed with a baby boy, James Dixon Gardner. His birth seemed to bring a security to the other children. They seemed to know that I couldn't leave them now that we had a baby to care for.

We lived in Berkeley at 425 Spruce Street until January 1966. Walnut Creek, California, was then our home until 1976 when we moved to Salt Lake City, Utah where we still live at 123 -2nd Avenue.

Birthplace: 256 No. 5th West, Provo, Utah. May 11, 1909

With dog, "Scotty"

With Sister Alice

Timpanogos School 1915-1920

Wild flowers-Timp. hike-1917. With Harold and Clif. Dangerfield. Picture by Uncle Walt. Dixon

Wildwood Summer Home

Shetland pony "Lightning". X'mas gift from Uncle Ashted Taylor

Provo Third Ward-Blessed, Named, ordained Deacon, Teacher, Priest, Elder. Called on a mission in 1930.

Utah Stake Adm. Bldg.
Baptized June 24, 1917
Confirmed June 24, 1917

Provo High School - 1924-1927

Provo High Football 1925-26

Central Jr. High 1921-23

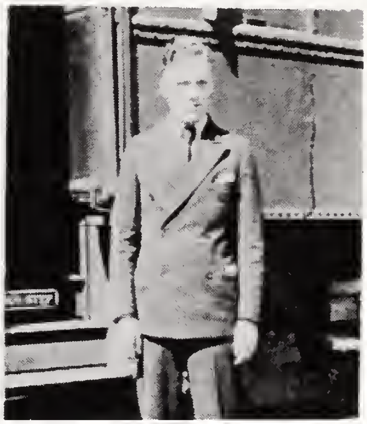
Provo High Basket Ball 1924-27

03 1.94

Clarence D. Taylor
B.Y.U. Freshman, Bricker 192

Provanna Beach-Utah Lake
Arthur N. Taylor and Six Sons
Arthur, Lynn, Elton, Henry, Clarence, Kenneth

Mission Home, Salt Lake City. Sept. 1930



Depart for South Africa
Sept. 18, 1930

1st Dixon Relatives discovered while tracting in South Africa.
The Humphris

Cousin William Hartman & wife Florence at Cradock, South Africa

South African Mission Secretary
2-20-31 to 3-14-1932

Grahamstown, South Africa, Birthplace of Henry Aldous Dixon. Visited in 1932

Cairo, Egypt - 1933

Provo Fourth Ward
Ordained a Seventy by Richard L. Evans Nov. 9, 1938

Jerusalem 1933

Lorenco Marques

Dixon Taylor Russell Co. - Home Furnishings
Employed from 1933 to 1964

Dead Sea

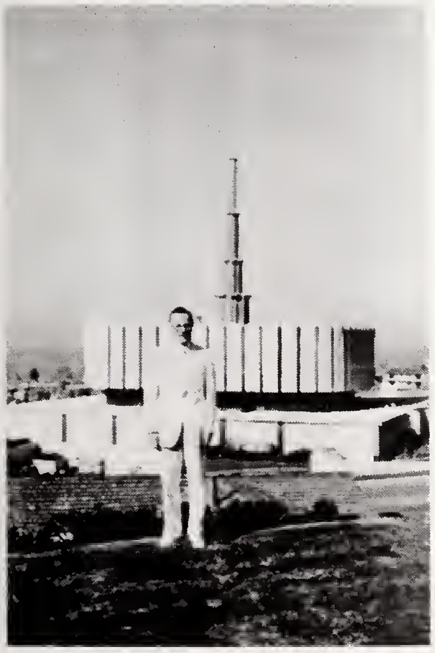
Home - 2180 Oakcrest, Provo

1st B.Y.U. CHURCH HISTORY TOUR
May 1951

B.Y.U. BOOKSTORE
May 15, 1964 - May 1974

RETIRED ? ? ?
1974

Oak Hills Chapel
Ordained High Priest
May 23, 1971



Provo Temple Worker
January 1978

t Camp Pickett, Va.
route to European Theatre
of War. World War II
Jan. 1942 to Sept. 1945

2130 Temple View Dr.
Present Home

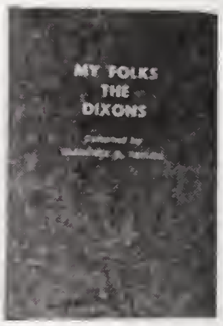
Clarence Dixon Taylor

Taylor Terrace
Temple View Dr.

Statue of Christ
Rio

Lake Titicaca
Peru
Reed Fishing
Boats

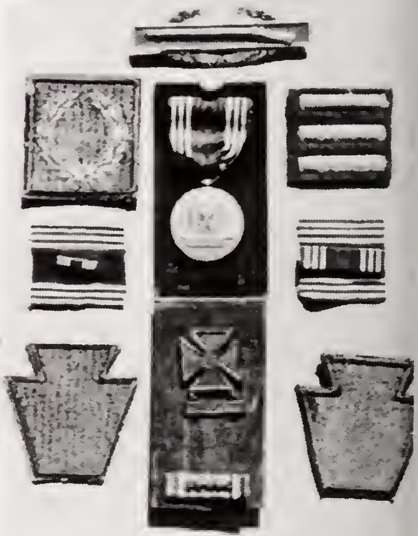
Playground Taylor Hill



1969

Matchu Picchu
Peru

Iguassu Falls
Uruguay



World War II
5 Battle Clusters:
1. No. France
2. Normandy
3. Ardennes
4. Rhineland
5. Central Europe

Uncle Bud's Park

Neighborhood Playground

2180 No. Oakcrest
Provo, Utah

CLARENCE DIXON TAYLOR

37th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 66

CLARENCE DIXON TAYLOR

38th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 10. 1

VA LERA DIXON

MARTIN C. RIRIE

VaLera Dixon Ririe Family

Martin

Va Lera

Below:

Richard, Annette, Craig

Martin, Va Lera, Farrell

Kent

1203 West Marshall Blvd.
San Bernardino, California

INDEX TO DESCENDANTS OF H. A. DIXON

I.D. No.		Page
	ADAMS	
11.92 h	Kenneth Brent	503
11.921	Kenneth Dixon	503
11.922	Laura Ann	503
11.92	Susan Dixon	503
	AIKELE	
743	Bonnie Ann (Cornish)	492
7421	Eric Allen	492
74 h	Hyrum	492
	Photo	267
741	Hyrum D.	492
742 w	Irene Svensen	492
74	Mary Dixon	492
	Photo	267
	History	269
	Family Photo	268
	Home Photo	268
7422	Shaunty Maja	492
742	William Eugene	492
	ALVEY	
13.5232	Andrew Arthur	510
13.5231	Ann Marie	510
13.523 h	Bruce	510
13.5233	Douglas Byron	510
13.5234	Katrina Michelle	510
13.523	Terry Laws	510
	ANDERSON	
6312 w	Annette Buffo	487
14.414	Brian S.	512
14.41.10	Bruce Summerhays	513
14.419	Caroline	513
14.418	Catherine	513
11.61	Carol Leslie (Hipp)	502
14.413	Clair S.	512
14.416	Clyde Summerhays	513
14.415	Colleen (Stokes)	513
14.412	Craig S.	512
14.41.11	David Summerhays	513
11.6 h	Dean Albert	502
14.417	Janae	513
6314	Jed Taylor	487
631	Julia Taylor	487
14.414 w	Karen Amato Beveridge	512
6313	Kennen (Bandley)	487
631 h	Kenneth R.	487
6311	Kristine (Bandley)	487
14.413 w	Linda Stokes	512
14.411	Lynette (Engle)	512
63121	Mandi Alese	487
11.62	Michael Albert	502
14.41 h	Raymond G.	512
14.41 12	Sara	513
14.41	Sarah Summerhays	512
6312	Scott Taylor	487
14.4141	Shane Raymond	512
14.4142	Tiara Lynn	512
14.4131	Tori	512
11.6	Vera Dixon	502

I.D. No.		Page
	ANDREWS	
10.4	Alice Delenna Dixon	500
	Photo	387
	History	389
	Family Photo	388
	Home Photo	388
10.41	Charlene (Peppinger)	500
10.43	Dixie Lee (Paden)	500
10.42	Jeanne Katherine Truxal	500
10.44	Joseph Dixon	500
10.4	Robert Bruce	500
	Photo	387
10.42	Robert Dale	500
	ARMSTRONG	
52 h	Anthon H.	484
	Photo	145
521	Mary Doris	484
52	Nancy McConachie	484
	Photo	145
	History	147
	Family Photo	146
	Home Photo	146
	AUSTIN	
13.435	Julie Ann	510
13.436	Keith	510
13.433	Michael Reed	510
13.43 h	Richard M.	510
13.434	Richard Scott	510
13.432	Sandra Kay	510
13.431	Shauna Dee	510
13.43	Sherrie Lillie Dixon	510
	BALLIF	
12.42	Barbara (Olson)(Wade)	506
12.431	Becky Jean (Garner)	506
12.432	Brian Scott	506
12.4121	Brittany Kay	506
12.434	Bryce Dixon	506
12.412 w	Carolee Christensen	506
12.4111	Chelsea	506
12.433	Debra Ann	506
12.4	Edna Dixon	506
	Photo	289
	History	291
	Family Photo	290
	Home Photo	290
12.413	Jan	506
12.41 w	Kay Anderson	506
12.411 w	Linda Marie Towers	506
12.41	Mark Dixon	506
12.412	Mark Gordon	506
12.4 h	Mark Squires	506
	Photo	289
12.411	Michael Edward	506
12.43	Scott Walter	506
12.43 w	Sherma Nancy Craven	506
	BAKER	
13.741	Andrew Jayson	511
13.742	Daniel Joseph	511
13.74	Judy Dixon	511
13.74 h	Robert Daniel	511

I.D. No.		Page
	BANDLEY	
6313 h	Fred	487
63111	Jeremiah Phillip	487
6313	Kennen Anderson	487
6311	Kristine Anderson	487
63131	Nicholas Edward	487
6311 h	Phillip Bench	487
	BARRETT	
13.6	Anna Dixon	511
	Photo	369
	History	371
	Family Photo	370
13.61 w	Carol Roundy	511
13.62 w	Cynthia Gordon	511
13.611	Jackie Kim	511
13.6 h	John Byron	511
	Photo	369
13.621	John Michael	511
13.615	Kandie Lee	511
13.613	Kristine (Harward)	511
13.612	Lewis Kevin	511
13.62 w	LindaDee Urvina	511
13.622	Melissa Dawn	511
13.62	Michael Wayne	511
13.6111	Rusty Lee	511
13.6112	Ryan Kim	511
13.61 w	Sandra Good	511
13.61	Shirl Jack	511
13.611 w	Tracy Lynn Jensen	511
13.614	Veda Kay Lynn	511
13.62 w	Vicki A.	511
	BECKER	
8552	Benjamin Mark	497
855	Cheryl Ann Dixon	497
8551	Jonathan Lloyd	497
855 h	Mark Stanley	497
	BELBACK	
16.921	Crystal	519
16.92 h	Don	519
16.92	Michele Dixon	519
	BELL	
2114 h	John Dalton	477
21141	Mary Mellissa	477
2114	Sylvia Shaw	477
	BEYERS	
11.21 h	James Lawrence	502
11.212	Johanna	502
11.213	Katherine Norma	502
11.211	Marrissa Suzanne	502
11.21	Sharon Lynn Tangren	502
	BIGELOW	
8225	Amber	495
82211	Brandie Lee	495
8221	Brent R.	495
82231	Camille	495
8221 w	Carol Ann Sutton	495
8224	Cindy (Gunter)	495
82212	Cody Rex	495
8222	Elaine (Nicol)(Martinez)	495
8223	Glen M.	495
82232	Leslie Amber	495

I.D. No.		Page
	BIGELOW	
822	Lois Amber Ford	495
822 h	Rex	495
8223 w	Vickie Lee Davis	495
	BJORKLUND	
752	Barbara Gail (Meyers)	493
7513	Bobbi Joan	493
7511	Cindy	493
7512	Debbie	493
7551	Deena	493
755 w	Diane	493
75 h	Erling T.	493
	Photo	321
753	Gloria Faye (Nichols)	493
75	Harriett Faye Dixon	493
	Photo	321
	History	323
	Family Photo	322
	Home Photo	322
754	Janet Marie (Machado)	493
751 w	Pat Nicholes	493
755	Richard Erling	493
751	Robert Gary	493
	BOOTH	
72 h	Albert Warren (Photo) 213	491
722 w	Carrie Hendricksen	491
7212	Catherine	491
7216	Christianne	491
7214	Cynthia	491
7223	Gary Lee	491
722	Gary Lynn	491
7211	Gordon David	491
721	Gordon Dixon	491
7222	Gregory	491
721 w	June Phoebe Erskine	491
7215	Michael Thomas	491
722 w	Sherry Ann Gaudio	491
7213	Stephen M.	491
722 w	Tawn Lee	491
72	Vesta Dixon	491
	Photo	213
	History	215
	Family Photo	214
	Home Photo	214
7221	Warren Lynn	491
2113 h	BORDEAUX, Will	477
	BOREN	
13.521	Cynthia Laws	510
8511	David	496
8513	Elisabeth	496
13.5213	Emily Kay	510
13.5214	Joshua Kenneth	510
13.52 h	Kenneth	510
851	Marjorie Jean Dixon	496
8512	Michael	496
851 h	Robert Reed	496
8514	Stephen Ralph	496
	BOSHARD	
8113 w	Andrea Stubbs	494
81 h	Arnold	494
	Photo	129
812	Arnold Bliss	494

I.D. No.		Page
	BOSHARD	
8113	Arnold Von Hollen	494
8112	Beverly Ann (Wakefield)	494
8121	Cary Bliss	494
81111	Clifford Dean	494
81112	Dallas Nelson	494
811	Dean Dixon	494
8111 w	Dianne Nelson	494
8121 w	Eileen Boswell	494
81	Erma Mae Dixon	494
	Photo	129
	History	131
	Family Photo	130
	Home Photo	130
	Wildwood Home	130
8123	Gina	494
812 w	Glenna Rae Edwards	494
81211	Jessica Ann	494
81212	Kelly	494
811 w	Norma Heatherly	494
8111	Norman Dean	494
8122	Steven Allan	494
	BOVINGDON	
441	Diane Dangerfield	483
441 h	James	483
4411	James, Jr.	483
4413	Lynne	483
4412	Michael	483
	BOWERS	
4421 h	Roger	483
4421	Susan Lanahan	483
	BOWLES	
10.62 h	Brent	501
10.622	Brent Jason	501
10.624	Heather	501
10.623	Jinette	501
10.621	Robert John	501
10.625	Ryan Duane	501
10.62	Suzette Schugk	501
10.626	Vaughn Jay	501
	BROCKBANK	
524 h	Allen Brent	486
5241	Allen Brent, Jr.	486
5242	Anne	486
5246	Dixon Taylor	486
524	Kathryn Dee Taylor	486
5244	Laura	486
5243	Lynn (F)	486
5247	Mary Kathryn	486
5245	Rebecca	486
	BUCKLEY	
13.212 h	Gaylen Mel	508
13.2122	Kirsten Mae	508
13.2121	Mayken Dot	508
13.212	Shelly Olson	508
13.2123	Trevor Rusken	508
	BUSHNELL	
5141	Marrianne Frampton	485
5141 h	Ned Booth	485

I.D. No.		Page
	CANNON	
2153	Kristen Dixon	479
2151	Lucile Dixon	479
2152	Mark Dixon	479
215 h	Mark W.	479
215	Ruth Dixon	479
	CARROL	
13.5261	Berniece Elaine	510
13.526 h	Charles	510
13.526	Linda Laws	510
13.5262	Shaun	510
	CHIDESTER	
8712	Brook	497
871	Jo Ann Fallentine	497
871 h	Lynn U.	497
8711	Scott	497
8713	Whitney Kate	497
	CHILDS	
14.51	Ann (Daybell)	513
14.56 w	Ann Lee Averett	514
14.561	Benjamin Steven	514
14.542	Cody Bernell	514
14.535	Crystal	514
14.531	Jason Myron	514
14.53	John Myron	514
14.532	Joshua Norman	514
14.52	Judith (Lucia)	513
14.536	Kenneth Parker	514
14.55	Kristine (Osborn)	514
14.562	Linda Ann	514
14.533	Marie	514
14.5	Maurine Dixon	513
	Photo	325
	History	327
	Family Photo	326
	Home Photo	326
	Ranch House	326
14.5	Myron DeVere	513
	Photo	325
14.534	Nathan John	514
14.54	Richard Dixon	514
14.56	Steven LeRoy	514
14.53 w	Susan Parker	514
14.54 w	Trudy Edna Jenson	514
14.541	Yancy Richard	514
	CHRISTENSEN	
16.10 h	Bruce J.	519
	Photo	463
16.10	Doris Ann Dixon	519
	Photo	463
	History	465
	Family Photo	464
	Home Photo	464
16.10.5	Jason Dixon	519
16.10.3	Jennifer	519
16.10.6	Joshua Daniel	519
16.10.2	Kyle DeGrey	519
16.10.1	Lesa Ann	519
16.10.4	Matthew B.	519

I.D. No.		Page
	CLEGG	
233	Barbara Ann Dixon	480
2332	Brent D.	480
233 h	Jack Alvin	480
2331	Michael S.	480
	CORNISH	
7432	Ashlie Melissa	492
743	Bonnie Ann Aikele	492
743 h	Clayton J., Jr.	492
7431	Rebecca Lynn	492
	COWLEY	
10.2 h	Angus Wayne	499
	Photo	301
10.22 w	Cheryl Janeene Tueller	500
10.222	Corbin Tyler	500
10.21 w	Norma Jean Hadley	499
10.212	Robin	499
10.2	Ruby Dixon	499
	Photo	301
	History	303
	Family Photo	302
	Home Photo	302
10.221	Sheri Lyn	500
10.22	Shirl Curtis	500
10.213	Susan	499
10.21	Wayne Dixon	499
10.211	Wendy	499
10.223	Whitney Anne	500
	CRAIG	
6341 h	John	488
6341	Shelly K. Woodruff	488
	CROWLEY	
3612	Colette	497
3613	Colin Thos.	497
361	Kathryn Dixon	497
361 h	Thomas Edward	497
3611	Trent	497
	DAHLBERG	
10.33 h	Kenneth E., Jr.	500
10.33	Lynn Ann Lewis	500
10.331	Wayne Kenneth	500
	DAINES	
2532	Anne Elaine	482
253	Barbara Ann Markham	482
2534	John Thomas	482
2531	Richard Weldon	482
2533	Russell Lewis	482
253 h	Weldon Lee	482
	DANGERFIELD	
43	Afton	483
4	Alice Smith Dixon	483
	Very Brief Life Sketch	194
442	Carolyn (Lanahan)	483
45	Clifford Dixon	483
	Photo , History	197, 195
	Birthplace	195
441	Diane (Bovingdon)	483
47	Donna Mae	484
44 w	Florence John	483
	Photo	191
46	Grace (Harding)	484

I.D. No.		Page
	DANGERFIELD	
44	Harold Dixon	483
	Photo	191
	History	193
	Family Photo	192
	Home Photo	192
42 w	Helen Morrison	483
41	Jabez Aldous	483
4 h	Jabez W.	483
	Very Brief Life Sketch	262
451	J. William	483
4511	J. William, Jr.	483
422	Karen (Fisher)	483
421	Kay (Nunnally)	483
451	Patricia Ellen McEwen	483
42	Royden J.	483
	Photo	151
	History	153
	Birthplace	151
4512	Stephanie Deanne	483
	DAVIES	
21124	Amber Rebecca	477
21123	Jennifer Erin	477
2112 h	John Alleman	477
21121	Jon Shaw	477
21122	Michael Scott	477
2112	Sandra Shaw	477
	DAVIS	
7324	Amy Ellen	492
7322	Becki	492
8562	Brant Coy	497
856 h	Brent Lee	497
7323	Glen Harold	492
732 h	Harold Keith	492
7325	Jill Ann	492
8561	Jordan Daniel	497
7321	Micki	492
856	Sandra Lee Dixon	497
732	Shirley Mae Dixon	492
	DAYBELL	
14.51	Ann Childs	513
14.51 h	Grant Lanny	513
14.512	Jesse Glen	513
14.514	Katherine Ann	513
14.511	Keith Grant	513
14.513	Richard Myron	513
	DECKER	
82122	Brooke	494
82121	Christopher Gean	494
8212	Lori Jean Simmons	494
8212 h	Willard Gean	494
	DE GRAW	
6222	Derk Taylor	486
622	Janice Taylor	486
6223	Gregory Taylor	486
6225	Michael	486
6221	Michele	486
622 h	Monte	486
6224	Nicole	486
	DE GREY	
	Sarah DeGrey Dixon	477
	Photo	12

.D. No.		Page
	DENISON	
13.5 h	Byron Leslie	510
	Photo	337
13.52	Elaine Joyce (Laws) (Patterson)	510
13.51	Inez Berniece	510
13.5	Inez Dixon	510
	Photo	337
	History	339
	Family Photo	338
	Home Photo	338
	DENSLEY	
12.211	Colleen Taylor	504
12.2116	Logan Taylor	504
12.2113	London Thomas	504
12.2114	Marianne	504
12.211 h	Steven Thomas	504
12.2111	Steven Travis	504
12.2112	Tiffany Lynn	504
12.2115	Wendy	504
	DEVINE	
16.73	Marilyn Richardson	518
16.731	Melissa	518
16.73 h	Robert Frank	518
	DIXON	
21411	Adria Ann	479
34 w	Adryne Hodson	496
13.2	Afton (Wagstaff)	508
12.33	Alan Romney	505
11.	Albert Frederick	502
	Very Brief Life Sketch	300
763 w	Alberta Mae	493
10.4	Alice Delenna (Andrews)	500
4	Alice Smith (Dangerfield)	483
14.3	Allie (Gardner)	512
16.84	Angela	519
7353	Angie Lynn	492
363 w	Ann Marie Begin	497
13.6	Anna (Barrett)	511
12.5	Amy LaVern (Larson)	506
11.95	Amy Lynne	503
3631	Amy Marie	497
16.114	Andrew Jerald	517
3521	Andree Lynn	496
16.	Arnold	517
	Very Brief Life Sketch	408
3	Arthur DeGrey	482
	Very Brief Life Sketch	398
14.7	Arthur Smoot	515
12.242	Ashley	505
12.241	Audra	505
11.8	Baby	502
233	Barbara Ann (Clegg)	480
2352	Barbara Maureen	480
13.7	Bert Lester	511
	Photo	395
	History	396
	Family Photo	395
	Home Photo	395
11.94 w	Bonnie Kay Howell	503
12.231	Brenda (Hills)	505
2364	Brennan Russ	480
16.33	Brent	517

I.D. No.		Page
	DIXON	
7314	Bret Glen	491
13.411	Brian Garth	509
16.5	Bruce Royden	518
	Photo	431
	History	433
	Family Photo	432
	Home Photo	432
16.111	Camille	517
16.421	Camille	518
13.133	Carl Vern	508
13.13	Carl William	508
242 w	Carleen May Dyer	481
11.9 w	Carol Collard (Photo)	503
2431	Catherine Bradford	481
3 w	Catherine Kezie Morgan	482
	Very Brief Life Sketch	398
11.1 w	Cecile Clark	502
	Photo	263
11.11	Cecile Marjorie (Smith)	502
10.	Charles Owen	499
	Very Brief Life Sketch	414
7344	Cherilyn Jo	492
855	Cheryl Ann Dixon (Becker)	497
2421	Christopher Dyer	481
7312	Cindi Marlene (Roberts)	491
16.44 w	Cindy Roberts	518
13.13 w	Cleone Rappley Thurber	508
11.3	Clifton Rasmussen	502
16.5 w	Colleen Callister	518
	Photo	431
16.812	Collette	519
761	Constance Lee (Rich)	493
12.222	Cynthia Sue (Gibbs)	505
2351	Dale Lee	480
16.61	Dana John	518
12.233	Daniel Peterson	505
7351	Darin Richard	492
16.123	David Allen	517
16.53	David Callister	518
12.24	David Chipman	505
12.243	David Chipman, Jr.	505
11.94	David Harry	503
216	David Robert	479
862	Deanna (Marshall)	497
12.23 w	Deanne Peterson	505
12.321	Debbie	505
11.93	Deborah	503
235	DeGrey LeRoy	480
16.82	Denise (Kelly)	519
16.43	Dennis Dastrup	518
16.112	Diana	517
2412	Diane	481
13.131	Diana Lynn	508
12.31	Diane (Tempest)	505
13.41 w	Di Ane McDonald	509
12.32 w	Diane Scott	505
234	Dixie Beth	480
12.3	Donald Maiben	505
	Photo	207
	History	209
	Family Photo	208
	Home Photo	208

I.D. No.		Page
	DIXON	
12.32	Donald Romney	505
853 w	Donna Penrod	496
16.10	Doris Ann (Christensen)	519
212	Dorothy (Harrison)	478
864	Dorsey	497
16.9	Douglas Wayne	519
	Photo	459
	History	461
	Family Photo	460
	Home Photo	460
8535	Drew Ward	496
87	Edith Alice (Fallentine)	497
12.4	Edna (Ballif)	506
16.4	Eldon Arnold	518
	Photo	415
	History	417
	Family Photo	416
	Home Photo	416
16.41	Eldon Reed	518
14. w	Electa LaPrele Smoot	512
	Very Brief Life Sketch	362
11.4	Elmo Arthur	502
73 w	Elva Ellen Schemensky	491
	Photo	225
733	Elva Jean (Elliott)	491
16.81 w	Emarene Graff	519
11.96	Emily Ann	503
81	Erma Mae (Boshard)	494
24 w	Erma Murdock	481
	Photo	113
83	Ernest Arnold	495
8	Ernest DeGrey	494
	Very Brief Life Sketch	314
13.3	Eugene Parl	509
	Photo	233
	History	235
	Home Photo	233
31 w	Eva Ruthe Mildenhall	482
	Photo	399
85 w	Eva Ruth Ward	496
	Photo	307
16.2	Evelyn (Smith)	517
763	Evelyn Rose	493
10.5 w	Florence Janeczko	500
	Photo	411
16.3 w	Florence Rosella Marks	517
	Photo	403
16.6	Floyd Preston	518
	Photo	437
	History	439
	Family Photo	438
	Home Photo	438
12.22	Fred Chipman	505
12.2	Fred Walter	504
	Photo	175
	History	177
	Family Photo	176
	Home Photo	176
16.1	Fulvia Call	517
	Photo	315
243	G. Michael	481

I.D. No.		Page
	DIXON	
863	Gary Ronald	497
16.8 w	Genniel Larsen	519
	Photo	453
76	George S.	493
	Photo	363
	History	365
	Family Photo	364
	Home Photo	364
853	Gerald Ernest	496
8522	Gina Lee	496
14.8	Gladys (Nelson)	515
73	Glen Hands	491
	Photo	225
	History	227
	Family Photo	226
	Home Photo	226
312 w	Glenda Cleveland	482
13.13 w	Gloria Ann Evans	508
16.7	Gloria May (Richardson)	518
27	Grant	482
16.3	Grant DeGrey	517
	Photo	403
	History	405
	Family Photo	404
10.512	Gregory Charles	500
16.31	Gregory Marks	517
8533	Guy Wayne	496
15.	Harriet Amelia (West)	516
75	Harriet Faye (Bjorklund)	493
7 w	Harriet Hands	491
	Very Brief Life Sketch	368
11.1	Harry Albert	502
	Photo	263
	History	265
	Family Photo	264
	Home Photo	264
16.422	Hayley	518
14.6	Helen (Payne)	514
13.7 w	Helen Andelino	511
	Photo	395
12.2 w	Helen Chipman	504
	Photo	175
16.9 w	Helen Konopelski	519
	Photo	459
	Henry Aldous	477
	Photo	11
21	Henry Aldous II	477
	Photo	75
	History	77
	Family Photo	76
	Home Photo	76
1	Henry Alfred	477
16.12	Howard Allen	517
16.1	Howard Banks	517
	Photo	315
	History	317
	Family Photo	316
	Home Photo	316
16.115	Howard Marks	517
16.4 w	Ila Jean Hair	518
	Photo	415

INDEX TO DESCENDANTS OF H. A. DIXON

I.D. No.	DIXON	Page
731 w	Ina Mae Woolsey	491
13.5	Inez (Denison)	510
13.31	James Eugene	509
241	James R.	481
16.13	Janet (Rees)	517
231	Jean Luella (Smith)	480
16.45	Jeannine	518
11.941	Jennifer Kay	503
16.11	Jerald Lamar	517
7621	Jeremy Matthew	493
16.52	Joan	518
8524	Joe Erik	496
214	John Aldous	479
2	John DeGrey	477
	Very Brief Life Sketch	88
242	Joseph M.	481
236 w	Judith Louise Russ	480
13.74	Judy (Baker)	511
762 w	Judy Gayle Woods	493
12.23 w	Judy Williams	505
16.122	Julia	517
12.224	Julie Anne	505
232	June Mary (Robinson)	480
16.11 w	Karen Haymond	517
16.91	Karen Joan	519
852 w	Karen Lee Marrott	496
734 w	Karen McClellan	492
214 w	Karma Jeppson	479
861	Kathryn (Crowley)	497
2142	Kay (Lee)	479
235 w	Kay Darlene Dix	480
16.14	Kenneth Call	517
12.325	Kerry E.	505
10.52	Kevin Charles	500
8534	Kimberly	496
16.54	Kristin	518
7354	Kristin Ann	492
16.121	Kristina	517
16.94	Kurt Douglas	519
16.42	Larry Dean	518
10.51	Larry Owen	500
16.423	Laura	518
8543	Laura Joanne	496
3121	Le Ann Layne	482
82	Leah Lillian (Ford)	494
7631	Lee Andrew	493
13.121	Le Ann (Rowley)	507
14.	Le Roy	512
	Very Brief Life Sketch	282
14.1	Le Roy Smoot	512
311	Leslie (Hardin)	482
12.3 w	Lettie Vilate Romney	505
	Photo	207
16. w	Letitia May Banks	517
	Very Brief Life Sketch	408
237	Linda	480
841	Linda (Rose)	496
16.12 w	Linda Jean Mangum	517
11.91	Linda Kay (Mariotti)	503
2143	Lisa	479
7343	Lisa Ann	492

I.D. No.	DIXON	Page
12.223	Lisa Kay	505
13.11	Lois (McEwan)	507
16.6 w	Lois Mai Dickenson	518
	Photo	437
13.1 w	Loleta Wiscomb	507
	Photo	169
7313	Lori Jean	491
213	Louise (Larkin)	479
26	Lucian DeGrey	482
21 w	Lucile Knowlden	477
	Photo	75
23 w	Luella Hannah Madsen	480
	Photo	83
12. w	Luthenia (Louie) Maiben	504
	Very Brief Life Sketch	144
16.51	Lynn Ann (Farnsworth)	518
8523	Marc Stanley	496
13.12 w	Margaret Anne Simpson	507
14.23	Margaret Electa	512
244 w	Maria Cristina Puerta	481
6	Maria Louise (Taylor) 4,	485
851	Marjorie Jean (Boren)	496
2354	Mark DeGrey	480
2411	Mark Eyring	481
74	Mary (Aikele)	492
13.42	Mary Ann (Olson)	509
8 w	Mary Ann Painter	494
	Very Brief Life Sketch	314
	Mary Ann Smith	483
	Photo	12
13.73 w	Mary DeGruchy	511
842	Mary Ellen	496
13. w	Mary Etola Dangerfield	507
	Very Brief Life Sketch	372
13.41 w	Mary Jane Chattin	509
12.21	Mary Lou (Taylor)	504
13.4 w	Mary Matilda Hills	509
	Photo	283
13.3 w	Martha Bernard	283
16.113	Matthew Jerald	517
25	Maud (Markham)	481
23 w	Maureen Welker	480
	Photo	83
14.5	Maurine (Childs)	513
731	Max Glen	491
2362	Megan	480
11.9	Melvin Rasmussen	503
	Photo	443
	History	445
	Family Photo	444
	Home Photo	444
843	Merrill Verl	496
12.232	Michael	505
16.32	Michael DeGrey	517
2353	Michael Kent	480
312	Michael Layne	482
2432	Michael Romney	481
16.92	Michele (Belback)	519
12.323	Michelle	505
12.221	Michelle Jo (Gregg)	505
11.2	Mildred (Tangren)	502

I.D. No.	DIXON	Page
16.811	Monica	519
2422	Nicole Noelle	481
11.5	Norma (Jess)	502
854 w	Norma Jeanne Allan	496
16.83	Norman Paul	519
14.2 w	Ora Anderson	512
	Photo	181
10.5	Owen George	500
	Photo	411
	Home Photo	411
	History	412
8541	Pamela Jeanne	496
13.	Parley Smith	507
	Very Brief Life Sketch	372
13.71	Patricia	511
12.22 w	Patricia Donahue	505
12.24 w	Patricia Stewart	505
16.62	Paul Raymond	518
14.2	Paul Smoot	512
	Photo	181
	History	183
	Family Photo	182
	Home Photo	182
14.21	Paul Smoot, Jr.	512
13.122	Pauline (Wilder)	508
244	Peter M.	481
13.731	Phaedra	511
211	Phyllis (Shaw)	477
85	Ralph	496
	Photo	307
	History	309
	Family Photo	308
	Home Photo	308
852	Ralph Stanley	496
31	Raymond Lane	482
	Photo	399
	History	401
	Family Photo	400
	Home Photo	400
13.4	Reed Dangerfield	509
	Photo	283
	History	285
	Family Photo	284
	Home Photo	284
13.41	Reed Garth	509
12.1	Rhea Luthenia (Reeve)	504
12.23	Richard	505
735	Richard S.	492
762	Robert George	493
16.8	Robert Norman	519
	Photo	453
	History	455
	Family Photo	454
	Home Photo	454
13.412	Robert Reed	509
9	Robert Smith	498
13.73	Robert Timothy	511
16.44	Roger Duane	518

I.D. No.	DIXON	Page
86	Ronald	497
	Photo	311
	History	313
	Family Photo	312
	Home Photo	312
	Wildwood Home	312
8542	Ronald Jesse	496
854	Ronald Ward	496
10.2	Ruby (Cowley)	499
24	Rulon Sterling	481
	Photo	113
	History	115
	Family Photo	114
	Home Photo	114
11.7	Ruth	502
215	Ruth Marion (Cannon)	479
21412	Ryan Aldous	479
7352	Ryan Glen	492
8544	Ryan James	496
2363	Ryan Patrick	480
856	Sandra Lee (Davis)	497
5	Sarah Ann (McConachie)	484
2 w	Sarah Ann Lewis	477
	Very Brief Life Sketch	122
	Sarah DeGrey	477
	Photo	12
16.4 w	Sarah Jean Dastrup	518
	Photo	415
14.4	Sarah Vera (Summerhays)	512
12.322	Scott	505
12.324	Sean R.	505
11. w	Sena Rasmussen	502
	Very Brief Life Sketch	446
2361	Shannon DeGrey	480
16.124	Shaunna	480
13.124	Sherline (Mitchell)	508
13.43	Sherrie Lillie (Austin)	510
735 w	Sherry Lynn Pyper	492
16.42 w	Shiela Higgins	518
763	Shirel Ferris	493
10.51 w	Shirley Ann Orpen	500
732	Shirley Mae (Davis)	492
7315	Stacy Lynn	491
23	Stanley Lewis	480
	Photo	83
	History	85
	Family Photo	84
	Home Photo	84
236	Stanley Lewis, Jr.	480
10.3	Stella (Lewis)	500
16.63	Stephanie Gwyn	518
2141	Steven John	479
16.81	Steven Lewis	519
11.92	Susan (Adams)	503
13.123	Suzane (Pulsipher)	508
241 w	Suzanne Eyring	481
8531	Teresa	496
13.132	Teresse Kay	508
7311	Terri Mae (Vaksinick)	491
8532	Thal Wade	496

INDEX TO DESCENDANTS OF H. A. DIXON

I.D. No.		Page
	DIXON	
13.72	Thomas Anthony	511
7341	Timothy Hugh	492
7632	Timothy Paul	493
16.93	Todd DeGrey	519
7342	Todd William	492
10.511	Travis Owen	500
2141 w	Val Fulmer	477
10.1	VaLera (Ririe)	499
76 w	Veon Collings	493
	Photo	363
11.6	Vera (Anderson)	502
84	Verl Grant	496
	Photo	229
	History	231
	Family Photo	230
	Home Photo	230
	Wildwood Home	230
13.12	Vern Lee	507
86 w	Verneda Jackson	497
	Photo	311
13.1	Vernon Lee	507
	Photo	169
	History	171
	Family Photo	170
	Home Photo	170
72	Vesta (Booth)	491
10.6	Virginia (Schugk)	501
10 w	Virginia Beckstead	499
	Very Brief Life Sketch	414
13.7 w	Virginia Oswald	511
84 w	Virginia Poulson	496
	Photo	229
14.22	Vivian (McKay)	512
12.	Walter DeGrey	504
	Very Brief Life Sketch	143
7633	Wayne Daniel	493
7	William Aldous	491
	Very Brief Life Sketch	272
734	William Frank	492
71	William Hands	491
243 w	Yvonne Romney	481
	DOMINE	
2124	Lisbeth Harrison	478
2124 h	Steven Anthony	478
	DUNCAN	
6113	Kathy Fisher	485
61131	Megan	485
6113 h	Paul H.	485
	EJOVEC	
4423	Amy Lanahan	483
4423 h	Gerald	483
	ELLIOTT	
733	Elva Jean Dixon	492
7331	Kellie Jean (Witte)	492
733 h	Kenneth Lee	492
7332	Keri Lee	492
7333	Shane D.	492
7334	Travis Gunner	492
	ENGLE	
14.411 h	Eldean Roy	512
14.4112	Joshua	512
14.411	Lynette Anderson	512

I.D. No.		Page
	ENGLE	
14.4113	Melanie	512
14.4111	Melissa	512
14.4114	Spencer Caleb	512
	FALLENTINE	
873 w	Annette W. Bean	498
87 h	Bernard Carl	497
	Photo	341
872	Carolyn (Gilstrap)	497
8731	Dustin Carl	498
87	Edith Alice Dixon	497
	Photo	341
	History	343
	Family Photo	342
	Home Photo	242
871	Jo Ann (Chidester)	497
873 w	Kathleen Kastrinkas	497
875	Michael Dixon	498
873	Robert Bernard	498
874	Susan (Flatberg)	498
	FARNSWORTH	
16.51	Lynn Ann Dixon	518
16.51 h	Paul J.	518
	FARRER	
6841	David Glen	490
684	Ellen Kartchner	490
684 h	Rand Glen	490
	FISHER	
611	Elayne Taylor	485
611 h	Grant A.	485
61121	Hillary	485
6112	**Jeffrey** Taylor	485
422	Karren Dangerfield	483
6113	Kathy (Duncan)	485
6112 w	Donnette Morrison	485
6111	Terri (Jensen)	485
	FLATBERG	
874 h	David R.	498
8741	Jenny	498
874	Susan Fallentine	498
	FORD	
823 w	Anginita Maria Van Derbeck	494
11.222	Cambric Emma	502
11.221	Cimony Anna	502
8233	Cynthia	494
8232	Dale	494
11.223	David Menton	502
823	Dixon Alton	494
11.22 h	James Eric	502
824	Janice Ann (Neerings)	494
8231	Kathleen	494
82	Leah Lillian Dixon	494
	Photo	155
	History	157
	Family Photo	156
	Home Photo	156
	Wallsburg Home	156
822	Lois Amber (Bigelow)	495
8235	Marianne	494
821	Marilyn Mae (Simmons)	494
82 h	Mayo Alton	494
	Photo	155
11.22	Nancy Ann Tangren	502

I.D. No.		Page
	FORD	
8234	Steven Mathew	494
	FRAMPTON	
6146	Alan Taylor	485
614 h	Boyd M.	485
6143	Bruce Taylor	485
6143 w	Connie Lynne Bird	485
6142	David Taylor	485
614	Dixie Taylor	485
61431	Jeremy Taylor	485
6147	Kent Taylor	485
6142 w	Keri Ann Wheadon	485
6141	Marrianne (Bushnell)	485
6145	Paul Taylor	485
6144	Susan	485
	GAMBLES	
2113 hc	Amy Suzanne	477
21131	Anna Kathleen	477
21132	Erin	477
2113	Kathleen Shaw	477
2113 hc	Kerry Scott	477
2113 h	Kirk Edward	477
	GARDNER	
14.3	Allie Dixon	512
	Photo	237
	History	239
	Family Photo	238
	Home Photo	238
14.312	Genevieve	512
14.31	James Dixon	512
14.31 w	Martha Grover	512
14.3 h	Reed Snow	512
	Photo	237
14.311	Robert Grover	512
14.314	Stewart Grover	512
14.313	Thomas Grover	512
	GARNER	
12.431	Becky Jean Ballif	506
12.4311	Shane Vern	506
12.431 h	Vern J.	506
	GEORGE	
2123	Judith Harrison	478
21231	Samuel Nephi	478
2123	Steven Michael	478
	GIBBS	
12.222	Cynthia Sue Dixon	505
12.222 h	Richard F.	505
	GILSTRAP	
872	Carolyn Fallentine	497
8721	Christopher	497
8722	Mollie	497
8721 h	Ralph M.	497
	GRAHAM	
14.43 h	Daniel Watkins	513
14.43	Diana Summerhays	513
	GREGG	
12.221 h	Mathew	505
12.221	Michelle Jo Dixon	505
	GREGSON	
6231	Carol Lyn Richards	486
62311	Daniel Kim	486
6231 h	Kim Wolsey	486

I.D. No.		Page
	GRIGGS	
16.211	Brian Wilfred	517
16.212	Deborah Kay	517
16.216	Julie Dionne	517
16.21	Karen Ann Smith	517
16.215	Kathryn Ann	517
16.214	Kent David	517
16.213	Stephen Smith	517
16.21 h	Wilford Charles	517
	GUNTER	
8224	Cindy Bigelow	495
82242	Gale Tex	495
82241	Jeremiah Michael	495
8224 h	Robert Michael	495
	HARDIN	
311	Leslie Dixon	482
3111	Leslie Layne	482
311 h	Thomas Ray	482
3112	Vernon Shayne	482
	HARDING	
46 h	Curtis P.	484
	Photo	257
46	Grace Dangerfield	484
	Photo	257
	History	259
	Family Photo	258
	Home Photo	258
462	Judy Ann (Pugh)	484
461	Miriam (Waterman)	484
	HARMON	
14.611 h	Mark Lewis	514
14.611	Robin Lee Ipsen	514
	HARRISON	
2127	Angela	478
212	Dorothy Dixon	478
2125	Heather	478
2126	Holly (Jensen)	478
2123	Judith (George)	478
2121	Linda Lucille (Welling)	478
2124	Lisbeth (Domine)	478
2122	Patricia (Patcyk)	478
212 h	Virl L.	478
	HARWARD	
13.613 h	Gregory J.	511
13.613	Kristine Barrett	511
13.6131	Tamera Lynn	511
13.6132	Tasha Lee	511
	HEAL	
687 h	Alan Perry	490
6872	Amy Louise	490
6871	Maria Ann	490
687	Rosena Louise Kartchner	490
	HILLS	
12.231	Brenda Dixon	505
12.231 h	Dal	505
	HIPP	
11.61	Carol Leslie Anderson	502
11.611	Daniel Edward	502
11.612	Robert Dean	502
11.61 h	William E.	502
	HODSON	
6331	Diane Taylor	487
63311	Lane Taylor	487
6331 h	Scott Linn	487

I.D. No. Page
IPSEN
14.61 Barbara June Payne 514
14.613 Bradley Payne 514
14.614 Dana Kaye 514
14.612 Janalyn 514
14.61 h Robert Lee 514
14.611 Robin Lee (Harmon) 514
JENSEN
2126 h David Dee 478
2126 Holly Harrison 378
61111 Jennifer Maurine 485
6111 h Lawrence Jeremy 485
6111 Terri Fisher 485
JESS
11.51 Barbara Ann 502
11.5 Norma Dixon 502
Photo 393
History 394
11.5 h Richard Graham 502
11.52 Richard Steven 502
JOHNSON
73211 Jason Larry 492
13.222 Jay Ladd 509
13.2221 Jay Lamar 509
13.22 h Jay Lorus 509
13.225 Jeffry Warren 509
13.223 Jerry Dixon 509
73213 Joshua Keith 492
73212 Lacy Ann 492
7321 h Larry Ronald 492
13.224 Lisa 509
13.221 Lori 509
7321 Micki Davis 492
13.22 Norma Jean Wagstaff 509
13.223 w Sandra Jean Linford 509
13.222 w Tammy Jones Sutton 509
KARAWOWSKI
761 Constance Lee Dixon 493
761 h Eddie 493
7611 Scott Edward 493
KARTCHNER
6862 Benjamin Nelson 490
686 David Taylor 490
6821 Drew 490
683 Elaine 490
684 Ellen (Farrer) 490
68 h Fred Dixon 490
Photo 373
6822 Heather 490
6861 Jeffrey Nelson 490
686 w Karen Renee Nelson 490
685 w Kathryn Andersen 490
6854 Kelli 490
682 Kenneth Taylor 490
6852 Kerianne 490
681 Linda (Tyler) 490
682 w MariAnne Allene Davis 490
6851 Mark Andersen 490
688 Mary Ann (Warner) 490
6824 Nathan 490
685 Richard Taylor 490
6823 Robin 490

I.D. No. Page
KARTCHNER
687 Rosena Louise (Heal) 490
68 Ruth Elaine Taylor 490
Photo 373
History 375
Family Photo 374
Home Photo 374
Wildwood Home 374
6853 Taylor Andersen 490
KELLY
16.82 Denise Dixon 519
16.821 Lisa Anne 519
16.82 h Mark E. 519
LANAHAN
4423 Amy (Ejovec) 483
442 Carolyn Dangerfield 483
442 h Edward 483
4422 Melissa 483
4421 Susan (Bowers) 483
LARKIN
2131 w Carol Lynn White 479
21311 David Dixon 479
2131 Dixon Ferrin 479
213 h E. Ferrin 479
2134 James Robert 479
2136 Jane 479
2132 Julia (Squires) 479
21341 Jennifer 479
14.221 Lance C. 512
213 Louise Dixon 479
2133 Martha Ann 479
2134 w Martha C. Gleason 479
21351 Nicole 479
21352 Paul Benjamin 479
14.221 Rebecca Dixon McKay 512
21312 Sarah 479
2135 w Sharon Elzey 479
2135 William Lyle 479
LARSON
12.5 Amy LaVern 506
Photo 351
History 353
Family Photo 352
Home Photo 352
12.51 w Anne Breinholt 506
12.513 Barry O Neal 506
12.5 Doyle R. 506
Photo 351
12.52 w Kathy West 506
12.51 Larry O Neal 506
12.52 Michael Dixon 506
12.521 Ryan Michael 506
12.512 Stacy Jean 506
12.511 Suzanne 506
LAWS
13.524 Becky 510
13.522 w Carol Eileen Patterson 510
13.521 Cynthia (Boren) 510
13.5221 Dennis Marvin 510
13.52 Elaine Joyce Denison 510
13.52 h LaMar R. 510
13.525 Lamar 510

I.D. No.		Page
	LAWS	
13.526	Linda (Carrol)	510
13.522	Marvin	510
13.523	Terry (Alvey)	510
	LEE	
21422	Allison	479
2142 h	David	479
2142	Kay Dixon	479
21421	Nicole	479
	LEWIS	
10.314	Erin	500
10.31	Frederick Dixon	500
10.3 h	Frederick Wesley	500
	Photo	345
10.311	Jason Frederick	500
10.316	Jessica	500
10.32	John Stephen	500
10.315	Joshua David	500
10.312	Kerry Bradford	500
10.33	Lynn Ann (Dahlberg)	500
10.31 w	Patty Kay Stott	500
10.313	Rachel	500
10.34	Sandra Lee	500
10.3	Stella Dixon	500
	Photo	345
	History	347
	Family Photo	346
	Home Photo	346
	LINDERMAN	
13.122 h	Donald Dale	507
13.122	Pauline Dixon	507
13.1222	Randy	507
13.1221	Rebecca	507
	LOWE	
12.1112	Brenda Lisa	504
12.113	David Jordan	504
12.11 h	Howard D.	504
12.1111	Julie Renee	504
12.114	Kenton Alan	504
12.111	Kevin Howard	504
12.112	Lynda Ann (Weaver)	504
12.115	Mark Douglas	504
12.11	Ruth Reeve	504
12.111 w	Shauna Renee Johnson	504
	LUCIA	
14.52	Judith Childs	513
14.521	Matthew Bruce	513
14.522	Rachel Maurine	513
14.523	Seth Thomas	513
14.52 h	Thomas Allen	513
	MACHADO	
754	Janet Marie Bjorklund	493
7542	Kimberly Ann	493
754 h	Manuel H.	493
7541	Rodney Wayne	493
	MARIOTTI	
11.912	Amanda Jamie	503
11.91 h	Francesco	503
11.91	Linda Kay Dixon	503
11.911	Sarah Kate	503

I.D. No.		Page
	MARKHAM	
2525	Allen Lewis	481
253	Barbara Ann (Daines)	482
25111	Brian	481
2512	David Paul	481
254	Diane Louise (Stewart)	482
2518	Douglas Fred	481
25 h	Fred Lewis	481
	Photo	133
2516	Jae Daniel	481
2514	James Lewis	481
251	John Frederick	481
252	Joseph Dixon	481
252 w	Junece Jex	481
2524	Karl William	481
2517	Kay April	481
2522	Kevin Richard	481
2522 w	Lisa Dawn Hansen	481
2523	Mary Ann	481
25	Maud Dixon	481
	Photo	133
	History	135
	Family Photo	134
	Home Photo	134
	Wildwood Home	134
2521	Michael Dixon	481
2513	Reed B.	481
251 w	Reeda Bjarnson	481
2515	Robert Dixon	481
2511 w	Rosanne Gibson	481
25112	Stephanie	481
2511	Steven John	481
	MARSHALL	
8625	Amber Nicole	497
862	Deanna Dixon	497
8621	Eric Steven	497
8622	Erin	497
8623	Ryan Dixon	497
862 h	Steven B.	497
8624	Tera Cassandra	497
	MARTINEZ	
8222	Elaine Bigelow	495
82224	Jason Dale	495
8222 h	Kenneth Boyd	495
82223	Travis Ken	495
	MC CONACHIE	
5 h	Alexander Collie	484
	Very Brief Life Sketch	150
51	Donald	484
52	Nancy Shearsmith(Armstrong)	484
5	Sarah Ann Dixon	484
	Very Brief Life Sketch	150
	MC EWAN	
13.113	Alan Dixon	507
13.1132	Alan Dixon, Jr.	507
13.1133	Amanda Kay	507
13.1141	Andrea Lyn	507
13.1131	Christina	507
13.1124	Cynthia Kay	507
13.114	David Vernon	507

INDEX TO DESCENDANTS OF H. A. DIXON

I.D. No.		Page
	MC EWAN	
13.113 w	Debra Lynn Cook	507
13.112 w	Dorcus Rita Fowers	507
13.115	Glen Richard	507
13.112	James Harold	507
13.11 h	Junius Harold	507
13.11	Lois Dixon	507
13.111	Lynda (Morgan)	507
13.114 w	Mary Ann Warner	507
13.1123	Melissa Ann	507
13.1125	Richard James	507
13.1121	Sandra Lee	507
13.1122	Tamara Lyn	507
	McKay	
14.222	Catherine Dixon	512
14.223	Christine Dixon	512
14.225	David Dixon	512
14.226	Kimberly Dixon	512
14.221	Rebecca Dixon (Larkin)	512
14.22 h	Richard Llewelyn	512
14.224	Richard Llewelyn, Jr.	512
14.22	Vivian Dixon	512
	MC KIBBEN	
15.121 h	Darwin	516
15.1211	Shawn C.	516
15.121	Susan Lynne	516
	MENDENHALL	
10.635	Jeromy Ron	501
10.634	Monica	501
10.63	Nancy Schugk	501
10.633	Paul Brandon	501
10.632	Rochelle	501
10.63 h	Ron Lynn	501
10.631	Troy Lynn	501
	MEYERS	
752	Barbara Gail Bjorklund	493
7521	Kenneth	493
752 h	Tom	493
7522	Thomas Craig	493
	MITCHELL	
13.1242	Janie Lyn	508
13.124 h	Jerry Leon	508
13.124	Sherline	508
13.1241	Wendy Sue	508
	MOOSMAN	
12.2142	Eric Taylor	504
12.214	Julie Ann Taylor	504
12.2143	Melissa Ann	504
12.2141	Ryan Travis	504
12.214 h	Travis	504
	MORGAN	
13.1116	Allison Kay	507
13.1117	Amber Joy	507
13.1114	Cheryl Lee	507
13.111 h	Eldon Ray	507
13.1112	Eldon Ray, Jr.	507
13.1113	Lisa La Dawn	507
13.111	Lynda Mc Ewan	507
13.1115	Robert Adam	507
13.1111	Teri Lyn	507

I.D. No.		Page
	NEERINGS	
824	Janice Ann Ford	495
8241	Jill	495
824 h	John Theodore	495
8244	Lisa	495
8243	Shellia	495
8242	Troy	495
	NEILSEN	
2322	Julie Ann Robinson	480
2322 h	Martin David	480
23221	Ryan Wayne	480
	NELSON	
65	Alice Louise Taylor	489
	Photo	199
	History	201
	Family Photo	200
	Home Photo	200
	Brickerhaven Home	200
6545	Allison	489
6542	Annie	489
651	Arthur Taylor	489
651 w	Bonnie McKay	489
14.85	Carolyn	515
6523	Catherine Louise	489
653	Christina Louise (Preston)	489
6521	Christine	489
14.82 w	Claudia Greene	515
655 w	Consuelo Marquez	489
6522	David Christian	489
14.82	David LeRoy	515
14.882	David Taylor	515
14.83	Diane	515
65 h	G. El Roy	489
	Photo	199
14.8	Gladys Dixon	515
	Photo	419
	History	421
	Family Photo	420
	Home Photo	420
14.821	Heather	515
654	Henry Aldous	489
14.8	Ivan William	515
	Photo	419
14.81	Ivan William II	515
655	James Nicholls	489
6512	Jeanne Louise	489
14.81 w	Jeanne Newman	515
652	John Christian	489
14.86	Julie Anne	515
14.84 w	Kathleen Jo Dana	515
14.84	Kent Dixon	515
14.813	Kevin Wayne	515
654 w	Kristy Stewart	489
652 w	Mary Lynne Sanders	489
6524	Matthew John	489
6544	Melissa	489
6511	Michael McKay	489
6541	Rebecca	489
14.811	Ryan William	515
6551	Sarah Jane	489

I.D. No.		Page
	NELSON	
6543	Scott Aldous	489
14.812	Shannon	515
14.842	Steven Aaron	515
6525	Steven Sharp	489
6513	Thomas Taylor	489
14.841	Wayne Kent	515
	NICHOLS	
753 h	Clayton	493
753	Gloria Faye Bjorklund	493
7531	Julie	493
7534	Roberta Ann	493
7532	Sherrie	493
7533	Tina	493
	NICOL	
8222	Elaine Bigelow	495
82222	Jalayne	495
82221	Stephanie	495
8222 h	Steven Ted	495
	NUNNALLY	
421	Kay Dangerfield	483
	OHRAN	
13.5212	Angelia Elaine	510
13.521 h	Bradley	510
13.521	Cynthia Laws	510
13.5211	Joseph Scott	510
	OLSON	
13.2131	Adam Hogan	508
12.42	Barbara Ballif	506
13.214	Cory Mont	508
13.421	Christine	509
13.2111	Dane Russell	508
13.42 h	Darrel W.	509
13.211	David Russell	508
13.216	Denise	508
13.424	Denise Leona	509
13.21	Donna Mae Wagstaff	508
13.422	James Darrel	509
13.213 w	Jan Hogan	508
13.21 h	Jerald Russell	508
13.211 w	Judy Mortenson	508
13.214 w	Karen Dee Green	508
12.42 h	Kenneth	506
13.2132	Kirk Russell	508
13.215	Kurt Dixon	508
13.2113	Mandy Sue	508
13.42	Mary Ann Dixon	509
13.423	Robert Reed	509
13.212	Shelly (Buckley)	508
13.425	Stephen Jeffery	509
13.213	Steven Craig	508
13.2114	Travis Paul	508
13.2112	Trinda Lynn	508
13.426	Vicki	509
	OSBORN	
14.554	Erin Iris	514
14.55 h	Gregory Robert	514
14.551	Jacob Gregory	514
14.55	Kristine Childs	514
14.553	Luke Childs	514
14.552	Megan Kristine	514

I.D. No.		Page
	PADEN	
10.43	Dixie Lee Andrews	500
10.43 h	Donald Edward	500
10.432	Hope Elizabeth	500
10.433	Mark Christopher	500
10.431	Peter James	500
10.434	Tiffany Ann	500
	PATCYK	
2122 h	Leonard John	478
2122	Patricia Harrison	478
	PATTERSON	
13.52	Elaine Joyce Denison	511
13.52 h	Milton W.	511
	PAYNE	
14.61	Barbara June (Ipsen)	514
14.62	Bette Lyn (Petersen)	514
14.6 h	E. Junius	514
	Photo	357
14.6	Helen Dixon	514
	Photo	357
	History	359
	Family Photo	358
	Home Photo	358
	PEPPINGER	
10.41	Charlene Andrews	500
10.411	John Robert	500
10.41 h	Michael G.	500
	PETERSEN	
14.62	Bette Lyn Payne	514
14.623	Brian Warren	514
16.712	Christine	518
16.71	Cynthia Richardson	518
14.624	David Warren	514
14.621	Kristi Lyn	514
14.622	Lisa Ann	514
14.62 h	Robert Warren	514
16.711	Scott Weslie	518
16.71 h	Stephen Henry	518
16.713	Suzanne	518
	PITCHER	
14.451	Allison	513
14.454	Emilee	513
14.45 h	Frank Lee	513
14.452	Frank Summerhays	513
14.453	Marianne	513
14.455	Michael Summerhays	513
14.45	Sandra Summerhays	513
	PRESTON	
653	Christina Louise Nelson	489
6533	Elizabeth	489
653 h	Ronald W.	489
6531	Suzanna	489
6532	Trevor Jorge	489
	PUGH	
4623	Brian Curtis	484
4624	Jason Richard	484
462	Judy Ann Harding	484
4622	Kevin James	484
462 h	Lorin K.	484
4621	Scott Christopher	484

I.D. No.		Page
	PULSIPHER	
13.123 h	Don Wayne	508
13.1232	Kerry Lee	508
13.1233	Mandy Rae	508
13.1231	Shantel	508
13.123	Suzanne Dixon	508
	PURVES	
16.221	David Byron	517
16.222	Jennifer Lynne	517
16.223	Katherine Ann	517
16.224	Lorraine Dawn	517
16.225	Nathan Daniel	517
16.22 h	Robert Byron	517
16.22	Susan Louise Smith	517
	REES	
16.13 h	David Michael	517
16.13	Janet Dixon	517
16.132	Michelle	517
16.131	Steven Michael	517
16.133	Wendy	517
	REEVE	
12.1 h	Fenton W.	504
	Photo	137
12.1	Rhea Luthenia	504
	Photo	137
	History	139
	Family Photo	138
	Home Photo	138
12.11	Ruth (Lowe)	504
	RICH	
7612	Darrin Lee	493
761 h	David Lee Rich	493
761	Constance Lee Dixon	493
	RICHARDS	
6233	Bryan Taylor	486
6231	Carol Lyn (Gregson)	486
623 h	H. Bryan	486
6235	Heidi	486
6237	Jenny Lynn	486
6238	John Taylor	486
623	Lynn Anne Taylor	486
6236	Rebecca	486
6234	Robyn	486
6232	Shari	486
	RICHARDSON	
16.72 w	Colleen Larsen	518
16.71	Cynthia (Petersen)	518
16.74	David Thomas	518
16.7.10	Diana	518
16.75	Don Dixon	518
16.72	Douglas Weslie	518
16.76	Glen Alan	518
16.7	Gloria May Dixon	518
	Photo	447
	History	449
	Family Photo	448
	Home Photo	448
16.7.11	Linda	518
16.73	Marilyn (Devine)	518
16.78	Patrick Arnold	518
16.721	Paul Douglas	518
16.79	Rebecca	518
	RICHARDSON	
16.77	Sandra	518
16.722	Thomas Blaine	518
16.7 h	Thomas Weslie	518
	Photo	447
	RIRIE	
10.152	Adam Kent	499
10.14	Annette (Turner)	499
10.13 w	Barbara Warrene Temple	499
10.122	Brent Richard	499
10.13	Craig Martin	499
10.11	Dixon Farrell	499
10.121	Janeal	499
10.124	Jarrem Boyd	499
10.134	Kendall Rochell	499
10.15	Kent Hyrum	499
10.12 w	Larraine Humphries	499
10.15 w	Margaret Valee Jolley	499
10.126	Mariah	499
10.123	Mark Owen	499
10.1 h	Martin C.	499
	Photo	249
10.11 w	Monta Mae Morris	499
10.131	Paige Diane	499
10.12	Richard Owen	499
10.115	Scott David	499
10.132	Seth Stephen	499
10.113	Shari	499
10.114	Shelly	499
10.111	Stephen Dixon	499
10.112	Susan	499
10.125	Taylor Martin	499
10.133	Theron Keith	499
10.1	VaLera Dixon	499
	Photo	249
	History	251
	Family Photo	250
	Home Photo	250
10.151	Valerie Jo	499
	ROBERTS	
7312	Cindi Marlene Dixon	491
73121	Rodney Jory	491
7312 h	Rodney Kay	491
	ROBINSON	
2321 w	Brenda Marie Brotnov	480
232 h	George W.	480
2322	Julie Ann (Neilsen)	480
2323	Jon Jay	480
232	June Mary Dixon	480
2321	Stanley Wayne	480
	ROSE	
8414	Adryne Cathlene	496
8412	Christine	496
8415	Gary Paul	496
841 h	Gary T.	496
8413	James	496
841	Linda Dixon	496
8411	Robert Dixon	496
	ROWLEY	
15.122	Denise Irene West	516
15.1223	Kristine Ruby	516
13.121	Le Ann Dixon	507

I.D. No.		Page
	ROWLEY	
15.1222	Lynette Dawn	516
13.1212	Marie	507
13.1211	Robert Lee	507
15.122 h	Robert Lee, Jr.	516
15.1221	Robert Lee III	516
15.1224	Sarah Irene	516
13.121 h	Thomas Robert	507
	SCHUGK	
10.611	Baby	501
10.616	David Charles	501
10.61	Dennis Charles	501
10.61 w	Elisabeth Hall Rees	501
10.613	John Edward II	501
10.64	Judy	501
10.615	Kristy Lynn	501
10.63	Nancy (Mendenhall)	501
10.6 h	Percy John	501
	Photo	425
10.617	Richard Alfred	501
10.61 w	Sharon Kilpatrick	501
10.65	Sonjia	501
10.612	Stefanie	501
10.614	Stephanie Ann	501
10.62	Suzette (Bowles)	501
10.6	Virginia Dixon	501
	Photo	425
	History	427
	Family Photo	426
	Home Photo	426
	SHAW	
21114	David Austin	477
2115	Erin Jean (Taggart)	477
211 h	John Austin	477
2111	John Austin II	477
21113	John Christopher	477
2113	Kathleen (Gambles)	477
21112	Marian	477
21111	Mary Elizabeth	477
2111 w	Mary Wilson	477
2116	Phyllis Anita (Wiggins)	477
211	Phyllis Dixon	477
2117	Robert Dixon	477
2118	Rose Mary	477
2112	Sandra (Davies)	477
21115	Sarah Anne	477
2114	Sylvia (Bell)	477
	SIMMONS	
82131	Adam David	494
8213	David Edwin	494
821 h	Edwin Van Dyke	494
8212	Lori Jean (Decker)	494
821	Marilyn Mae Ford	494
8213 w	Terrie Lee Brewer	494
8214	Timothy Ford	494
8211	Wendy Lee (Tegeder)	494
	SMITH	
13.524	Becky Laws	510
11.11	Cecile Marjorie Dixon	502
11.111	Cory Garner	502
13.524 h	Creig B.	510

I.D. No.		Page
	SMITH	
16.2 h	Donald H.	517
	Photo	381
16.2	Evelyn Dixon	517
	Photo	381
	History	383
	Family Photo	382
13.5241	Jackson Kay	510
13.5244	Jake	510
231	Jean Luella Dixon	480
16.21	Karen Ann (Griggs)	517
11.112	Kip Dixon	502
13.5242	Lucas Robert	510
	Mary Ann Smith (Dixon)	483
231 h	Ralph Nye	480
2311	Robert Nye	480
2312	Rodney	480
11.11 h	Ronald Jay	502
13.5243	Sarah Jane	510
13.5245	Sonjia Inez	510
16.22	Susan Louise (Purves)	517
	SQUIRES	
2132	Julia Larkin	479
21321	Lisa	479
2132 h	Ray White	479
21322	Teresa	479
	STEWART	
6131	Brent Taylor	485
254	Diane Louise Markham	482
2541	Elizabeth Ann	482
2542	Emily	482
613 h	G. Keith	485
254 h	Gary	482
6133	Jan	485
6134	Jon Taylor	485
6131 w	Karen Gardner	485
6132	Kim Taylor	485
613	Nancy Taylor	485
	STOKES	
14.415	Colleen Anderson	513
14.415 h	Reed Chester	513
14.4151	Tyler A.	513
	SUMMERHAYS	
14.444	Bethany Ann	513
14.442	Candice	513
14.42	Clyde Dixon	513
14.4	Clyde J.	513
	Photo	273
14.43	Diana (Graham)	513
14.443	Eric Allen	513
14.44 w	Janice Gayle Allen	513
14.441	Michael Allen	513
14.44	Michael Dixon	513
14.45	Sandra (Pitcher)	513
14.41	Sarah (Anderson)	513
14.4	Sarah Vera Dixon	513
	Photo	273
	History	275
	Family Photo	274
	Home Photo	274
	Brickerhaven Home	274

I.D. No.		Page
	TAGGART	
2115 h	Douglas Andrew	477
2115	Erin Jean Shaw	477
21152	Robert John	477
21151	Stephanie	477
	TANGREN	
11.2 h	James Colin	502
	Photo	295
11.23	James Dixon	502
11.2	Mildred Dixon	502
	Photo	295
	History	297
	Family Photo	296
	Home Photo	296
11.22	Nancy Ann (Ford)	502
11.21	Sharon Lynn (Beyers)	502
	TAYLOR	
65	Alice Louise (Nelson)	489
6254	Allen Craig	486
64 w	Alta Hansen	488
	Photo	161
6433	Amelia Katharine	488
6414	Amy	488
632.11	Anna	487
6442	Anna	488
6523	Anna Lise	486
642	Anthony Hansen	488
61	Arthur Dixon	485
	Photo	89
	History	91
	Family Photo	89
	Home Photo	89
6 h	Arthur Nicholls	485
	Very Brief Life Sketch	8
6413	Bradford Green	488
6417	Brigham Green	488
621 w	Catherine Pearson	486
62 w	Celestia M. Johnson	486
	Photo	97
66	Clarence Dixon	489
	Photos	241
641	Colette Green	488
12.211	Colleen (Densley)	504
12.2121	Cori Lynn	504
644	David Arthur	488
6325	David Hoen	487
6252	David Lynn	486
6213	David Pearson	486
632 w	Deanna Kay Hoen	487
625 w	Debra Sue Wagstaff	486
6411 w	Denise Meshinski	488
6331	Diane (Hodson)	487
12.213 w	Diane Taylor	504
614	Dixie (Frampton)	485
12.212	Douglas Dixon	504
6251	Douglas Dixon	486
611	Elayne (Fisher)	485
63	Elton LeRoy	487
	Photo	123
	History	125
	Family Photo	124
	Home Photo	124
	Farm Photo	124
	TAYLOR	
6441	Emily	488
63 w	Ethel L. Scott	487
	Photo	123
67 w	Ethelyn Peterson	489
	Photo	329
12.21 h	Floyd R.	504
6415	George Green	488
625	George Terry	486
64	Henry Dixon	488
	Photo	161
	History	163
	Family Photo	162
	Home Photo	162
	Brickerhaven Home	162
641	Henry Dixon, Jr.	488
6411	Henry Dixon III	488
6321	James Hoen	487
632	James Scott	487
622	Janice (DeGraw)	486
621	John Arthur	486
6211	John Arthur, Jr.	486
6333	John Tanner	487
631	Julia (Anderson)	487
6326	Julie	487
12.214	Julie Ann (Moosman)	504
624	Kathryn Dee (Brockbank)	486
6324	Kathy	487
612	Kent G.	485
6329	Kent Hoen	486
644 w	Kristine Boynton	488
12.2132	Leslie Ann	504
12.215	Lisa Jeanne	504
12.212 w	Lori Dunford	504
643 w	Lorna Bird	488
634	Louise (Woodruff)	488
62	Lynn Dixon	486
	Photo	97
	History	99
	"Our home on the hill"	100
	Family Photo	98
	Home Photo	98
	Brickerhaven Home	98
623	Lynn Anne (Richards)	486
6	Maria Louise Dixon	485
	Photo	5
	Very Brief Life Sketch	7
12.21	Mary Lou Dixon	504
61 w	Maurine Goodridge	485
	Photo	89
6418	Megan	488
613	Nancy (Stewart)	485
633 w	Nancy Lee Tanner	487
6416	Nicole	488
67	Orson Kenneth	489
	Photo	329
	History	331
	Home Photo	330
	Brickerhaven	330
633	Paul Scott	487
6334	Paul Scott, Jr.	487
6443	Phillip David	488
64111	Rachel	488

I.D. No		Page
	TAYLOR	
12.213	Richard Floyd	504
68	Ruth Elaine (Kartchner)	490
6322	Scott Hoen	487
12.2131	Scott Richardson	504
12.2122	Stacey Lee	504
643	Stephen Kroge	488
6431	Stephen Kroge, Jr.	488
6327	Steven Hoen	487
632.10	Susan	487
6323	Teri	487
6212	Thomas	486
6412	Thomas Green	488
6328	Thomas Hoen	487
6332	Wayne Tanner	487
6432	William Oliver	488
	TEGEDER	
82111	Andrew Robert	494
8211 h	Robert William	494
82112	Troy Dixon	494
8211	Wendy Lee Simmons	494
	TEMPEST	
12.313	Daniel Dixon	505
12.31	Diane Dixon	505
12.31 h	John Henry III	505
12.312	Stephen Dixon	505
12.311	Terri Lynn (Williams)	505
12.314	William Henry	505
	TURNER	
10.14	Annette Ririe	499
10.142	Reed Martin	499
10.144	Rhett Marshall	499
10.145	Rick Mathew	499
10.141	Robert Morris	499
10.14 h	Ronald Morris	499
10.143	Ryan Michael	499
	TYLER	
6812	Daniel Kartchner	490
6813	Jennilynn	490
681	Linda Kartchner	490
6811	Michael	490
6814	Ruth Ann	490
781 h	Steven L.	490
	WADE	
12.42	Barbara Ballif	506
12.42 h	Blaine	506
12.423	Daniel George	506
12.421	David Kenneth Olson	506
12.4211	Kristalyn	506
12.421 w	Lynne Harris	506
12.422	Pamela Olson	506
	WAGSTAFF	
13.2	Afton Dixon	508
	Photo	203
	History	205
	Family Photo	204
	Home Photo	204
13.233	Brenda Ann	509
13.231	Cindi Rae	509
13.2 h	Dermont W.	508
	Photo	203
13.21	Donna Mae (Olson)	508

I.D. No.		Page
	WAGSTAFF	
13.23	Gary Mont	509
13.23 w	Jolene Robb	509
13.24	Kathleen (Yorgason)	509
13.232	Mark Allen	509
13.22	Norma Jean (Johnson)	509
13.234	Stacey	509
	WAKEFIELD	
8112 h	Alan Blaine	494
8112	Beverly Ann Boshard	494
81121	Lori Ann	494
811.22	Michelle	494
81123	Scott	494
	WARNER	
688	Mary Ann Kartchner	490
688 h	Steven Lane	490
	WATERMAN	
4613	Bradley James	484
4611	David Glen	484
461 h	Glen	484
4612	Michael Curtis	484
461	Miriam Harding	484
	WEAVER	
12.112 h	David Gary	504
12.1121	Dustin David	504
12.112	Lynda Ann Lowe	504
	WELLING	
21211	Bart Harrison	478
21213	Cassandra Ann	478
2121 h	David Robert	478
2121	Linda Lucille Harrison	478
21212	Mathew Dean	478
	WEST	
15.11	Audrey Lorraine	516
15.1231	Christine Marie	516
15.122	Denise Irene (Rowley)	516
15.12	Donald Lynn	516
	"Our conversion to the Mormon Church"	222
15.123	Donald Lynn, Jr.	516
15. h	George Washington	516
	Very Brief Life Sketch	218
15.	Harriet Amelia Dixon	516
	Very Brief Life Sketch	218
15.123 w	Helen Kae Neilsen	516
15.12 w	Jackie Jean Ricks	516
15.1	Lynn Dixon	516
	Photo	219
	Short History	221
	Family Photo	220
15.1 w	Mabel May Hansen (Photo)	219
15.121	Susan Lynne (McKibben)	516
15.12 w	Winifred Marie Marker	516
	WILDER	
13.1223	Connie	508
13.122	Pauline Dixon	508
13.122 h	Thomas C.	508
	WILLIAMS	
12.311 h	Brooke S.	505
12.311	Terri Lynn Tempest	505

I.D. No. Page

WIGGINS
21161 Bradford Jay 477
2116 h Jay Brad 477
2116 Phyllis Anita Shaw 477

WITTE
73311 Crystal Star 492
7331 Kellie Jean Elliott 492
7331 h Wesley Taylor 492

WOOD
6342 Becky Lynn Woodruff 488
6342 h David 488
63421 Jenifer Lynn 488
63422 Trevor Martin 488

WOODRUFF
6343 Barry Clifford 488
6342 Becky Lynn (Wood) 488
634 h Clifford A. 488
634 Louise Taylor 488
6344 Russell Elton 488
6341 Shelly K. (Craig) 488
6345 Taylor Jarvis 488
6346 Wendy Louise 488

I.D. No. Page

VAKSINICK
73112 April Ann 491
7311 h Kurt R. 491
73111 Rudolph Kurt 491
7311 Terri Mae Dixon 491

YORGASON
13.24 h Blaine M 509
13.245 Daniel Gayle 509
13.244 David Travis 509
13.24 Kathleen Wagstaff 509
13.246 Michelle 509
13.242 Nathan 509
13.243 Steven 509
13.241 Tamara Lynn 509

Autobiography of VA LERA DIXON RIRIE

At 9:10 a.m. Sunday, August 21, 1910, as the first child of Charles Owen and Virginia Elizabeth Beckstead Dixon, I made my debut, weighing in at 10 pounds at the family home, 295 North Fifth West, Provo, Utah. Dr. Fred W. Taylor officiated. Then on October 2, 1910, dressed in a beautiful, long, white, lacy christening dress, I was blessed and given the name of "VaLera" by my father in the Provo Third Ward. I was told I was named after a great singer or writer - a name my parents had seen in the newspaper and liked very much.

Many of my pre-school years were spent in bed, recuperating from re-curring attacks of typhoid fever. It was not until September of 1917 that I entered the first grade at the Timpanogos School, which was just a block from my home. My teachers at the Timpanogos School were: Jeannie Kerr, 1st grade; Jennie Harding, 2nd grade; Miss Thorpe, 3rd grade; Fern Oberhansley, 4th grade; Miss Forrest, 5th grade; Barney Hyde, 6th grade and principal. My grade school friends were: Edda Jones, Helen Goodridge, Dana Edwards, Lois Penrod, Donna Leavitt, and Sarah Dixon, my cousin.

On a beautiful day, March 16, 1919, I was baptized by Glen Banks and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Myron Crandall, Jr. at the old Provo Administration Building, on First North and First West. My mother had made me a beautiful tan spring coat with large buttons down the front. As we were leaving the building, we crossed the street and on past the woolen Mills. As we children ran happily down the little hill on the sidewalk, I fell and scraped the button on my coat. The scraped button always reminded me of what a happy, wonderful day my baptism was.

My mother was a delicate, particular person, very skilled in sewing for her family. Sometimes before a holiday she would stay up late to finish dresses for us girls. Ruby and I usually had dresses alike.

With the birth of Virginia, June 4, 1922, our family was complete except that mother took sick with milk leg, and had to have her legs propped up. Girls were hired to help take care of the home. Other complications set in and many doctors held conferences in our front rooms trying to decide what to do for her. Mother's brother, Dr. Frank Beckstead of Nephi came to help. At one time, seven doctors were there.

On August 19, 1922, I was playing outside. Ida Knudsen passed and asked how my mother was doing and I answered, "She's better." a short time later I was told that mother had died. We children were rushed across the street to Aunt Rye Taylor's. I stood at her front room window looking at my home, crying broken heartedly. Then as friends came to pay their respects I impulsively told them that I would be twelve on August 21st. My birthday did come and I received many lovely gifts. But the next day, August 22nd, my mother was buried in the Provo Cemetery, following a large funeral service in the Provo Third Ward Chapel. Father and we children rode with Allie S. Coleman, in the funeral procession. It was by far the saddest funeral and such a tragedy, for our mother to be taken at age thirty-five, leaving father and us six small children.

As the oldest of the six children, I tried to take care of the family. Virginia was but two months old and Grandmother Dixon came to help. Father would get up in the night to give Virginia her bottle to relieve his mother, who was then 77 years old. (She lived to be 81.) She taught me how to mix bread in the bread mixer even though at 12 I had to stand on a chair to turn the mixer. I made eight loaves, placing them in a big black pan to bake in a coal stove oven, before going to school. With homemade bread, the vegetable and fruit father grew so well, some pigs and cows, we were kept busy and had plenty to eat. In order to vary the menu, I would run to Aunt Rene's or Aunt Rye's to ask how to cook something different for our meals.

When I graduated from the ninth grade at the Central Junior High School in 1926, my Grandmother Beckstead presented me with a beautiful Elgin white gold, oblong wrist watch. How pleased and proud I was.

In 1929, I graduated from the Provo High School, wearing the pale, blue graduating dress I had made in my domestic art sewing class. This same year I graduated from Seminary. J. A. Washburn had been my Seminary Teacher. I had been active in the Dramatic Art Club, the Home Economics Club and Opera.

I spent the summer of 1929 working at Provona Beach Resort, owned by Uncle Art Taylor, and managed by Clarence Taylor at Utah Lake. They had swimming and boating facilities and a picnic area. I worked fixing sandwiches, soft drinks, ice cream, etc. I earned $100.00, $89.50 of which I spent for a year's tuition at Brigham Young University and the balance of $10.50 was used for material to make clothes for school.

In the fall of 1930, the beginning of my sophmore year, the B.Y.U. football team went to Salt Lake City to play the University of Utah. A group of B.Y.U. student body paraded down Main Street in Salt Lake and up to the game at U. of U. stadium. As I walked along with the group, a good-looking fellow came up beside me and we talked as we walked along. As we passed the theater, he looked up and said, "Oh, I saw that show in France". I looked at him in disbelief. Martin C. Ririe from Lewiston, Utah, had made an impression! He had gone to the 1929 World Boy Scout Jamboree in England. Now he was staying with his sister on Tenth West in the Provo Pioneer Ward. We saw each other often after our first meeting, sometimes at the Heber J. Grant Library, and he would carry my books. He was so loaded down it's a wonder he made it on those long blocks to the "Y"(About a mile each way.)

June 3, 1931, I graduated from Brigham Young University with a Normal Diploma and a State of Utah First Class Certificate, effective July 27, 1931, authorizing me to teach in the Grammar and Primary grades of the Public Schools of Utah until June 30, 1936.

That summer, Martin gave me a birthday dinner party at his Mother's home in Lewiston. It was such a lovely and memorable affair. Soon after he received his mission call to Czecholovakia.

In February 1932, I commenced teaching at the Maeser School First Grade. During the next year I taught the Second Grade, and the following year the Third Grade.

During June and July 1934, Ernest Paxman and his wife, Norma Jensen, Florence Jones, and a teacher from Brigham City, and myself, went on a trip to the Chicago World's Fair and on to New York, Hill Cumorah, Joseph Smith's home and the Sacred Grove. The feeling at the Grove is so quiet, peaceful, sacred and unforgetable. We all had a wonderful time.

During April Conference time, 1935 at Aunt Golda's in Salt Lake City, Martin having returned from his mission in December, presented me with a diamond ring. (Instead of touring Europe, he had bought this ring for me). We were married June 4, 1935, in the Salt Lake Temple by President George F. Richards. I wore Mother's wedding dress of white silk with fine lace insertions down the front. Immediately following the ceremony, a lady came up and kissed me, then disappeared. I asked others if they saw her and no one had. I have always felt it was my mother who had died thirteen years previously. Our honeymoon was spent on a lovely trip through Southern Utah.

Upon our return to Provo, we were given a lovely Trousseau tea and reception at the family home on Fifth West. I had a lot of lovely clothes to show and lovely embroidery hand work which Martin brought home from his mission in Czechoslovakia.

We spent the summer in a small apartment in the upstairs of the Ririe home on the farm at Lewiston.

In September I received a call from Superintendent Aldous Dixon asking me to return to the Maeser School and teach. After talking it over, Martin decided to return to school, so we moved to Provo. My teaching job lasted a month, then I substituted in other schools.

On April 2, 1936, our first child, Dixon Farrell, was born in the Crane Maternity Home. He weighed 9lbs. 6 oz. We selected surnames Dixon for my family and Farrell for Martin's mother's maiden name.

For nearly a year, until the newspaper strike of 1938, we lived in Portland, where Martin was working with the Portland Oregon Journal. We returned to the Lewiston farm on March 6, 1938. I was sustained as a member of the Benson Stake Primary Board in September of 1938. Martin was in the Benson Stake Sunday School Superintendency.

President Roosevelt declared Thanksgiving Day to be observed on the Third Thursday of November, 1939. Our second child, whom we named Richard Owen, chose this day for his birth at Jennie Bergeson Maternity Home. About this same time, Martin received his United States Citizenship, having been born in Canada.

In order to complete residency requirements for graduation, it was necessary for Martin to return to the B. Y. U. for one quarter in order to graduate. We returned to Provo in September, 1941. Here we were when the electrifying news of the Pearl Harbor bombing occurred. Martin completed requirements for graduation at the close of the fall quarter, and obtained employment with the U. S. Government at Hill Air Force Base at Ogden, Utah.

In the spring of 1942, I was asked to take Dorothy Dixon's class at Polk Elementary School in Ogden, when she married and left for the East with her husband. I taught for seven weeks until school was out.

Tragedy once again came into my life with the death of my father March 3, 1943. He had taken a walk on a cold wintry night, lost his way, and was found two days later lying in the snow asleep, never to awaken. Although my brother, Owen, was in Michigan in the Army, he was allowed to come home for the funeral March 11, 1943.

About a month later, I took Farrell and Richard with me to Lewiston, to prepare for the arrival of our third child, Craig Martin, on April 17, 1943, at the Bergeson Maternity Home. Martin's folks looked after Farrell and Richard while I was confined.

Having out-grown the basement apartment on Eccles Avenue, we moved to South Ogden into our first new home in the Spring of 1944, at 142 Country Club Drive.

In August 1945, I once again took the children and travelled to Lewiston to await the arrival of our fourth child. Finally on the 17th to my great joy, a little girl was privileged to become a member of our household. Martin visited us on week ends while working for the Ogden News Company. We could hardly believe that we finally had a little daughter to assign the name of Annette to --we had been saving the name since Richard arrived and finally had a chance to make use of it. The whole country celebrated with dancing in the streets and cheering and shouting with great relief--it being "VJ" day when Japan finally capitulated at the close of World War II. Of course we all celebrated too.

Having served what we thought was an apprenticeship in the magazine business, we took an opportunity to move to Price, Utah to open an agency of our own. We bought a home at 388 North 5th East. We ran the Ririe News Agency, distributing magazines and newspapers to retail dealers all over Carbon County. It was nice to be our own boss. But we had to work hard. We were active in the ward. Martin was selected to teach Seminary in Junior High School and I substituted in the grade schools. We enjoyed getting acquainted with Ethel and Elton Taylor (my cousin) who was President of Carbon L.D.S. Stake.

During the summer of 1951 I returned to B.Y.U. for special instruction during summer School in preparation for teaching school in Wellington, Utah. I taught until November 1951.

On March 24, 1952, our fifth and final child, Kent Hyrum arrived. Martin's cousin, Carl Brockbank was the attending doctor in the Price, Utah, Hospital.

At the close of school in May 1952, the coal strike in Carbon County forced us out of business, and we moved back to Ogden, Utah.

While serving as counselor of the Relief Society in the Ogden 48th Ward, on its first year birthday, I decorated a big sheet cake, carved in the shape of the Chapel with one candle on the chimney. It was a sensation among ward members.

During our vacation of 1955, we travelled down the coast of California from Sacramento, stopping at all Government installations along the way, seeking a chance to transfer from Hill Air Force Base. When we reached Norton Air Force Base in San Bernardino, an opening there appealed to Martin, so in October, 1955, we moved to 1203 West Marshall Blvd., San Bernardino, California, where we have lived ever since.

As a family we attended the dedication of the Los Angeles Temple in March of 1956 which was a marvelous experience for all of us.

In September, 1956, we returned to Utah to witness the marriage of our son Farrell to Monta Mae Norris in the Salt Lake Temple-- a joyous occasion.

Martin and I have sung in Ward and Stake choirs wherever we have lived. In 1957 and 1958 I sang with the Southern California Singing Mothers in many performances and recordings. The singing in the General Semi-annual Conference of October, 1958, was truly an inspiring experience, never to be forgotten.

In 1961 Martin and I were called to serve together as San Bernardino Stake Missionaries for two years, during which time we were successful in bringing several persons into the Church. We both enjoyed this experience very much.

Our second son, Richard, served a mission in the Southern Far East Mission, Hong Kong, China from March 1960 to 1962. No sooner had Richard arrived home when our third son Craig, was called to serve in the Argentina Mission.

1964 was a busy year for us. Our only daughter, Annette, had attended B.Y.U. on a scholarship and Richard also attended. So we had three at the "Y" the fall of 1963. Ronald M. Turner, from Farmington, Utah, had filled a mission in Southern California and had met and fallen in love with Annette. They became engaged during the spring and were married May 29, 1964, in the Salt Lake Temple. President

Bryan L. Bunker, Ron's former mission president performed the ceremony. I baked a fruit cake in San Bernardino and took it to Utah to decorate. A lovely reception was held in the evening in the Farmington Ward. Two weeks later a reception was held in San Bernardino Second Ward. I made another cake and decorated it for them.

In April, 1964, Martin accepted a position of safety officer at Oxnard Air Force Base, so we moved to join Martin in Camarillo, California. During the year we lived there I substituted in teaching.

In 1965 we moved back to San Bernardino, and in 1966, I was selected to teach "Head Start", a new program among the under-privileged children. I taught at Jefferson in 1966, at California School during the summer and winter 1966-1967, and in 1968 at Lytle Creek. In 1969 I went to Waterman Gardens where I have been to the present. (1971). It is very enjoyable and gratifying to see the progress these little children make.

January 28, 1966, Craig married Barbara Warene Temple in the Los Angeles Temple and on July 28, 1967, Richard married Larraine Humphries in the Los Angeles Temple. I made the wedding cake for both weddings.

In 1968 I was elected Captain (president) of the San Bernardino Camp, Daughters of the Utah Pioneers for two years. In April our D. U. P. Group sang at the convention, wearing Pioneer Dresses, in Salt Lake City.

In April, 1971, I was honored at the Dixon Cousin Luncheon, in Provo. Virginia read the tribute Annette had prepared. It was a thrilling experience for me to be with my relatives for this occasion.

My hobby has been baking special cookies, candies, etc. for the seasons, holidays and birthdays--decorating wedding cakes. Martin's mother taught me this art, I not only use it for making and decorating cakes for the family birthdays and special occasions, but have made and sold a large number for friends and acquaintances who wanted something special for their occasion.

I have enjoyed a happy, fulfilling life. I know I have done my best. I look forward to the eternities with the hope that my children and grandchildren will gather around me and call me Blessed. Then, all will have been worth all the effort put forth.

39th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

ID. # 46

GRACE DANGERFIELD

CURTIS P. HARDING

Harding Family

Judy Miriam Curtis Grace

2545 Lynnwood Drive
Salt Lake City, Utah

MARY GRACE DANGERFIELD HARDING

It was one of those clear, clean, crisp September days in 1909, September 10th to be exact, that a baby girl was born to Alice and Jabez Dangerfield. Perhaps it was that September crispness and cleanliness, maybe generations of genes speaking all at once saying, "Keep it clean, keep it nice, keep it tidy." Anyway, this baby girl that was christened Mary Grace from the day she was born and, as you will see if you visit her now, kept her house, her home, and herself neat, clean, and sparkling.

She grew up as most children do, playing with the neighborhood children--no "bearies" out tonight, kick the can, steal the sticks, etc. She had many friends and a home where she could bring them and there her mother, one of the kindest and most generous mothers that ever lived, always had time and treats for everyone.

Across the street from the Dangerfield home was the Merry-go-round and other concessions operated by the Eldreds, good friends of the family. Of course, for Grace rides were free, and she still remembers how much fun it was.

Grace's father was well known as "J. W." and was also a kind, generous, and very helpful person--with eyes that sparkled as he talked. He was ambitious, and busy as a bee, day and night operating his printing business, his cafe, and his hotel. Yet he had plenty of time for his children, and being a child of his just naturally created a feeling of confidence, of security, of well being, and happiness.

Each year about July 4th the Dangerfield family moved to the Canyon cabin in Wildwood. Here together with cousins by the dozens, Grace spent many a delightful summer. There was the river to swim in, mountains to climb, tennis, croquet and volley ball to play, evenings with bon-fires, refreshments and programs, and Sunday School Sunday mornings. They were good summers, good times and good fun always.

Summers for Grace as she grew older also included trips to Salt Lake City to visit her Aunt Sarah and Uncle Mac. Once there besides the fun in Wandermere Park there was the open air train to Saltaire, the trips to Lagoon, and all the fun at both places.

Aunt Hattie West lived in California. This meant several trips through the desert for a visit. There were no paved roads, but a few days at Seal Beach and at Anaheim among the orange, nut, and grapefruit groves made the miseries of the driving through the heat and the sand worthwhile.

As a child, Grace developed a liking for the theatre, perhaps because her mother took her so many times to Salt Lake City to attend the stage plays at the Old Wilkes Theatre.

Grace attended the Parker School, Provo Junior High, and the Provo High School. In the second grade she invited the entire class to her home for a surprise birthday party, the mother being the surprised party, and this happened again and again as the years went by. Even in her college days you could call around at the Dangerfield home, now on First East, and find lots of friends assembled.

Along with going to school and having fun, Grace also had her share and more of private lessons, dance, speech, and piano, though it must be observed that though she did well in dance and speech, the piano was more an exposure than a success. How could there be time for practice with so many things to do?

As for the dance, you would often see Grace and others in public performances, school skits, and especially each summer skipping around and twirling their scarfs at the Annual Timpanogos Hike evening program.

Very vivid in Grace's memory was each year's day before Christmas; on this day the whole family, as planned by her mother, visited those not so well to do and left sacks of coal, sacks of sugar, clothing, and other items that make life more pleasant if they are around. Often her mother would return home without her coat as she believed someone whom shehad visited needed it more than she did.

At Provo High Grace and her friends organized themselves as a group and called themselves the Zipperettes and functioned very much like the Pep Club that came along later, helping out always with the school programs, assemblies, etc. Even today, 1980,the Zipperettes are still meeting.

Grace attended the B.Y.U. graduating in 1933. It was in her freshman year that she met Curt, among many others. By her junior year she was dating Curt far more than anyone else. It was June 1, 1934 that Curt and Grace were married in the Salt Lake City Temple.

At this time Curt was working and living in Salt Lake so Salt Lake became the home for her, where she and Curt have resided for forty-six years, except for three years in Washington, D.C. After Curt retired fromhis position as Administrator of the Utah Department of Employment Security,he accepted an assignment in Washington D.C. The time spent at the nation's capital was a delightful experience.

It was on April 8, 1939 that a new beautiful life began for Grace and her husband. On this day Miriam, their first child was born. A couple of years later, December 3, 1931, their second daughter, Judy Ann, was born. Miriam and Judy brought sunshine and happiness to their home.

The girls grew up, as all children do, doing most of the right things and sometimes the trying ones. They looked cute as dolls in the Primary parades, Sunday School, Mutual, grade school, and high school with the related activities of cheer leaders, dance, skit participations , etc. All these activities added their bits to the lives of the girls.

The Harding family was a close, happy family. They played together, vacationed together, grew up together. Both girls spent many hours of their growing up years at the dance bar. When ballet came to Salt Lake City the girls became part of it. Many, many times as the Nutcracker was presented you would find Curt and Grace in the audience and Miriam and Judy on stage.

Both girls graduated from the University of Utah with high honors and prospective husbands. By this time both girls had traveled to Europe and Hawaii and had seen many, many things. Wedding time was at hand and much to Grace and Curt's satisfaction, both were temple marriages. Miriam was married June 8, 1962 and Judy on December 18, 1964.

Both girls, Miriam (now Mrs. Glenn Waterman), and Judy (Mrs. Lorin Pugh) settled in Salt Lake City and are enjoying their own lives and families as they move along life's road.

The Hardings have seven grandchildren, all boys. Curt and Grace have now become Bobo and Nanny and they love it, as they love their grandchildren -- each filled with love being able to give it and receive it in never ending quantities.

During the family years Curt served as administrator of the Utah Department of Employment Security. He became very active in the National organization, which took him to most of the States, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and Europe. Grace went along on many of these trips, and sometimes the whole family went. All in all, the trips and conventions plus the planned family vacations afforded Grace and her family many enjoyable days and considerable broading experiences.

Grace and her traveling companion, usually Allayne Summerhays, made five trips to Europe, Mexico, and Canada traveling extensively and enjoying themselves. They continued to learn more about other people and other countries. Allayne enjoys the theatre as much as Grace, so on those trips to Europe they usually spent an additional two weeks in London enjoying the theatre.

Curt and Grace are now (1980) back in their home in Salt Lake City. Grace, who did considerable volunteer work as a Pink Lady at the L.D.S. Hospital, is now a volunteer hostess at the Church Office Building.

Someday, perhaps, you'll find Curt and Grace a retired couple, but not yet. Curt now is affiliated with the National Office, is quite busy developing and coordinating management information systems dealing with the operation and management of the Unemployment Insurance Program.

Very Brief Life Sketch of

JABEZ WILLIAM DANGERFIELD

Born to Mary Ann James and Jabez Dangerfield on April 17, 1872 in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church May 4, 1880.

Attended Mr. Kendall's School in the old Salt Lake 11th Ward Chapel, through the Third Primer where he learned to read and write on his slate.

At thirteen, he left school and started working. He was apprenticed as a printer to the Salt Lake Herald at age sixteen.

Served as a missionary to the Samoan Islands in 1894.

In 1898 he moved to Provo as an employee of the Grocery Job Printing Company and later acquired a half interest in it.

Married Alice Smith Dixon in the Salt Lake Temple on December 5, 1900.

Children:

Jabez Aldous, Royden James, Afton, Harold D., Clifford D., Mary Grace, and Donna Mae.

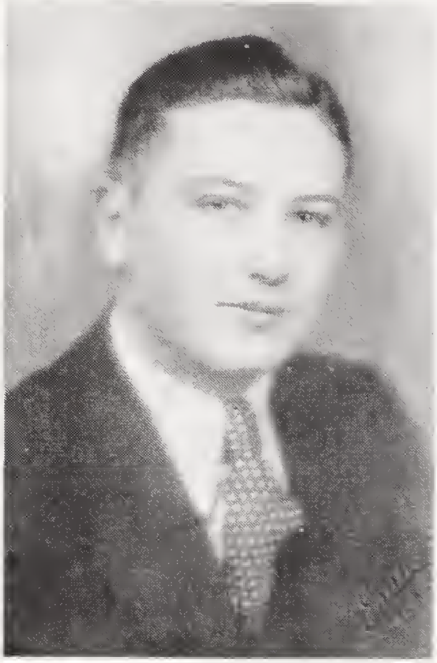
From 1933 to 1949 was Provo Postmaster.

J.W. Dangerfield's way of life was thrifty, industrious and courageous.

Never having had a sick day in all his life, he suffered a heart attack and died September 26, 1949 in the Utah Valley Hospital.

40th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D. # 11.1



HARRY ALBERT DIXON

CECILE CLARK

Harry Albert Dixon Family

Harry, Grandson Cory, Cecile
Margie

72 North First East, Provo

HARRY ALBERT DIXON

Harry Albert Dixon was born in Fairview, Utah on October 4, 1910 to Albert Frederick and Sena Rasmussen Dixon. Sena took the unborn Harry from Provo to Fairview to be born because that was where her mother lived at the time. After a few weeks, when the two could travel, Harry and his mother moved back to their home in Provo, Utah.

When he was five years old, Harry and his family moved to Spanish Fork. It was in Spanish Fork that his father, Albert, was to become manager of Taylor Brothers Company. There, Harry began his education at Reese Elementary School. When Harry began fifth grade, his family moved back to Provo so Albert could organize the Dixon Taylor Russell Company Store. Because of this move, Harry attended the fifth grade at Maeser Elementary School. The sixth grade was spent at Franklin Elementary.

Junior and Senior High were spent in Provo. Since the "final move" from Spanish Fork, Harry has lived in Provo ever since. Harry loved school and his classmates. This love was evident in return by his classmates' admiration for him. Harry spent his Senior year in High School serving his fellow students as senior class president. He was active in many organizations and clubs while he was in school.

From the fall of 1930 to 1933, Harry labored in the French Mission which at that time involved Belgium, Switzerland and France. He served a very successful mission. His love for the French people and his concern for them seemed to come naturally to Harry as he labored to serve his Lord.

Having fulfilled his mission in 1933, Harry returned to Provo to attend Brigham Young University. It was at BYU that Harry gained his knowledge in Business Administration/Management.

When World War II "called" in 1941, Harry served his country by fighting in the army. Harry was First Sergeant in the 431st Fighter Squadron of the 475 Group. Harry commanded his "boys" to fight side by side with McArthur from New Guinea to Korea.

When the War ended in 1943, Harry returned home and finished his schooling at BYU. After that, he worked at Dixon Taylor Russell Company. After thirty-five years of service at DTR, Harry left and established on his own, Dixon Collection Agency. He currently is still owner-manager of this agency.

On March 5, 1936, Harry married Cecile Clark in the Salt Lake Temple. They have one daughter, Margie, who was born February 19, 1951. She married Ron Smith on May 27, 1972 in the Provo Temple. Harry has two grandsons--Cory Garner Smith born December 13,1974 and Kip Dixon Smith born October 22, 1979.

From "just talking" to Harry, one can readily see that he is not at all boastful -- even the "bare historical essentials" are difficult to have him expound upon. One who enters Harry's home is first met by a magnificent display of needlepoint items --stools, chairs, benches, pillows, etc. He has been offered monetary reward many times for his art work and a man in the community constantly pressures him to co-establish a shop with him. Being so humble, it is hard for Harry to even admit to making these beautiful pieces of art. Due to poor health, though, Harry has been forced to abandon two of his most favorite hobbies, fishing and hunting. Throughout the past years, he has been an avid sportsman.

From a five year old grandson's point of view, one can easily see how special Harry is -- he is truly one of God's very finest . . .

> When expecting our second child, we asked our first - - - - - Harry's only grandson at the time -- "What should we name our baby if he's a boy? Would Harry Dixon Smith be OK with you, Cory? " With no hesitation at all, Cory definitely stated, "No, that won't do, he can't be named Harry. There is only one Harry!"

And that last statement stands uncorrected -- believe five that know -- Cecile, Ron, Marge, Cory and now Kip --, THERE IS ONLY ONE HARRY!

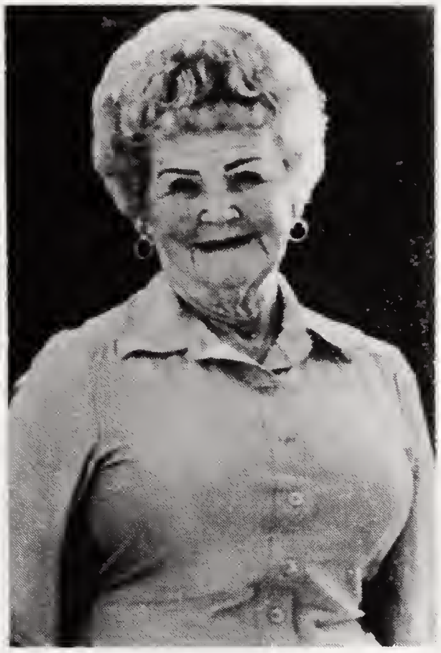
Margie Dixon Smith

Additional Historical Facts in the Life of HARRY

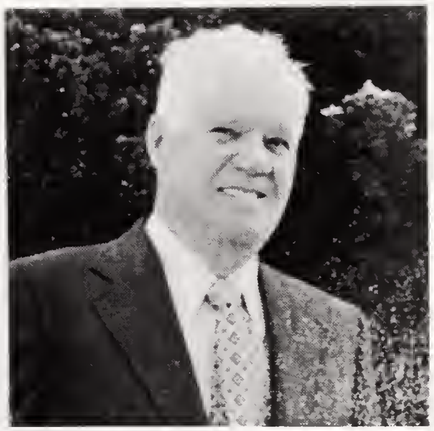
Graduated from Provo High School in 1929
Attended B Y U in 1930, 1933 and 1934
Class President of the Senior Class at Provo High School
Baptized a member of the LDS Church on August 3, 1919
In the French Mission he labored in the Herstal, Seraing and Grenoble Districts.
He is a High Priest and served as Ward Clerk
Is a member of the Provo Lions Club and Provo Chamber of Commerce
Is a member of the American Collectors Association
Affiliated with Mountain States Collectors
In 1970 he became the donor of the Dixon Tennis Trophy awarded each year to the outstanding Lady Tennis Player at B Y U.

41st Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 74



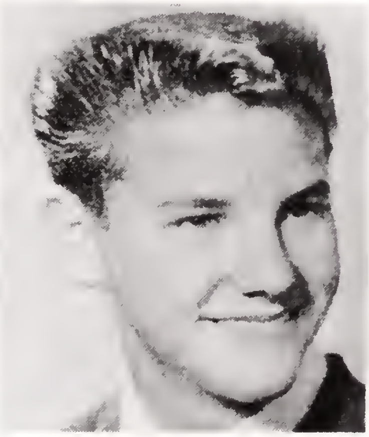
MARY DIXON



HYRUM AIKELE

Aikele Family

Hyrum Mary Ashlie Rebecca



William

Bonnie

450 Apple Grove Lane
Santa Barbara, Calif.

HISTORY OF MARY DIXON AIKELE

On January 23, 1911 a baby girl was born to William Aldous and Hattie Hands Dixon. This was the second girl to be born to the family.

She was born on a ranch, belonging to Uncle George West, just out of San Bernardino, California. The town is now known as Colton.

Mary was blessed March 27, 1911 by David R. Taylor. She was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints May 18, 1919, by David L. Van Wagenen. She was confirmed by John C. Swensen in the Provo Third Ward, located at the corner of Fifth West and First North, the same day.

Mary received her education in the old Timpanogos School and the old Parker School. The Timpanogos School was too crowded for one of her grades and she had to attend the Parker School, located on the corner of Second North and First East. She attended the Central Junior High School and Provo Senior High School.

Mary was always on the go, loved people and knew everyone. She especially loved babies and would do the dishes and tend the babies for only twenty-five cents an hour. She loved to dance and was very active in the Provo Third Ward M.I.A. She was the chairman of the Dance Committee and was always planning dances. When she was small they gave her the name of "chatterbox" because she was constantly talking and laughing.

Her father once offered her some money if she could sit still for five minutes without saying a word. After a few minutes she said, "I'd sooner talk than have the money".

After Mary finished high school in 1930, she and three of her girl friends went to California to look for work. She had some interesting jobs working as a waitress. She worked at the Santa Anita race track, the San Diego 1935 Fair, and several first class restaurants. She made good tips because she loved people and was blessed with the "Dixon Gab".

In 1933 she was on a vacation at Provo and met Hyrum Aikele from Logan, Utah. He was working in Provo at that time, as a Western Union Office Manager. They met at the Utahna Dance Hall. It wasn't "love at first sight". She thought he was conceited, but after only a few dates, they soon fell in love.

They were married June 10, 1937. Bishop Arthur D. Taylor performed the marriage ceremony. He was Mary's cousin and a very special person to her. They were married at the home of Mary's sister, Vesta, located at 386 North Fifth West in Provo. It was a small wedding with family and a few close friends. A dear friend of Mary's, Joe Dinner, came from California. The wedding wasn't the happy affair it should have been as her father was very ill at the time. Mary wanted to postpone the wedding, but it was her father's desire that they go through with it on the day planned. Almost the last thing he talked about was for Mary to go through with the wedding. He died two days later.

The Aikele's moved to Salt Lake City where Hy worked for the Mountain States Telephone Company as Head Clerk and Telegrapher. On March 21, 1938 her first child was born, a boy whom they named Hyrum D. Aikele. He died a few minutes after birth. This was quite a blow to Mary at the time. She wanted a baby so bad, it took her a long time to get over it.

They later moved to North Hollywood, California where Hyrum was transferred to the Bell Telephone. They lived there for about one year. Hy was transferred to Los Angeles where he was promoted to Supervision.

On February 28, 1941 Mary gave birth to a son, William Eugene (Bill) Aikele. Her happiness was complete. On January 30, 1944 along came a beautiful baby girl, whom she named Bonnie Ann Aikele.

Mary's husband, Hy, worked for twenty-one years for the Bell System. In 1957 they moved to Santa Barbara, Calif., where they bought a lovely home. Bill and Bonnie finished high school in Santa Barbara and both went to college.

Bill went to Europe in 1961 and met Irene Svenssen in Copenhagen, Denmark. She was a beautiful blond Swedish girl. They fell in love and were married May 27, 1963. They moved to Frankfurt, Germany where she gave birth to her first child, September 2, 1965, a boy Erik Alan Aikele. When Erik was three months old they moved to Santa Barbara, California. On May 14, 1969, a baby girl was born to them, Shanti Maja Aikele. They lived in Santa Barbarafor eight years, then moved back to Sweden. On July 17, 1976, a baby girl was born to them, Allena Naomi. They now live in Sollentuna, a suburb of Stockholm, Sweden.

When Bonnie was in her first year at college, she met and fell in love with Clayton Judson Cornish the Third. They were married September 8, 1962. Bonnie gave birth to a beautiful baby girl on March 20, 1964 in Santa Barbara, California. They named her Rebecca Lynn Cornish. On June 28, 1967 another girl was born to them, Ashlie Melissa Cornish.

A year later tragedy struck Bonnie's husband, (Duke) his nickname, was killed December 19, 1968 in an automobile accident. He was on a new job, his first day, in Simi, Calif., a town about sixty miles from Santa Barbara towards Los Angeles. He was on his way home and hit the steel upright in front of a railroad semaphore on a "S" turn in the highway and was killed outright. Bonnie was spending the night with her mother in Santa Barbara, when she heard the news of Duke's death. She went into a deep depression and never fully recovered. He was only twenty-five years of age and was buried on the day before Christmas, December 24th.

Rebecca was four years old and Ashlie was one at the death of Duke. Thereafter, Bonnie was never the same. She lost her will to live. They had a beautiful marriage and was so in love. Mary did everything to help Bonnie. On April 28, 1973 Bonnie passed away. She was just twenty-nine years old, Rebecca nine years old and Ashlie six years old. They both loved their mother very much and was very close to her. It was a great shock and loss to the children as well as to Mary and Hy. But Mary had to be strong for the sake of the girls. God gave her inner strength and blessed her with good health so she could bring up these two beautiful children who were left orphans. She knew she had a purpose in life and a job to do in raising these children. They are such a blessing and a joy to both Mary and Hy.

They are good girls, both attend Church regularly. Rebecca has a perfect record in attendance in Seminary. They both have been baptized for the dead. They are soon going to the Temple and be sealed to their parents. Their father was a Catholic. They put his name in the Temple to be baptized. They are very well adjusted and happy girls. I'm proud of them, they know someday they will be together again with their parents. They have that to look forward to.

Rebecca will be in the eleventh grade at school next year. Her plans are to go to the B.Y.U. to college. Ashlie will be in the eighth grade. She also plans on college at the B.Y.U.

We have all accepted Bonnie and Duke's deaths. Mary thanks God for these two beautiful girls that have come to share her life and for Bill and his family, who she don't see very often.

Mary worked for years in Primary, teaching the four year olds (Star B) and also in the Sunday School. Mary was privileged to teach some of the parents, twenty years ago, of the children she now teaches. She is also a visiting teacher in the Relief Society.

Mary Dixon Aikele

Very Brief Life Sketch of
WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON

ID # 7

Born in Provo, Utah, April 21, 1873 to Mary Ann Smith and Henry Aldous Dixon.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church in July 1881.

Married Harriet Hands in Provo, Utah on December 15, 1904.

Children:

William Hands, Vesta, Glen H., Mary, Fay Harriet, George.

His schooling was at the B. Y. Academy and Provo Schools up to and including the 6th grade.

His early life handicapped by poor health, forced him to move several times.

Worked on the construction of the first high tension power line from the power plant in Provo Canyon to Mercur mining camp. Long time employee of Utah Power and Light Co.

Hobbies were fishing and hunting and the raising of flowers.

Died on June 22, 1937 at Provo, Utah. Age 64.

42nd Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 14.4

SARAH VERA DIXON

CLYDE J. SUMMERHAYS

Sarah Dixon Summerhays Family

Sandra, Michael, Diana, Clyde D.

Clyde J., Sarah, Sally, Raymond

Above:
Sally

Clyde J.
Clyde D.

Sarah

Sandra Diana

Michael

Brickerhaven

1436 East 1300 South
Salt Lake City, Utah

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
SARAH VERA DIXON SUMMERHAYS

On March 23, 1911, in the city of Provo, Utah County, Utah, I was privileged to become the fourth child and second daughter of Electa La Prele Smoot Dixon and LeRoy Dixon. Statistics show I was the largest of their eight children; weighing in at a husky ten pounds.

At the age of two years I was stricken with a severe case of Polio. Through faith, prayers and the Priesthood administration, a miraculous healing took place, leaving only my right leg and lower back affected. Throughout my life, my parents gave constant care, love and encouragement; always reminding me, as a child, that "Jesus was my doctor". Faith and testimony were constant reminders of my many blessings.

Lack of participation in activities never seemed to be a part of my life. Crutches, braces, tricycles and later bicycles and, occasional use of the family car enabled me to be active in many areas. My father was a strong swimmer and an avid participant in tennis and handball. He taught me to swim and later had me take swimming therapy from Professor Earl Leaf, who had accomplished great things with weak muscles.

As I grew older, Dad would take me to the Knight Woolen Mills Tennis Courts to play tennis with . He taught me to serve "like a man". This proved a great asset when I entered small tournaments a few years later. Tennis and swimming became an important part of my physical growth and confidence.

We were always a close-knit family, full of fun and love for another. Our summers at Wildwood, Provo Canyon were very special times in our lives; times of "reunioning" with cousins, uncles, aunts and grandmothers. (Our grandfathers had both passed away early in life.) Memories of bonfire parties, swimming in Provo River, hiking the trails and blazing "new trails", gathering around the fireplace to hear stories and exchange problems, pleasures, experiences ... all fill my mind with happiness. Jobs and work were very important in our lives also. Picking berries, tending children, weeding gardens, bringing the cows home, feeding chickens, learning to mend, sew, cook and clean were all a part of our growing up. In our teens we had occasional jobs at the Court House, Chamber of Commerce; and we loved folding statements at the end of the month at the Farmers and Merchants Bank. In my Sophmore year in college, I also worked in the advertising area of a ladies clothing store.

Sharing these important growing up years were three very special English "sisters": Aunt Lizzie (Eliza Ann Clarkson), Aunt Lily (Lily Owens Bushman, sister to Aunt Lizzie), and Aunt Elsie Ross Whittaker. They had known Daddy when he served as a missionary to England. As many other English folks had made our home "headquarters" until they got settled in a home of their own; so did these "sisters".

However, they lived with us all during my life at home, until they eventually married. Aunt Lizzie stayed on with mother for many years, eventually moving to Mesa, Arizona to live with her sister. Also living with us most of my life was dear little Grandma Dixon. We loved her very much and thought it a great treat to be invited into "Grandma's Room" to visit with her, share some candy from the Christmas before, or hear about all the pretty dishes on her "sideboard" and find out who all the pictures represented. Her feather bed was the most fun. What sport it was to run and jump in the middle of it! Her name was Sarah DeGrey Dixon. (I was named for her.) Eventually, at the age of 81 years, Grandma died in the same little bedroom at "418" (our home address was always referred to as "418") North on Fifth West, Provo.

Always thinking of ways to help me be unconscious of my "awkwardness", my folks encouraged me to take part in speech and drama activities. This area of involvement became a happy part of my "growing up years". Books, poetry, music, etc. influenced my life greatly and brought much joy to me.

At the age of twelve years, I had my patriarchal blessing from Joseph B. Keeler. In that wonderful blessing was given a promise that "my board would be surrounded by my posterity". Not fully understanding the meaning of those terms, my mother explained to me that it meant I would have a "family"! (At the time I was so critically ill with Polio, the doctors had questioned any possibility of my bearing children.) Mother was so overjoyed she shed tears as she explained it all to me. Later, that promise was fulfilled with the birth of five lovely children. And eventually, having them with their children (and their children) "surround my board".

School and Church were sources of real joy to me. Timpanogos Grade School, Provo City Junior High School, B. Y. U. High School and two years at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah; greatly shaped my life. Student body offices, participation in plays; choice associations with teachers as well as students made them very rewarding years. I had always vowed I would graduate from college, but in my second year, serving as Sophmore Class Vice President, I fell in love with the Sophmore Class President, Clyde Johnson Summerhays. The following October Fourth, 1931, we were married in the Salt Lake Temple of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by David O. McKay, then acting as an apostle.

Depression years marked this era, but despite lean years, we never knew anything but happiness and promise for the future. Work took us to California. Here Clyde also took extension courses from the University of California in Berkeley, California. Our first homes were in Oakland and Berkeley, California. We loved it here and found fulfillment for almost twelve years. In our first year, the promise of my "blessing" came true. We were parents of a beautiful baby girl. My husband named her Sarah, but she has always been known as "Sally". Four years later we were blessed with a handsome son, Clyde Dixon Summerhays. We truly felt the Lord was blessing us.

During much of this time we were privileged to have Grandma Hilda Johnson Summerhays live with us. Although crippled with poor health, she was an inspiration to us all and we loved her dearly.

We had some wonderful years in California. Church and business activities kept us very busy. Clyde served five years as counselor to President Eugene Hilton of the Oakland Stake Presidency. Clyde was 31 years of age when he was ordained a High Priest and called to the Stake Presidency. While in Oakland, Clyde was also fortunate in the business world; receiving an assignment from his company to act as General Agent in Boise, Idaho. (Beneficial Life Insurance Company).

During our last years in Oakland, my mother, Electa Smoot Dixon, passed away after having spent a week with each of her children prior to Christmas. Such a special visit with her we enjoyed. She died Christmas night of 1940. What an example of love, unselfish service and devotion she was to all of us. My father, LeRoy Dixon, had died December 28, 1926 at the early age of 45 years.

Our move to Boise, Idaho resulted in choice new friends, church, civic and school responsibilities, and best of all, our third child, Diana, was born to us. After two brief years in Boise, Clyde was called to the Home Office in Salt Lake City, Utah. Here he was appointed Superintendent of Agents. He eventually became Vice-president in charge of marketing, advertising, etc. He held the position of Vice-president until his retirement in July 1970.

With our arrival in Salt Lake City, Utah, many new opportunities opened up. One of the first matters of business was to check on our Provo Canyon lot at Brickerhaven. Finding it still secure, we happily settled into our new life. Church activities involved us from the beginning. Many assignments came to Clyde, among which were Stake High Councilman, Bishop, President of the Ireland Mission, Counselor in the Temple Square Mission Presidency. Among assignments coming to me were stake and ward auxiliary positions, five years on the Y.W.M.I.A. General Board, four years as Mission Mother in the Ireland Mission, and now Inservice Leader and Visiting Teacher. Recently I was called and set apart as a Hostess in the Visitor's Center on Temple Square. My companion and I were the first hostesses to officiate in the new program. It is a wonderful calling. We meet people from all over the world and realize what an important missionary tool the Visitors' Center is.

Many choice experiences, opportunities, challenges and friends blessed our lives. Clyde's business contacts and assignments brought opportunities for travel and close association with many church and business leaders. After serving Beneficial Life Insurance Company for thirty-five years, he retired in 1970, when we were called to preside over the Ireland Mission with headquarters in Belfast, Northern Ireland. Our mission included all of Ireland and the Isle of Man.

Within five years of our move to Salt Lake City, Utah, we were overjoyed to have a second son, Michael Dixon Summerhays, born to us. Three years later, our final child was born and given the name of Sandra (but called "Sandy" because of her beautiful red hair). Some complications accompanied the arrival of our babies and we felt the Lord really watched over us in the fulfillment of that promise given so long ago in my patriarchal blessing. Surely, our "posterity does surround our board"! At this date (March 1976) our eldest daughter, "Sally" and her husband Raymond George Anderson are living in Afton, Wyoming (beautiful Star Valley). They have eleven wonderful children and expect number twelve in July. They also have two grandchildren (our great grandchildren). Our eldest son, Clyde, is yet unmarried. He lives an interesting life filled with hobbies, cars, animals, loves hunting, photography, music, etc. He is Executive Secretary of the Intermountain Stock Exchange in Salt Lake City. Our third child, Diana, married Daniel W. Graham. They are in Athens, Greece on a fellowship in Classical Studies. They are tremendous students and fill a vital need in church service wherever they are. Michael Dixon Summerhays married Janice Allen and they have two children. "Mike" graduated from the B. Y. U. in 1975 and is working in the financial department of the Church in Salt Lake City, Utah Sandra, our youngest, married Frank Lee Pitcher. They are completing their final year in the dental school at Northwestern University in Chicago. They have two living little girls, having lost a premature baby boy. They are expecting a fourth child in September 1976. Our "posterity" is just beginning. We are most grateful for our countless blessings and our wonderful children.

Having returned from four years in the Ireland Mission, we are now caught up in many areas of responsibility and joy. There has never been time to "retire"! Being with our family is happiness beyond expression. Each summer brings very special reunions of family and friends at beloved Brickerhaven in Provo Canyon. It is truly a gathering place for loved ones. Our prayer is that our children and their children will always find joy in staying close to one another. May they take their responsibilities in carrying on the great traditions of the family in past years and create new areas of their own traditions and achievements that will result in close family love and happinesss.

A SPECIAL WITNESS TO THE POWER OF THE PRIESTHOOD

Sarah Dixon Summerhays

As far back as my memory goes, a vivid, wonderful story lives for me. From my childhood my parents instilled in me a gratitude for life itself; for the power of the priesthood, for the special gift of being able to move and walk, of having children, of living a life of service to our fellowmen and our Heavenly Father. May I share the story with you, as it was told to me throughout my life?

The time was cherry-canning time (cherry-"feasting" time for me at the tender age of two years.) Father had taken me out of a busy kitchen, where I had become a nuisance stuffing myself with the luscious fruit. He carried me atop his broad shoulders out into the sunshine, where he put me down. Across the pastures and gardens we went, with me sometimes walking, sometimes being carried, or "riding" as I knew it then. Having been a husky, healthy child, I walked a good part of the way.

Returning, however, was a different story. I kept falling down, stumbling and complaining. Daddy lifted me again to his shoulders. Realizing I was not well, he hurried home. At first the trouble was thought to be caused from eating too many cherries. But my temperature rose at an alarming rate. The doctor was called. Other doctors were also consulted. It proved to be Polio!

At the time I was stricken, several other persons living in Provo and Springville, Utah were also afflicted. Many died in this epidemic from the effects of the dread disease about which so very little was known at that time. Of the remaining cases, I was considered to be one of the most seriously afflicted. Everything was done that could be done. Several doctors were in consultation, among whom were Dr. Aird and Dr. Taylor. Little hope was held for my recovery. The opinions varied. "She can't last but a short time." "If she does pull through, she'll be in a wheel-chair." "It's doubtful she could ever have children." Apparently, my lungs were in good shape, (because I was crying constantly with discomfort (the abdominal organs were unable to function properly and both sides were paralyzed).

The family had fasted and prayed, sending my name into the Salt Lake Temple to be added to the Prayer Roll. On this particular evening, my father had called in a circle of elders to help him administer to me. Two of the doctors happened to be there. They were invited to remain only if they had faith in the administration. One left, but Dr. Aird, who didn't belong to the L.D.S. Church, stayed.

Mother related that she had me lying in a buggy which she wheeled into the living room. The elders gathered around me in prayer. During the blessing, I stopped crying! Mother said the sudden silence brought a little fear into her heart, and made the few minutes of the administration seem like an eternity! Though she had faith I would be helped, she allowed fear to creep in, for a fleeting moment, that I could have passed away. As the prayer ended, she hurriedly bent down to examine me and found me able to move everything except my right leg! She also found the pillow upon which I was lying was completely soaked! Comfort had been restored as the organs began to function again. According to my mother's story of this remarkable experience, Dr. Aird turned to her and said, "Some power beyond us has accomplished this." How true this was.

From that moment on I seemed to improve in every way. One evening, as Father and Mother were kneeling at the bedside in prayer, they became aware of my moving very close to the edge of the little "trundle" bed they had placed in their room for me. Mother started to try to prevent my fall, but Father suggested she should let me alone and see what I could do by myself. I wriggled off the edge and stood for just a moment before falling to the floor. My legs had actually supported my weight for a short minute! Mother said she and Daddy both wept with joy and thanksgiving.

Within the next few days, Daddy took me to the hospital to see Dr. Aird. He stood me atop Dr. Aird's desk. Again, I stood for a few seconds! Dr. Aird commented that it was nothing short of a miracle! "Dr. Taylor must see this," he said. So again I "performed" for Dr. Taylor. So it was that Dr. Aird called me the "little miracle girl" from then on.

Months went by, filled with dedicated treatment. Long before the world prescribed special treatment for Polio, "doctor" Electa Smoot Dixon, my mom, was massaging, exercising, hot and cold packing, etc. How well I remember the challenges from my Dad to try to hop, to try to stand, etc.

When I was four years old, specialists were advising several of us who had been afflicted to go to St. Louis, Missouri, to a sanitarium for special treatment. They suggested cutting the cord above the back of the heel to allow the heel to rest down on the floor. Clearly do I remember the number of doctors there--stretching my leg, having me stand, bend, pulling my leg this way and that!

My being so young in years, Daddy and Mother both favored allowing nature to take its course for a time. It was a wise decision. I grew strong and was able to get around with crutches and day and night leg braces. The braces reached from the bottom of my foot to my thigh. The "night" brace was much lighter, being made of white padding and aluminium metal. The day brace, I remeber, was steel with brown leather padding. I remeber the "electric vibrator" with all its different "heads" that would tickle and sometimes hurt my leg and the lower part of my back. My dear, wonderful mother literally massaged my leg into life! Dad was the exercise coach - - - what a team they were

People marveled at my progress and would often ask, "Who is her doctor?" My parents had taught me to reply and to know in my own heart that, "Jesus is my doctor."

From this stage I progressed to tricycles, bicycles, swimming, to eventually driving a car. The doctor's opinion that my ability to bear children would be very unlikely was also disproven. At the age of twelve years, I received my patriarchal blessing, which stated that "my posterity would surround my board". What a wonderful promise to be given to one who had been told she would, in all probability, never bear children! The phrase had to be defined for me by my mother on our way home. She pointed out the great happiness that lay ahead for me IF "I would keep the Lord's commandments and live worthily".

Surely, "my cup runneth over"! The Lord has blessed me so abundantly ... and for some special reason ... not because I have lived perfectly ... I have many shortcomings! But this I do know ... I shall never be able to merit all the love, care, patience and devotion my parents and family showered upon me. My spiritually dedicated husband has been a great guide and help to me. He is the epitome of consideration and love. Together, we have been blessed with five wonderful children. They and their families will continue to serve our merciful Heavenly Father in love and trust. Many times, "my posterity" has and does "surround my board"!

Life has been so very good. The Lord not only blessed me with wonderful parents and the choicest brothers and sisters in the world, but He gave me fulfillment when Clyde J. Summerhays and I were married for time and all eternity in the Salt Lake Temple on October 4, 1931. He has always been a real sweetheart in every way, a patient, loving husband, and a perfect father! Surely, "my cup runneth over"!

Very Brief Life Sketch of
LE ROY DIXON

ID # 14

Born to Sarah DeGrey and Henry Aldous Dixon in Salt Lake City, Utah on October 16, 1881.

Baptized in June 1890 by Myron Tanner .

Confirmed in June 1890 by W. S. Gibby.

Received his education in the Provo Public Schools.

Married Electa LaPrele Smoot in the Salt Lake Temple on August 26, 1903.

Children:

LeRoy, Paul, Allie, Sarah, Maurine, Helen, Arthur, Gladys.

In 1898 started working for Taylor Bothers Co.

1906 to 1908 served a mission to Great Britain, working mostly in the Birmingham District.

1909 organized the Dixon Real Estate Co. in one small room upstairs over the Farmers & Merchants Bank.

Organizer and President of Provo Ice & Cold Storage Co.

President of Blue Cliff Canal Co. and of State Realty Association.

Secretary of Utah Land Owners Ass'n. and of South Fork Cattle Co.

Supervisor of Skipper Bay Drainage District.

Appraiser for Provo Building & Loan.

Director of American Bldg. & Loan, and of Dixon Ranch Co.

1912-1917 Provo City Commissioner.

1918-1922 Mayor of Provo City, 1913-1926 Treasurer of Provo City Schools, 1923-1926 Member of the Utah State Senate.

Library Board member for 12 years.

10 years on State Municipal League.

Member of Utah Water Storage Association.

On executive committee of Public Health Association.

Director of Provo Chamber of Commerce.

Active member of Provo Tennis Club, playing on the clay courts of the Knight Woolen Mills.

He was a booster of BYU and TownSports, encouraging his own family and all young people to go to college and assisting many with finances.

Took an interest in everything of a constructive nature.

Died at Provo, Utah, December 28, 1926.

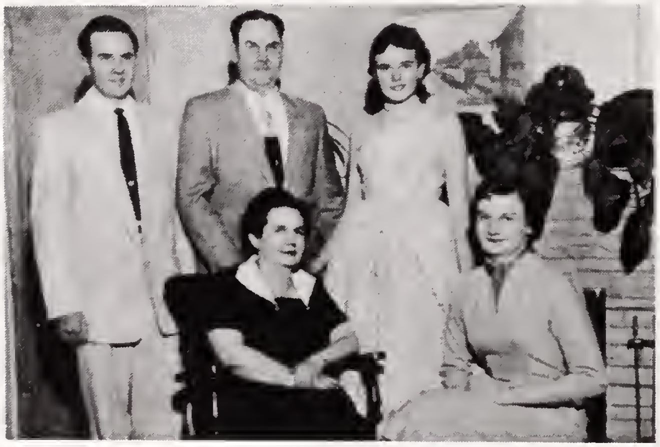
44th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 13.4

REED DANGERFIELD DIXON

MARY MATILDA HILLS

Reed D. Dixon Family



Garth Reed Sherrie

Tillie Mary Ann

299 East 3200 North
Provo, Utah

LIFE OF REED DANGERFIELD DIXON

Written By His Wife Tillie

Reed was born in Provo, Utah, August 19, 1911, the son of Parley and Mary Etola Dangerfield Dixon. Reed was born on his parent's 8th wedding anniversary.

One of his father's favorite stories was about the day Reed was born. His father was working on a school building at Thistle when he received the news that a new son had arrived. Not wanting to wait for a passenger train to take him to Provo, he jumped on the first freight train coming down the Canyon. In his excitement to get home he lost his hat on the train, so he arrived in Provo hatless.

Reed was a normal boy full of life and loving the great out-of-doors. As a man he still loves to camp out and fish and hunt.

As a young boy he spent much time over to the Provo River, swimming, fishing and ice skating. He liked to be with the older boys and preferred his older brother's friends to boys of his own age. Anything the older boys tried, young Reed would do it right along with them.

One of their favorite sports was to get up on the old iron railroad bridge and as the train passed under them, the boys would drop into the coal cars which were filled with slack coal. Another dangerous pastime was to get under the old Orem railroad bridge and wait for the one or two car electric railroad cars to appear from Salt Lake enroute to Payson, or vice versa. When the boys could see the train coming, they would stick their heads up between the railroad ties and see who could keep their heads up the longest before having to duck down and letting the train pass over them.

Reed's family lived in the Provo Third Ward until 1919 when they sold their home and moved into the Provo Second Ward where he lived until his marriage in July, 1931.

Reed attended his first school, the old Timp School on Fifth West. Later he went to the Franklin and Provo High School.

In 1929 he quit High School and went to work "tending mason" for his father on a school building at Delta, Utah. That same fall he went to Los Angeles, California to the National Automotive and Electrical School. In June of 1930 he returned home having graduated. He went to work for Roy Boshard on the Dixon Jr. High School.

After working for some time as an Electrician, Reed decided he would rather follow his father's trade. With the help of his father as a teacher, Reed learned to lay brick.

Reed has always been a very good bricklayer. In 1964 he was given a plaque at a State Contractors and Brick Mason party held in Salt Lake City, engraved with the words, "Mason of the Year - - - Local Union No. 2, Reed Dixon".

As Reed grows older and works with the younger fellows, they often call him, "The Old Master". At age sixty, Reed can still lay brick with the best of them.

In 1929, Reed met and started going with Mary Matilda (Tillie) Hills. Two years later on July 28, 1931, they were married with a reception being held at the Grandview Church - one of the many church buildings Reed's father had laid the brick on.

We were married during the depression. Work was pretty hard to come by. Reed got a job working on the cement hi-way near Lehi for $3.00 a day. He worked two weeks and saved $15.00 so we were married. The next week he was laid off.

Reed's father had sold some of his property in Provo and bought a five-acre farm in the Grandview area, just two blocks west of Tillie's folks. So we moved into his old farm home and lived there the first four years of our married life.

One experience we will never forget was the day Tillie drowned the cow. There was some nice green grass growing down by the canal, so she tied the cow on the bushes next to the canal and took the baby and walked up to her mother's place. When she came home she went to move the cow and it had slipped into the canal. The rope had held its head under the water and the cow was dead. This was a great loss to the Dixon family. Money was hard to come by during the depression and the cow had supplied milk and butter for three families.

Our oldest child, a son, was born while we were living in Grandview. We named him Reed Garth. He was born April 7, 1933. When he was seven months old we moved to Salt Lake for a short time. Reed had found a job up there, but when they found out he was from Provo, they laid him off. They said work was so scarce they would have to hire men from Salt Lake.

While working in Salt Lake, we bought an old washer from the Landlord for $ 5.00. When we moved back to Provo we rented a small house in Lake View and paid our first months rent with the old washer. Reed wired the house for electricity for the second months rent. These were depression days but we look back (when) they were happy days.

Our second baby came while we were living in this house, a baby girl. We named her Mary Ann. She was born November 14, 1935. Mary Ann seemed to change our luck. When she was a few days old, Reed got his first good job at Ironton Steel Plant, unloading brick. Work was becoming a little more plentiful and with the help of Reed's father he started laying brick.

In February of 1935, Tillie's father passed away and she received $300 from his estate. After paying to have Garth's tonsils out, we bought a building lot with the rest of the money. Then we borrowed on the lot and with the help of Reed's father we built our first house on the lot at 465 North Seventh West in Provo.

In February of 1941 we sold our home and moved to Ogden. Reed was working up there at Hill Field and also at the Defense Depot on Second Street.

While living in Ogden our thirdchild was born, a little girl we named Sherrie Lillie. She was born December 3, 1941. When she was two months old we moved back to Provo. Work was starting at Geneva Steel Plant, where Reed worked for the next few years. He worked both on construction and defense work.

We rented while building our second new home on Third North, across the road from Dixon Jr. High School. We lived in this home for a year and sold it. We bought an old home at 456 East First North. Reed remodeled it and built two bedrooms on the back. We lived there about five years and sold it and built a new home at 770 East 620 North. We lived in it about three years and sold it and bought a home in University Gardens at 1010 East 800 North. Once again, Reed remodeled and built on it, then we sold it and built a new one out in the Edgemont area.

Each new home he built was nicer than the one before, but to me (Reed's wife) there will never be one quite so nice as the first one we built after the depression.

Reed has been a good husband, a good provider, a wonderful father, and if you ask the grandchildren, "The Best Grandpa in the World".

In 1964 we were called to go on a Work Mission for the Church to the South-east area.

Reed with the help of the young labor missionaries and members of the Church, built an addition of the Chapel at Waynesboro, Virginia, also at Fredericksburg, Virginia and also a large addition at Gaffney, South Carolina. Making this chapel into a Stake Center. He laid out the brickwork and finished it at Valdosta, Georgia and helped the missionaries get started laying brick at New Bern, North Carolina. He worked on the brickwork at Atlanta and Augusta, Georgia and finished a chapel at De Funick Springs, Florida. He also did brick repair work on a chapel at Bellview, Florida.

This was a wonderful experience for both of us. With Reed's talents in laying brick, he was sent to work on many chapels giving us the chance to see a lot of the South. We loved it down there and made many friends. We could see the hand of the Lord helping us and guiding and directing us in his work. It really strengthened our testimony in the gospel.

We were gone twenty-seven months. Utah looked good to us when we came home. We had missed our families a lot but this was two, never to be forgotten, years filled with wonderful experiences.

We have enjoyed our work in the Church. Reed holds the office of High Priest in the Edgemont 7th Ward, for which we as a family are very proud.

Reed has always been an active member of the Brickmason Union. He has been secretary for many years and has been on various committees, working hard to make better working conditions for his fellow workers.

THE MOST EXHILARATING AND SATISFYING EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE:

In 1963 a few days before Christmas, Tillie and I were called into the office of the Church Building Department in Salt Lake City. Here the Church Building Chairman asked us if we would go on a Building Mission for the Church.

It was decided that we would go to the South East Area of the U. S., with headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia. A local building contractor, Brother Wesley Carter from Provo and whom I had known nearly all of my life, was Area Supervisor.

We left for Atlanta on April 15, 1964. When we arrived at the Mission Headquarters, we were assigned to build additions on three of the existing chapels, making one of them into a Stake Center. After this assignment, we were asked to complete one chapel which was about one-third completed, which we did. We built the steeples on two new buildings and laid all the brick on another new building and helped with the brickwork on two other chapels. This was all done with the help of from three to six volunteer building missionaries and Ward members. None of these workmen had any previous building experience or knowledge of building construction.

It was amazing the things we accomplished and the beauty of the buildings when completed. I know it could not have been done without the help of the Lord.

I never had a testimony of the Gospel before going on this building mission assignment, but after seeing and experiencing what was accomplished in this twenty-seven months, with the help and guidance of the Lord, I gained a very strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel and the things that can be accomplished through prayer.

45th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 12.4

EDNA DIXON

MARK SQUIRE BALLIF

Ballif Family

Mark D. Barbara Scott
Edna Mark S.

581 East 2600 North, Ogden, Utah

EDNA DIXON BALLIF
My Personal History

I was born October 25, 1910, in Provo, Utah, at 232 North Fifth West Street. I was blessed to have such wonderful parents, Walter DeGrey Dixon and Louie Maiben. Others in the family were, Rhea, my oldest sister, two older brothers - Fred Walter and Donald Maiben (always called Buck and Sank), and a few years later a younger sister, Amy Laverne.

My father was a kind, wonderful man, very devoted to his wife and family. He loved the Gospel and his fellowman, and was truly a servant of God. He taught me many things, especially the Gospel Principles. I loved to go with him onhikes up the Canyon and to church activities. He worked very hard to provide for us, and because of his love and concern, and pleasant ways, our home was a happy place to be. I felt so sad when he died November 26, 1921, at the young age of 44. I was only eleven years old at the time. Through the years, how I have missed not having a father, but I have many fond memories of my dear father. I know I will be with him again someday.

How I loved my dear sweet mother. As a child I was very shy and stayed close to my mother's apron strings. She was a pretty woman and always looked neat and clean. Her home was her castle and was spotless at all times. After she lost her beloved companion, at such an early age, she dedicated her life to her home, family, relatives, and friends. No one could cook like my "Mom". Out of the old black stove oven came delicious pies, cakes, bread, and other good things to eat. I enjoyed the tantalizing smells of homemade bread and cookies as I came up the street from school. She was always there to great me with a smile and a kiss. Mother was Aunt Lou to everyone and all of the neighbors, relatives, and friends loved her. If anyone came to visit, we always had to serve them some goodies. She loved everyone and was so kind to all, especially her family. I am so grateful for all of the things that she taught me - especially to work hard and always finish the thing you start. She always encouraged me in the things that I did. Mother worked very hard when she had boarders, and I remember coming home from school to a table full of dishes to wash. Clothes washday was an all day activity and in the Fall I helped put up bushels and bushels of fruit.

My parents encouraged me in my music. I took lessons just two or three years, but I was blessed with the talent of being able to play by ear, and enjoy this talent today. From my grandfather and father I inherited the gift of creative writing. This has brought much joy into my life, and I have tried to share it with others by writing many poems and tributes. Like father I have enjoyed sports; tennis, softball, and others, the beauties of nature and fun outdoor experiences.

I have so many happy memories of family fun at home. My parents loved holidays. Halloween, Thanksgiving, Christmas, birthdays, were always very special occasions. As a widow, mother continued to make these special days, even with a meager income.

It was exciting growing up on Sandy Alley with aunts, uncles and cousins living all the way up Fifth West and on near by streets. What fun it was to visit them often. I went all through my school years with some of my cousins; Aline Manson, Valera, Sarah, and Allie Dixon. What dear folks the Dixons and Taylors are, and all of my relatives. I have always loved them and been very proud to be a part of the Dixon Clan.

I attended the old Timpanogos School, grades one to six, and have special memories of teachers and friends I met there. My Junior High years were spent at Central Junior High School, and later attended Provo High School, where I graduated in 1927. These were years filled with many experiences, mostly very pleasant ones. I felt sad when I had to say goodbye to dear teachers and friends I had known.

During my childhood and later years I went to church at the Third Ward building, just a few blocks away from our home. I loved that Ward and remember the good times we had in the old Amusement Hall. I attended Ward dinners, dances, shows, Halloween parties, and other activities. I enjoyed being in several M. I. A. Road Shows. I also played the organ for Sunday School and other meetings. Father was at one time in the Bishopric.

In 1927 I enrolled at the Brigham Young University for a two years Normal Course that was given then. In 1929 I received a degree to teach in Elementary Grades. Rhea was already teaching, and I guess I wanted to follow in her footsteps. I taught my first year in the Alpine District and the next year in Sanpete County. It was important for all of us to work to help with the family income.

When Fred (Buck) graduated and went to coach at Weber High School in Ogden, he met an athlete by the name of Mark Squires Ballif. He was the son of Joseph Ballif and Florence Squires. He encouraged Mark to come to the B. Y. U. to play football and stay at our home. This chain of events led to our first meeting and later courtship. It was an unusual one when you both live in the same house, and there were a few problems, but we had some good times. I was away teaching during Mark's last year at school. He graduated in June 1931. We were married July 29, 1931, in the Logan Temple.

Mark had a job as coach at Weber High School in Ogden. After our marriage we went to live in North Ogden in his brother Jeff's house. On June 18, 1932, our first son Mark was born. We later moved to 12th Street in Ogden. Our daughter Barbara was born there on November 10, 1933. We moved to 1462 Washington Boulevard where our youngest son Scott Walter was born December 8, 1935. Our children have always brought a great deal of joy and happiness into our lives.

We moved back to North Ogden in 1944. Teachers were very scarce and I was asked to substitute, which I did for many years. My husband was coach there for two years, and all of our children were attending the school at this time. There was a Junior High and Elementary. I taught Girl's Physical Education and Fourth Grade. Mark went to Ogden High School to coach and teach Physical Education and I continued to teach at the North Ogden School, later the Third Grade. I retired in 1970, after having taught for 28 years there. I have many choice memories of the children I taught and the fine teachers and principals I worked with. During these teaching years I took many extension classes and attended workshops from the colleges. I graduated from Utah State University in June 1959.

We are very proud of our three children. Mark Dixon graduated from the B. Y. U. and has a Master's Degree. He is a golf Pro and architect and has designed many golf courses. He designed and constructed the Patio Springs Golf Course in Eden, Ogden Canyon, and Sherwood Hills Golf Course in Brigham City Canyon, where he is now the Pro there. He married Kay Anderson in the Salt Lake Temple, and they have two sons, Mark and Michael, a daughter Jan and a granddaughter, Brittany. He excelled in sports in high school and college.

Barbara graduated from Utah State University and taught Physical Education at Ben Lommond High School in Ogden. She married Kenneth Olsen from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. They were later divorced. She has a son David and daughter Pamela from this previous marriage. She is now married to Blaine Wade and they have a son, Danny. Barbara and Blaine are very active in the Church. He has been a Bishop and is now in the Stake Presidency of the Pleasant View Utah Stake. Barbara is in the Relief Society Presidency and has talents in music and creative writing. They have been sealed in the Logan Temple.

Scott, our youngest son, graduated from the Utah State University. He married Sherma Craven in the Logan Temple. They have two sons, Brian and Bryce, and two daughters, Debra and Becky. Also a grandson, Shane. Scott excelled in many sports in high school and college. He and his brother played basketball for their dad at Ogden High School. He coached at Bonneville High School for five years, then was an assistant principal at Bonneville and Roy High Schools, in Ogden, Weber County. He was principal at South Junior High School in Ogden and is now the principal of the Valley School in Eden, Ogden Valley. He is also the Bishop of the Weber College Branch, in Ogden.

We have ten grandchildren and four great grandchildren at this time. My husband and I are so grateful for our dear family. We have been married forty-nine years.

I have held many positions in the Church and have a great love for the Gospel. I have been an organist, teacher in every organization, a counselor in the M.I.A. Presidency, Road Show Director, Stake Primary Inservice Leader, member of the Ward Choir, and served on many committees. I am also a member of the Daughters of Utah Pioneers and give the lessons at our Camp Meetings.

Mark and I were officiators at the Ogden Temple for five years. We started at the time of the dedication and Open House, and were released when we received our mission call.

On December 11, 1976 we left for our mission to the Oakland Temple Visitor's Center in Oakland, California. It was a choice spiritual experience for eighteen months. We returned home June 9, 1978. At the present time we are working as officiators again in the Ogden Temple. We have truly been blessed.

My life has been a series of varied and wonderful experiences. I am so grateful for my heritage, my goodly parents and noble ancestors, who sacrificed so much that I may enjoy all of the comforts and blessings that we as a family have today.

I have a strong testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel and know the joy it brings into our lives. I am very thankful for my membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Edna Dixon Ballif - 1979

A MEMORABLE AND SATISFYING EXPERIENCE IN MY LIFE

In my lifetime I have had many satisfying experiences relating to teaching children. Letters and tributes I have received from them, and being remembered by those I taught many years ago. The honors bestowed upon me when I retired last year were very much appreciated.

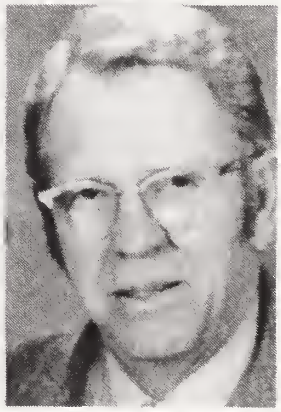
As a mother, I think the most satisfying experience that you can have is to hold your new born baby in your arms for the first time. As the children grow you rejoice and share in their experiences and achievements.

One experience in my life that was so impressive that I will always remember it, was my temple marriage. As Mark and I knelt at the beautiful altar, there was a wonderful, peaceful spirit all around us. We knew that we would be together for time and eternity.

46th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D. # 11.2

MILDRED DIXON



JAMES COLIN TANGREN

Nancy James Dixon Sharon

Mildred James Colin

Mildred Colin
First Grandchild
Marissa
15157 Norton St., San Leandro, Cal.

MILDRED DIXON TANGREN

The afternoon of July 17, 1912 was hot in Provo, Utah. Sena Rasmussen Dixon, Wife of Albert F. Dixon, was weary as she was scrubbing the kitchen floor. She was thinking how pleasant it had been to have her mother visiting with her the past few days, and she was thankful her mother had been there this morning to help with the canning of raspberries. She was sorry her mother could not stay longer, but Mama had returned to Fairview, Utah, where she lived with Harry Rasmussen, Sena's brother. Already Sena missed her.

Sena was expecting her second baby the first part of September. She had a little boy, Harry, who was 21 months old. She was tired and the baby was active. (I'm sure the baby was objecting to all the work.) Then -- the baby came with no idea it was supposed to wait until September when Grandma could return to help.

The baby, a girl, was named Mildred. I am Mildred, daughter of Sena Rasmussen and Albert Frederick Dixon, born July 17, 1912 at Provo, Utah County, Utah. My parents had nine children: Harry Albert, Mildred, Clifton, Elmo Arthur, Norma, Vera, Ruth, a still-born boy, and Melvin R. Clifton, Elmo Arthur and Ruth died in infancy.

When I was a small child my family moved to Spanish Fork, Utah where my father was manager of the Taylor Bros. Store. I was baptized there on August 1, 1920 by John Wells Calderwood, and confirmed a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints by my father.

My early childhood was a happy, carefree time. School was fun, not difficult, and I had many friends. I particularly remember the third grade in those early years. Cleo Pierce was my teacher, and I liked her very much. That year we presented a play called "The Old Woman in the Shoe" and we went down town to give it in the old "Opera House". I was the Old Woman with a lovely old pioneer dress and bonnet borrowed from a very old lady.

My father with others, organized the Dixon Taylor Russell Company, so we moved back to Provo when I was in the fourth grade. I remember particularly the sixth grade. Byron Jones was my teacher. He loved music and we did many interesting and enjoyable things that year. We had a girls baseball team. We played in competition with the other city schools, and that year we won the championship and received a silver cup. I played second base and pitcher.

During my growing up years I loved to go to Ephraim in Sanpete County, to visit my mother's sister, Aunt Molla (Karen Amalia), Uncle Otto Nielson, and their family. We would also visit Uncle Harry, Aunt Anne and family in Fairview. We had many good times there.

I graduated from Provo High School in 1930 and attended Brigham Young University, graduating in 1934 with a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Accounting and Business Administration. I worked at Dixon

Taylor Russell Company while attending school and continued after graduation. In 1936 I went to Salt Lake City to take a job with the U. S. Treasury Department. In 1942 I went to work for Remington Arms Company. They had a plant to manufacture ammunition.

Harry married Cecile Clark and they lived in Provo. My mother was ailing at this time. She was ill for many years, and the family members were always concerned about her.

I was married to James Colin Tangren on March 28, 1942, in Preston, Idaho, by Bishop C. Earl Gosslind. In October, 1942, Norma married Richard Graham Jess. During 1943 and 1944 we were in Denver, Colorado where Colin was stationed at Lowry Field. I worked for Remington Arms Company there, having been transferred from the Utah plant. During this time I went to Provo many times because of the illness of my mother. She passed away in March of 1944.

In October of 1944, Colin was sent overseas and I returned to Provo to live with Dad. In April 1945, Vera married Dean Albert Anderson, he was home on leave, having been in Europe. The men in our family; Harry, Melvin, Colin, Dick and Dean were all in the service and were sent to various places in the world. Harry and Colin served in the South Pacific. Melvin and Dean were in Europe, and Dick was on the West Coast preparing to go to China when the war ended in 1945.

On May 21, 1945 I had a baby girl, Sharon Lynn. What a welcome baby she was. My Dad and I really enjoyed her. Then on August 16, in Berkeley, California, where he had gone to be with Norma and Dick for a few days, Dad had a heart attack and died, just after the war ended. We had planned on soon having all our men home. It was a severe blow to us all.

By Christmas all the men were home and we all took up the task of going on with our lives. Melvin married Carol Collard and started to school, to be a doctor. In 1946 Colin and I moved to Oakland, California, where he had worked before going into the service. Finding a house to buy was a real problem. For two years we lived in rental units, and had Nancy Ann and James Dixon join our family. We were now five, and on October 4, 1948 we moved into a new home in San Leandro. We still live in that home.

Colin's sister, Zola, moved to this area. His brother Glen and wife, Leila and family lived there. His mother later came to live with Zola, so we had our family living close to us. Over the years we had many wonderful, memorable times together and we are truly thankful for this, and for the love we shared.

In 1956 my sister, Norma, died suddenly, leaving Dick with two small children they had adopted; three year old Barbara Ann and one year old Steven. In 1958 Vera died, leaving Dean with two children: Carol Leslie, eleven years, and Michael Albert, age 9. The loss of both my sisters was a great one for me.

Bluebirds, Cub Scouts, Campfire Girls, Scouts, P.T.A., Primary, Mutual, teaching, family, church -- these things took my time and energy for the next several years. Many great times we had. Sharon and Nancy went to the B.Y.U. and Jim went to a local college.

Sharon married James Lawrence Beyers and at this writing they have four girls: Marissa Suzanne, Johanna, Katherine Norma, Laura Ellen. He is an attorney and they live in Santa Rosa, California. Nancy married James Eric Ford and they have four children: Cimony Anna, Cambric Emma, David Menton, Gillian Sarah. They live in Provo, where he is a professor at B.Y.U. Jim is not married, he lives in Concord, California.

In 1973 I retired from the teaching profession. Teaching has been a very enjoyable and rewarding profession. The next year, Colin had two heart attacks, so he retired. We have been active in the Church, holding many positions; teaching in Sunday School, Mutual and Relief Society, and serving in the Presidency of Relief Society and Mutual in the Ward and Stake.

On June 28, 1977, Colin and I were set apart as ordinance workers in the Oakland Temple. We serve there on Tuesday and Thursday mornings. We are grateful for the opportunity and the responsibility of this work. It is a source of great satisfaction and joy to us.

Very Brief Life Sketch of

ALBERT FREDERICK DIXON

Born March 31, 1876 at Provo, Utah to Mary Ann Smith and Henry Aldous Dixon.

Baptized by John S. Holdaway on June 3, 1884.

Confirmed a member of the LDS Church on June 3, 1884 by Edward Harding.

Married Sena Rasmussen in the Manti Temple on March 23, 1910.

Children:
Harry, Mildred, Clifton, Elmo, Norma, Vera, Ruth, Baby, and Melvin.

Albert's early education was in the Provo City Schools and later in the Brigham Young Academy.

His first job was a construction worker on the Salt Lake and Mercur Railroad. He later became a brakeman.

In 1902 he was called as a missionary to the British Mission.

Upon return from his mission he worked for Taylor Bros. Co as a salesman in the mining camps and throughout Southern Utah.

In 1913 he became manager of Taylor Bros. Branch Store at Spanish Fork, Utah.

Was one of the organizers of Dixon Taylor Russell Co. in 1921, later becoming President of the Company.

Held many positions in the Church, including Supt. of the Sixth Ward Sunday School.

Was an ardent fisherman and hunter.

Albert F. Dixon was an honest, sincere man. He had many friends. He loved little children and always had a special treat for them.

He died August 18, 1945 while visiting in Berkeley, California.

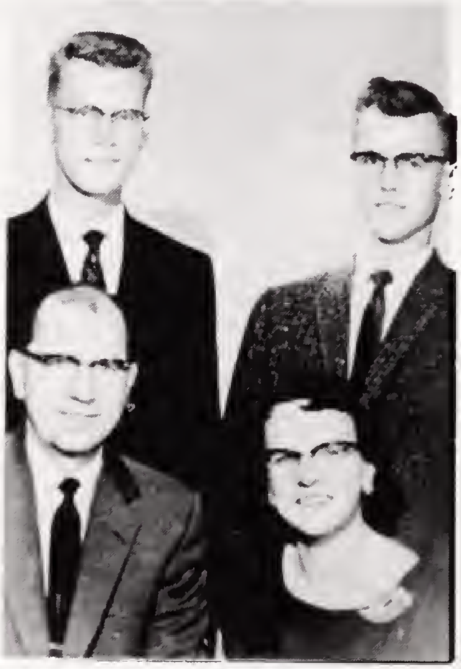
47th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 10. 2

RUBY DIXON

ANGUS WAYNE COWLEY

Cowley Family



1430 No. 380 West
Provo, Utah

RUBY DIXON COWLEY

At the beginning of my life I was given the gift of pleasant imagination, a sense of observation to gain knowledge, skill and power to communicate in artistic reality and personal symbolic beauty. As a child free to visulize and accomplish usefulness through a great need to be sociable and appreciative in having experiences with family and many friends, which is self-contentedness. The human organs of the soul, music and song, make joy a silent yodel in the spectacular geographical surroundings of mountains and canyons in this beautiful Utah valley, which Charles Owen Dixon returned to from serving a Western States L.D.S. Mission in Butte, Montana and Portland, Oregon. He met and married lovely Virginia Elizabeth Beckstead on August 25, 1909 in the Salt Lake L.D.S. Temple by John R. Winder.

A second child and daughter was born July 26, 1912 in the beautiful home Charles had built on the corner of 295 North 500 West in Provo, September 1, 1912 in the Third Ward Chapel he gave me a blessing and the name of Ruby. I was baptized by Arthur D. Taylor and confirmed by Walter D. Dixon. Instilled by our dedicated and loving parents with six children, there has been an ambition for self-improvement and wholesome living with minds so acquisitive and avid for knowledge. We prepared to make our goals along with dividing household tasks, so very young, learning responsibility and yet so mature at a time when parental guidance was accepted and a community way of life was prevalent and yet we were free to form our principles. I discovered that I could live a happier life by obeying my parents, especially in practicing religious beliefs. We were raised with a togetherness of our dear relatives with large families close by, working, sharing, and socializing, which brought true belongingness, joy and comfort to me all of my life.

Through keen study I became an educator and teacher, artist and writer with special talents in teaching language arts and creativity. Most of all I was inspired, teaching hundreds of children to compose and write poetry and created and color their drawings with water-color to illustrate and put in cloth-covered books their art and crafts for exhibits displayed in the City Center, Eldred Center, and at B.Y.U. I was asked to include the photographs of these in my thesis when I graduated with a Masters degree at the Ninety-fourth Commencement at the B.Y.U. August 1969 with a major in curriculum and instruction, and a minor in art.

My career of twenty-eight years spanned the elementary field from rural Principal of the Hanna School, teacher of first and fourth grades at Altonah School in Duchesne County, to Parker, Grandview, Timpanogos, and Provost Schools in the Provo School District. First I had a "white collar" position teaching remedial reading to students from first to sixth grades at Parker School with government pay.

I remember the year in fourth grade they sent me to the Parker School because the Timpanogos School was too crowded. Here I made new friends and I could "spelldown" every pupil in the school. After that, on August 19, 1922, my Mother passed away. I enjoyed Provo High School most, next to College. We took swimming in the pool, marched in the Posture Parade leading the band and in contests, decorated for dances, sang in the operas, and danced in the Dance Review in elegant costumes. Our Glee Club rode the Interurban to Salt Lake City and sang for Conference in the Tabernacle. The Type teacher took us in her one-seated Ford down to the Lake ice-skating after school. In Altonah I would ice-skate for miles down the frozen canals. In the spring we attended the Ute Indian Bear Dance where the Braves chose their brides at the ceremony of dancing and singing.

I learned to skii down the mountains back of Hoover's Ranch in Provo Canyon while in High School. The B.Y.U. had winter carnivals up Daniels Canyon and I won the women's Skii glide and was presented a beautiful amethyst bracelet from a Provo Jewelry store.

Va Lera and I had such good times at the Ward and B. Y. U. dances and our Social Unit parties and dances. She introduced me to Wayne Cowley at a matinee dance. He invited me to be his partner for a Ballroom Dance Class. We graduated twice together when I received a Normal Diploma in 1932 and Wayne received his B.A. degree. Then in 1934 I received a Three-year diploma and Wayne his Master of Arts degree with a thesis in Physics. I respected Wayne for his values of achievement and brilliant knowledge in his profession. He was fun to be with, gentle, kind and soft spoken, clean and neat and very handsome, and after all I had known him for six years. In 1937 he accepted a position in Idaho to teach chemistry, physics and mathematics at Rigby High School. So on my parents 28th wedding anniversary, August 25, 1937 we were married in the Salt Lake L. D. S. Temple. Grandmother Beckstead enjoyed informing the ladies in the beautiful Brides Room that I wore my Mother's wedding gown of silk and inserts of lace, which was her daughter's.

Wayne enjoyed acting in productions and was very talented so we were the young "lovers" in plays in the Wards and traveled around to the other towns and also taught the Ward and Stake M.I.A.dances.

A Faith-promoting Experience: A son, Wayne was born October 14, 1938 at the Goody Maternity Home in Rigby, Idaho. When he was five months old I tucked him in his crib, pinning the blanket down. Later, I looked at him and there was blood on his bib. I checked his mouth and found nothing in it so I held him upside down. His face was going black so I turned his face away over my shoulder and ran across the road to our nearest neighbor and asked Mrs. Johnson to telephone Dr. Tall to come. I went back home and put the baby down and knelt down by a chair. I prayed that I might find that safety pin.

The Doctor and his nurse and Wayne came and checked the baby. We put him on a pillow to drive twelve miles to the Idaho Falls Hospital. As we crossed the yard toward the car I looked down and picked it up happily saying, " This is the safety pin."

Another son, Shirl was born December 18, 1941. In July 1942 we moved to Provo where Wayne accepted a teaching position at Provo High School and taught physics and mathematics, for eighteen years.

Fifty Physicists were selected to participate in the National Science Foundation Physics Institute at the University of Washington at Seattle and Wayne was selected. That summer of 1960 was like a second honeymoon. I registered for a special course on the Gifted Child Program. Our son, Wayne was serving a mission in Northern California and Shirl was employed at Jackson Lake Lodge in Wyoming so we rented an apartment in Seattle and toured with other couples from other States, on weekends.

I was chosen to have my biography in Who's Who of American Women for 1974-1975 as career positions and outstanding achievements.

On April 13, 1975 I was awarded a plaque from the Provo Education Association which reads: "In appreciation for your 26 years of devoted service to Education." A retirement party and dinner was given for me, an orchid corsage and luggage gifts and a program of original songs to sing and the following tribute: "We honor Ruby, the young girl who grew up without a mother's help but became the woman any mother would be proud of. To Ruby, the young teacher, who rode horseback to her first teaching assignment and acted as principal and teacher. To Ruby, the young wife and mother helping her husband in his new teaching career and taking seriously the vows "in sickness and health". To Ruby, a fellow teacher, who's sense of humor and high professional standards were an inspiration because she believed in doing her best, being an enthusiastic member of the organizations she joined, and sharing freely all she had. Ruby, the mother, who picked up the pieces after Wayne's death and raised her sons the way he would have wanted should be honored too. She gave unselfishly and with pride."

As a family we have reached out for communication with God and have hope, courage and trust, with an enduring bond of understanding. Wayne and Shirl have an awareness and the knowledge dedicated to developing solutions in science, industry, education, medicine and creativity for the benefit of all mankind.

Wayne served an L.D.S. Mission to Northern California and Oregon. Shirl served in Southern Australia and a Utah Stake Mission and a Huntington Beach, California Stake Mission. Shirl has a practice in Podia tric Medicine and Surgery in Southern, Utah. Shirl and Janeen have two daughters and two sons and live at 114 North Cove Drive, Cedar City, Utah.

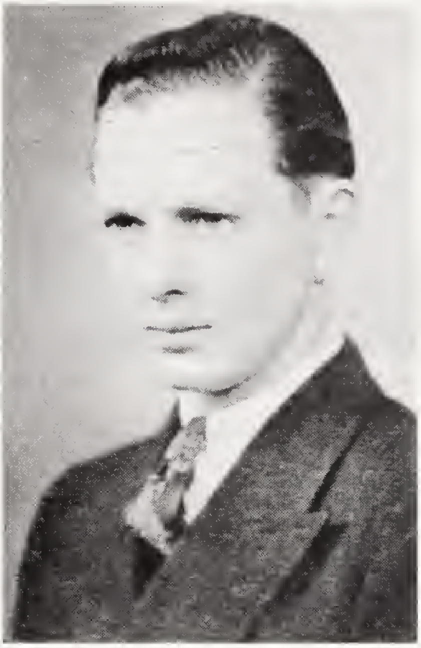
Wayne is a Professor of Technology and Engineering for Southern Illinois University and teaches at Travis Air Force Base. Wayne and Norma Jean have three daughters and live at 455 Wilmington Way, Vacaville, California.

The following biography appeared in the Ninth Edition of Who's Who of American Women Volume 10:

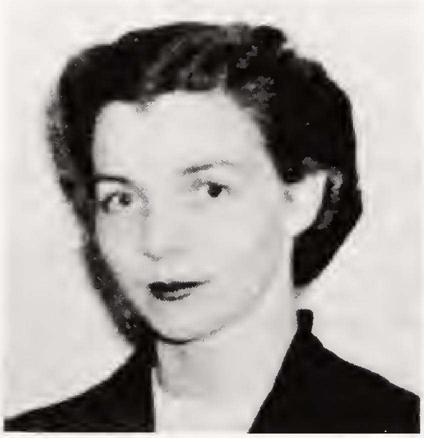
"COWLEY, Ruby Dixon (Mrs. Angus Wayne Cowley), educator; born Provo, Utah, July 26, 1912; daughter of Charles Owen and Virginia Elizabeth (Beckstead) Dixon; B.S., Brigham Young University, 1951, Master Education, 1969; postgraduate University of Washington, 1960; married Angus Wayne Cowley, August 25, 1937; children - Wayne Dixon, Shirl Curtis. Teacher remedial reading Parker School, Provo, Utah, 1934; principal Hanna School, Duchesne County, Utah, 1935-36; teacher, Altonah School, Duchesne County, 1936-37, Grandview School, Provo, 1951-53; teacher Timpanogos School, Provo School District, 1953 - . District chairman Democratic party, 1962 - . Member of American Childhood Educational Association International. (President Provo Branch 1969-71, publication chairman 1971 -), N.E.A. (convention representative 1968), American Association of University Women (historian, art study leader 1951-57), Utah Education Association (chairman education and professions). Standards committee 1966-70), Utah Art Educators Association, XI Beta, Delta Kappa Gamma (program committee 1960 -). Member of Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Home: 1430 North 380 West, Provo, Ut.

48th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 85

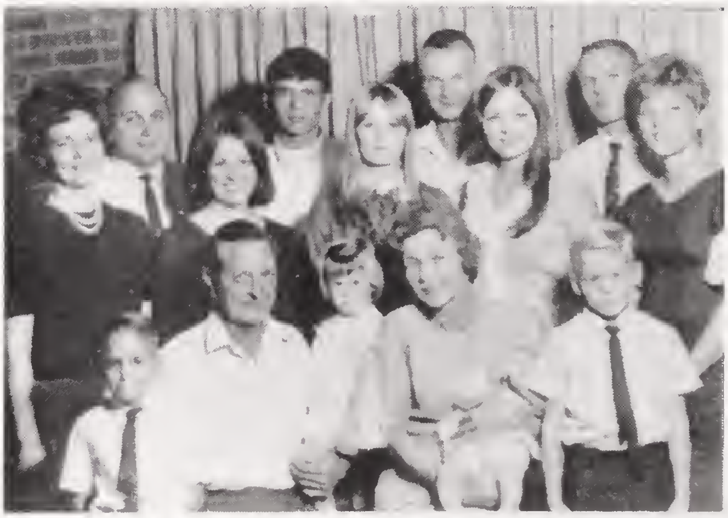


RALPH DIXON



RUTH WARD

Ralph Dixon Family



Front: Michael, Ralph, Elizabeth, Ruth, Steven, David
Center: Marjorie, Karen, Sandra, Cheri, Donna
Back: Robert B., Stanley, Ronald, Gerald

686 East 400 North, Orem, Utah

RALPH DIXON

On the 16th of September 1912, twin boys arrived at the Dixon home; Ralph was the elder by minutes.

Provo was a wonderful place for twin boys to grow up in those times. They had chickens, cows, horses, rabbits, and shetland ponies. One pony named Tony was so balky and contrary that Ralph in disgust traded his half to his twin brother, Ron, for a rabbit and then gave the rabbit away. There were always friends waiting for the boys to finish their chores so they could play and these twin "Tom Sawyers" were very adept at trading pony rides and driving privileges for help with their chores.

It has been said that two heads are better than one. Ralph and Ron were a testament of that statement. They spent hours over at the river in their Tepees, making snares, bows and arrows, and even leather slings (like the one David used on Goliath). Ralph had a natural ability with his hands and was always making something.

No history of Ralph would be complete without the "Watermelon Business". One warm summer day when watermelons were ripe, the Dixon twins and a friend pulled two coaster wagons all the way up the Grandview Hill, purchased five watermelons at five cents each (all the money they had), and returned down the hill to easily sell them for ten cents apeace. Up the hill they went and purchased ten melons, this time with visions of wealth making the work seem light. Coming down that steep grade, they soon learned that five melons in each wagon was more than they could handle. The wagons broke away, turned over and all the melons were broken open. The young, would-be business men were bankrupt, but refused to come away empty handed. They sat down in the road and ate the hearts out of each of the melons before heading home.

Sports were another of Ralph's loves. In the fifth grade at the Timpanogos School, his baseball team won the city championship and the track team won the May Day meet. As a ninth grader, he swam himself to fame in the backstroke by capturing the State championship before the money crunch of the thirties ended scholastic swimming at Provo High. Skating was to fill this void for the rest of his life. A love of skating that had begun with trips to Allen's pond, became a self taught avocation of a figure skater "par excellent". Later, he taught his younger daughters, Cheri and Sandy to skate and dance on the ice with him.

Work was a Dixon tradition. Under the guidance of his father, Ralph started out cutting tie wires and carrying water for the brick masons. He then learned to lay brick and finish concrete, and went on to learn the many other aspects of the building trades. He built his first contract home in 1938 under an architect. As a licensed general contractor, he worked most of his life in Idaho and Utah. Many homes in Utah County have been enhanced with his creative ability in rock fireplace construction.

In 1965 Ralph became interested in oil painting, especially of the things he loved: horses, wildlife and landscapes. When arthritis stopped his painting, he had Cal Bee teach him the old, fancy leather work, round braiding and round sewing. If it could be made with the hands, Ralph could do it. From turning a piece of Ivory soap into a horse to changing a stick into a whistle, children would marvel at his talents.

Born to Ernest DeGrey and Mary Ann Painter Dixon, Ralph married Eva Ruth Ward in Twin Falls, Idaho onfourth of September 1938. Parents of six children (three boys and three girls), they now have twenty-one grandchildren.

Ralph has always loved the land and the natural wonders of the environment in which he was raised. His love of the land; his knowledge of flowers, trees, birds, fish, animals and rocks; his ability to create articles with his hands; and his willingness to teach his children and grandchildren to do the same are the worth of this man.

Ralph Dixon, at the age of sixty-seven, died Saturday, February 9, 1980 at the Utah Valley Hospital of a lingering illness, cancer.

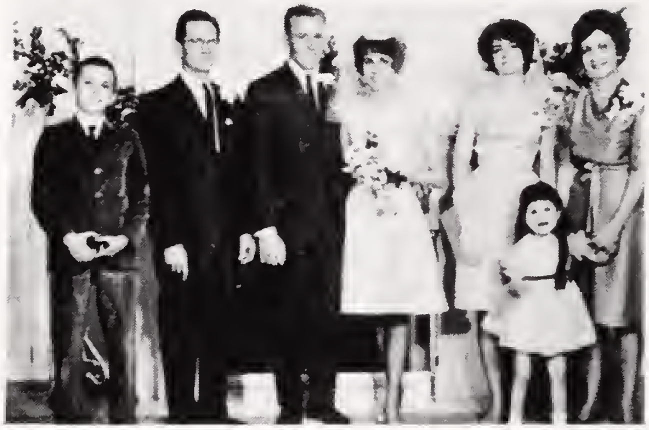
49th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 86

RONALD DIXON

VERNEDA JACKSON

Ronald Dixon Family



Gary, Ron, Tom, Kathy, Deanna, Verneda
Dorsey

381 No. 600 West
Provo, Utah

Wildwood

RONALD DIXON

Ronald Dixon was born at Provo, Utah on September 16, 1912, to Ernest Dixon and May Painter Dixon. He was the sixth in order of seven children, a twin to his brother Ralph.

The Timpanogos School was just across the street from his home which he attended through the sixth grade. On the school playground he became interested in sports and later in high school participated in track, baseball, football, swimming and boxing.

While in school he was one of the four track participants to win the only two first prizes in the 440 and 880 yard relay races at the B. Y. U. Invitational Track Meet. He was also a member of the Provo City Championship baseball team.

While still in high school, he worked at the Paramount Theater for three years. He graduated from Provo High School. As a young man he worked for his father in the construction business, and later in the construction of the Geneva Steel plant. Upon completion of the construction, he continued to work for the U. S. Steel Co.

With the completion of their new building, Ron became one of the first employees for the E. D. Firmage Department Store. He was employed here for over twelve years.

As an automobile salesman, Ron worked for A. L. Duckett and later for Naylor Auto Co. where he retired after thirty-five years service.

On November 23, 1939, he married Verneda Jackson in Provo, Utah. They are the parents of four children: Kathryn, Deanna, Gary, and Darcy.

His boyhood experiences with the family horse, "Buckskin", the Shetland ponies of Uncle Ashted, Parley, Walter and Arthur developed in him a love for these animals. For the last forty years he has raised Shetland ponies, and has enjoyed working with them and training them. He has brought much joy to many of the young people of the area with rides on the ponies or in one of his buggies. He enjoys the company of young people and they love him for it.

Another one of his hobbies has been the construction of minature, built to scale, models of pony wagons, carts, cutters and chariots.

His love of the outdoors has taken him on horse-back or pack-in trips to many of the remote mountain areas, exploring the back trails. With his more recent jeep trips he has explored most of the back roads of the State. On these frequent mountain trips, he has always found time to do his share of fishing, for he is an avid fisherman and hunter.

With his wife they built a comfortable summer home at Wildwood where they and their family have enjoyed many happy days.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
ERNEST DE GREY DIXON

ID # 8

Born to Sarah DeGrey and Henry Aldous Dixon, December 22, 1873 in Provo, Utah.

Baptized by John Cottam, January 31, 1882 in Salt Lake and confirmed by Alex McRae on February 2, 1882 in Salt Lake City.

Married Mary Ann (May) Painter at Nephi on December 19, 1899.

Children:

Erma, Leah, Arnold, Verl, Ralph, Ronald, Edith.

He was one of the first students to attend the Timpanogos School.

He earned the reputation of an honest, reliable, and industrious bricklayer and contractor.

"Ern" was a good ice skater, swimmer, horseman and jockey.

He was a barber, a rancher, a farmer and horse buyer. He loved little children.

Died June 15, 1938 at Provo, Utah.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
MARY ANN PAINTER DIXON

ID# 8 w

Born September 14, 1875 at Nephi, Utah to Mary Ann Brooks and John Scoffing Painter.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church, June 6, 1883.

Attended the Public Schools in Nephi, Utah.

She remembered seeing the ox carts in Nephi and was often frightened by the Indians that came to town with their faces painted.

When her mother died, at age eleven, she came to Provo and lived with "Lizzie" and George Taylor until she was married. Although she was not legally adopted, she was accepted as a member of the Taylor Family. She called them "Papa and "Mamma" Taylor.

She married Ernest DeGrey Dixon at Nephi, Utah on December 19, 1889.

Children:

Erma, Leah, Arnold, Verl, Ralph, Ronald, Edith.

Died at Provo, Utah on April 23, 1954.

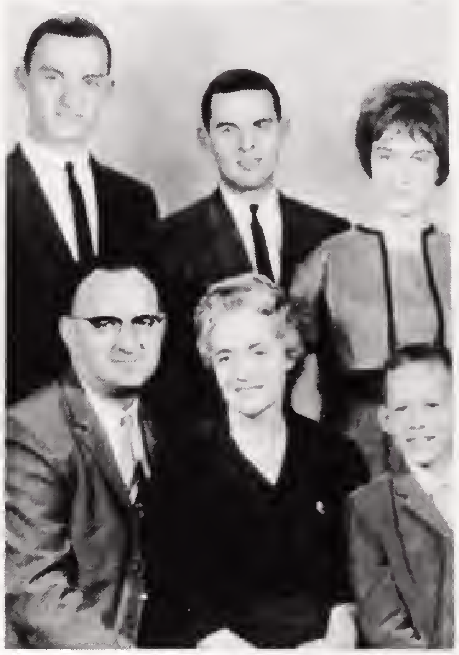
50th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 16.1

HOWARD BANKS DIXON

FULVIA CALL

Howard B. Dixon Family



Allen Jerald Janet
Howard Fulvia Kenneth

326 E. 1900 North
Provo, Utah

LIFE HISTORY OF HOWARD BANKS DIXON
December 11, 1912 - September 7, 1975

Howard Banks Dixon was born December 11, 1912 at the family home at 270 North 500 West, Provo, Utah. He was the first of ten children born to Letitia May Banks and Arnold Dixon. The doctor attending the birth had some difficulty in getting the baby to breathe, and when at last he gave a healthy cry his grandmother Sarah DeGrey Dixon said, "Oh, thank the Lord for that cry." Since then many others have had reason to thank the Lord that he lived.

He grew up right across the driveway from his Aunt Maria D. Taylor, his Uncle Arthur N. Taylor and their family. From this beginning he and his cousin Kenneth Taylor became fast friends. As young boys they played together, and went to school together. They worked together and often slept together.

After some years the Dixons moved to their new home at 885 North 500 West, Provo, There Howard's father, who was a banker by profession, raised chickens and Howard's responsibility was to help take care of them.

He began his schooling at the old Timpanogos School on Fifth West in Provo. The building was later torn down and a new school was erected on the same site and also called Timpanogos. From there he attended Central Junior High School. It was during these years that he worked diligently on scouting and was awarded the Eagle Scout badge at age fourteen. Many boys now are receiving that award at that age; however, they now begin scouting at age eleven. Then they had to wait until twelve to start. He and one other boy received the recognition at the same time. It was quite an honor. Their badges were the first to arrive in Provo by air mail. (1927).

After Central Jr. High he attended Provo High School where he graduated in May 1932. During these depression years he worked at whatever job he could find. Sometimes it was in the beet or celery fields or in the fruit orchards.

After high school he entered Brigham Young University where he majored in geology and minored in chemistry. He did very well in his classes and made good grades. Whenever he had a journal to hand in he went the second mile. It was typed, with drawings inked in and then bound before handing it in.

He graduated with a bachelor's degree from BYU in 1936 and then continued his studies, earning his master's degree in 1938.

On September 22, 1937, in the Salt Lake Temple, he married Fulvia Call, whom he had met during his junior year in a class at BYU where students were seated alphabetically. Because his interest were in the field of geology, after graduating he took a job working in a mine in Dividend, Utah.

On May 26, 1939, their first child Jerald La Mar, was born to them at the Crane Maternity Home in Provo.

In 1941 they moved to Rio Tinto, Nevada where Howard worked as a chemist in the assay office of Mountain City Copper Company, a branch of Anaconda Copper Company. It was while he was there employed that World War II broke out. He had already registered for the draft, but because he was a father and then because he was working in essential industry, he was never called into military service. He worked in the assay office for three years, then when the steel plant was built near Provo he was able to get a transfer from one essential industry to another and he worked for thirty-two years in the chemical laboratory at Geneva Works of United States Steel Company.

During the years of living in Rio Tinto another son, Howard Allen was born to them in Provo at Utah Valley Hospital on October 31, 1942.

While living in Nevada there was very little contact with the Church as the small branch there had been dissolved, and being eighty-seven miles away from the ward in Elko, Nevada where they had their membership, there was no opportunity to attend meetings regularly. In Rio Tinto there was a Community Sunday School and Howard was the teacher for the adults. Only a few attended, but he taught them Mormonism.

Upon returning to Provo they lived in Provo Third Ward where Howard was born and had been reared. He became a ward clerk and was happy to again become involved in church work.

On September 2, 1946 a daughter, Janet was born at Utah Valley Hospital in Provo.

In 1947 Howard and Fulvia bought their first home located at 470 North 100 East in Provo. The move took them from the Third Ward into Manavu Ward. It was not long before Howard was again called to be a ward clerk. During the nine years they lived in that ward he was a clerk to three bishoprics.

On November 9, 1951 another son, Kenneth Call was born.

In 1957 the family moved to a new home which they had built at 326 East 1900 North in Provo. This home was larger and had adequate space for the many family gatherings held there. Howard was always a cordial host. He was proud of this home which his brother, Bruce had designed and one of his days of triumph came when he made the final payment on it considerably ahead of schedule.

Through the years, Howard's generosity made welcome in the home, many of the relatives on both sides of the family and others . Some stayed for a short time, and some stayed for long periods of time.

Againhe was called to be a ward clerk in the Pleasant View Ward, and a little later was called on a Stake Mission. He enjoyed the work, even though there were very few converts made at that time in the Provo area.

Howard's mother died May 3, 1955 and in 1958 his father came to make his home with Howard and Fulvia. He lived with them until his death September 1, 1960. Howard did all he could to make him comfortable and happy.

Family ties were strong and he cared for his father with love and devotion. He was proud of his heritage and worked in the Dixon Family Organization to promote genealogical research and appreciation for his ancestors.

From 1959-1961 Jerald filled a mission to New Zealand.

From 1962-1964 Allen filled a mission to Bavaria, Germany and from 1971-1973 Kenneth served a mission in New Zealand where Jerald had served twelve years earlier. During these years Howard was very faithful in writing to his sons. Every Sunday after meetings he settled down to his weekly letters.

Howard was a hard worker, always giving a full day's work for his day's pay. He was totally honest, and his life was an example of this. His bills and obligations were paid promptly. One of his bishops said that on the evening of Howard's pay day he could regularly expect him to call at his home to bring his tithing.

Education was also an important part of Howard's life. This is evidenced by the fact that all four of his children graduated from the Brigham Young University.

On May 2, 1963 Jerald married Karen Haymond in the Manti Temple. On August 9, 1968 Allen married Linda Jean Mangum in the Oakland Temple and on March 22, 1968 Janet married David Michael Rees in the Salt Lake Temple. Kenneth married Janalee Marie Judd on February 22, 1979. All of these children gave Howard great joy and precious grandchildren whom he loved dearly.

In a routine physical examination in April 1973 it was discovered that Howard had an abdominal aeortic aneurysm. After thorough testing he entered the L.D.S. Hospital in Salt Lake City to have it repaired. The operation was entirely successful and he returned to work a few weeks later feeling well. Very soon after he was taken ill again and entered the Utah Valley Hospital where it was discovered that he was suffering from adhesions from the first operation. More surgery followed to correct the problem. This time the recovery was slow and long, but Howard was faithful in doing all the doctor prescribed to try to strengthen himself. His doctor was Dr. H. David Rees, his son-in-law's father. He admired Dr. Rees for his professional excellence and also as a very fine friend. For two years he was apparently healthy and strong.

On Saturday, September 6, 1975 he worked at the Lab as usual, and that evening went to a ward high priest's party and then to a wedding reception. The next morning, September 7, 1975 he was up before seven o'clock and said he didn't feel very well. Fulvia said she would call the bishop and let him know he would not be at Priesthood Meeting, but Howard would not allow it; he was secretary of his High Priest group and was determined to go and do his duty. He came back to bed to rest for a while and in a matter of a few minutes he was dead.

Funeral services were held in the Pleasant View Third Ward on September 10, 1975 and he was buried in the Provo City Cemetery. He was survived by his wife, Fulvia, their four children and nine grandchildren. All of his six brothers and three sisters also survived him.

He left a legacy of honor and integrity and was highly respected by all who knew him.

Howard had a strong testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and he lived a life in harmony with that testimony. His children were reared in a home filled with love, where they learned by example to be honest and worthy members of the Church. There was never any question in their minds as to what was right and wrong because their father set an example of faith and devotion to correct principles.

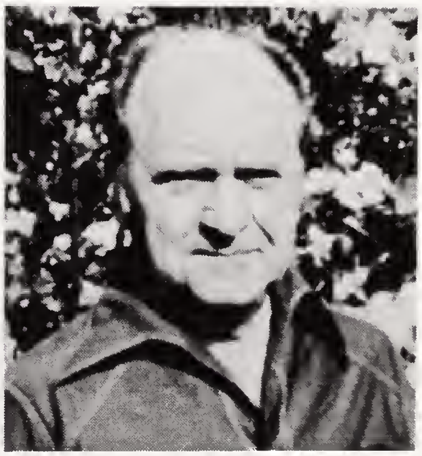
He completely supported his wife and children in all their church callings and took much pride in seeing them achieve. Each one of them honestly says, "I'm thankful and proud that he was my dad."

Fulvia Call Dixon

51st Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 75

FAYE DIXON



ERLING BJORKLUND

Bjorklund Family

Barbara, Bob, Gloria, Rick, Janet

Faye

Erling

1380 Fernwood Drive
San Luis Obispo, California

BIOGRAPHY OF FAYE DIXON BJORKLUND

I was born "April Fools Day", April 1, 1913 in Provo, Utah to William Aldous and Harriet (Hattie) Hands Dixon. I was named Harriet Faye, after my Mother, Harriet Hands, my Grandmother, Harriet Nicholls, and my Great Grandmother, Harriet Ball. They call me Faye.

I was a shy and bashful child. I have many fond memories of my happy childhood. I have two older sisters, and two brothers, one older and one younger. We lived in the Provo Third Ward. Our home was on the corner of Fourth West and Second North.

I went to the old Timpanogos School. It was located on the corner of Fifth West and Fourth North. I graduated from Provo High School in June 1931. I worked for "Woolworths", Five and Ten Cent Store.

I loved to dance, and went to a lot of Church and School dances. I love animals, we always had a dog or some pet. Today, sixty years later, I have a pet monkey "Quito". He has lived in our back yard for nine years. He is very smart and has been a wonderful pet. Our grandchildren have taken him to school to show him off. He not only is loved by us, but all our neighbors enjoy him also.

I met my prince charming "Erling Bjorklund" in Provo in 1935. He was born in Brooklyn, New York on April 12, 1914. His mother Marie Elizabeth Ellingsen, was born in Bergen, Norway. His father Gustave Wilhelm Bjorklund, was born in Gottenburg, Sweden.

Erling was employed with Safeway Stores. When he moved to Beverly Hill, California, he asked me to marry him. Yes!, I gladly accepted, and we became engaged.

My Father passed on to his reward, June 22, 1937, at the age of 64. He died of encephalitis. We felt a great loss. Everyone that knew him loved him. He had as a hobby a beautiful flower garden, and enjoyed sharing his flowers with others.

After we had our first child, Robert Gary, born April 16, 1938, my Mother came to Richfield to live with us for awhile. Robert kind of filled that void spot in her heart. So she lived with us most of the time from then on.

In 1940 we moved to Glendale, California. In 1941, the 24th of February, our daughter Barbara Gayle was born. When she was about three months old we moved to Santa Maria, California. March 30, 1943 we had another daughter, Gloria Faye, came to live with us.

Then the war came! That brought another move; Navy Ship Yard, Mare Island, Vallejo, California. While living at Vallejo we were blessed with two more children. Janet Marie arrived on December 10, 1945. Richard Erling was born July 1, 1947.

The war ended and we moved to San Luis Obispo, California. We love San Luis Obispo. It's a beautiful place! Hills are all around us.

It reminds us of Provo. It is a college town also. We are about fifteen minutes from the Ocean, and about two hours from the snow in the winter. We are very content and happy here. We hope we never have to leave here.

In June 1967 we bought a grocery store, "Santa Rosa Market". We enjoyed it for six years. Then we bought an Italian Deli, "Muzio's". It is located in the middle of town. We carry the regular groceries, gourmet and specialty items, pasta, imported candies, cracker, cookies, and we make sandwiches. It's a fun store. We love it!

We are both active in the Church. My callings have been in the Ward and Stake Primary Presidency, Ward Relief Society Teacher and Presidency, and Jr. Sunday School Coordinator. I am grateful for the callings that I've had and the rich blessings that come with them.

One of the happiest days of my life was the 13th of September 1958, that was the day my dear companion took me and our five children to the House of the Lord, The Los Angeles Temple, to be married and sealed for time and eternity. A Long time goal achieved.

We are grateful for our children and our seventeen grandchildren. They all live close by us. On holidays, anniversaries, and special events, we get together and celebrate. We put an extra effort to make these days very special, something to be remembered. We have twenty-nine in our family.

We count as another blessing the privilege of having my dear Mother live with us. We all cherish the sweet memories of her, and the many experiences she shared with us. It was delightful to have her around. She was in good health until she was 95 years old. If she could have lived for six months more she would have been 100 years. I am very grateful for the privilege that was ours to have her share our home with us, and for the love and the many blessings she brought into our lives.

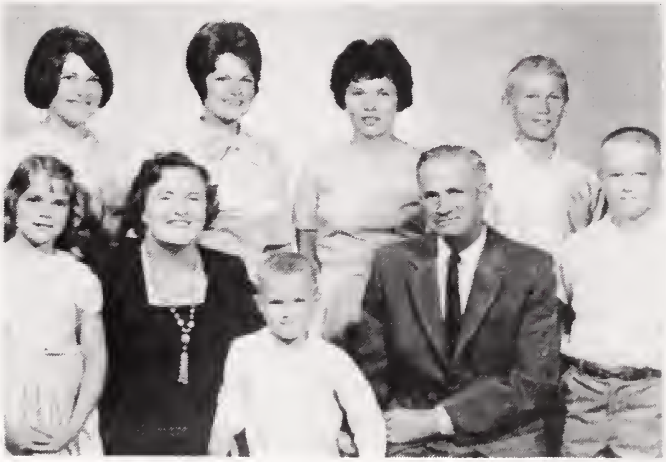
52nd Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D.# 14.5

MAURINE DIXON

MYRON D. CHILDS

Childs Family



Judith Ann Kathleen John
Richard
Kristine Maurine Steven Myron

245 E. 200 North
Springville, Utah

M. D. Childs Ranch
Diamond Fork Canyon

MAURINE DIXON CHILDS

I have a small newspaper clipping from the Provo Herald, now yellowed with age which says, "Provo City Commissioner LeRoy Dixon returned home last night from hunting DEER to find his wife, Electa Smoot Dixon, had beaten him to it and presented him with a DEAR little 7½ lb., red haired daughter, born October 7, 1913." Thus was my birth announced. I was the fifth child in a family of eight. Three boys (two of whom died when small) and five girls. I was the first child born in our home at 418 North Fifth West, which was our home for the rest of our growing years.

I was blessed with the most wonderful parents a child could be privileged to have. Their family was their first consideration and they did everything they could to see that we had a secure, rich and happy life. Daddy once said, "If I could leave my children anything I wanted, I would leave them the desire to love and get along with people, stay close to our Church and know the value and blessing of hard work well done." I have tried to implement this into my life and into the lives of my children.

As a child I loved music and always wanted to play the violin. As soon as I was old enough I began music lessons. I used to get up early, before the rest of the family, and go into the tile bathroom to do my practicing. I guess there is no instrument that sounds worse as you learn, than the violin. The sound-proof tile did much to make my career as a musician more bearable to the family. I progressed at this until I was good enough to play in the school orchestra and accompanied by my sister Sarah, played solos for the Daughters of Utah Pioneers and various church and club functions. My enthusiasm left me at the death of my father. I felt that I wanted to work at extra jobs to help pay my way, but the time I spent with my violin gave me an appreciation of good music which I treasure to this day.

I was always such a busy child. I am sure mother was relieved to have me attend kindergarten at B. Y. U. Then on to school at the Timpanogos, and Provo Junior and Senior High. I finished high school at sixteen and felt that I was too young to go on to B.Y.U. so I found a job clerking at Taylor Bros. Co. and Butler Department Stores. This was a good experience and helped me save money for college. I majored in Homemaking Education. I joined the O. S. Social Unit and belonged to Gamma Phi Omicron, Honorary Home Economics Scholastic Society. I graduated with a B.S. degree in 1936 from B. Y. U. I taught one year at Spanish Fork High School and six years at Dixon Junior and Provo High Schools. I loved my teaching experience and the close association of the many fine young people I taught.

I have always loved the Church. I have a strong testimony of it. I am thankful for the guidance and help it has given me in rearing my family. I have always been active and since I was twelve years old have had one calling or another, which I have served. I have taught in the Sunday School, Primary, M.I.A. and Relief Society. I have served on the Stake Board of Sunday School, M.I.A., Relief Society, and Primary. I served four years as Stake Primary President. At present I am a class leader and visiting teacher in Relief Society.

During World War II I took Red Cross nursing and did volunteer nursing for three years at Utah Valley Hospital. I also taught Adult Education, both in Provo and Springville, in Foods and Nutrition and Family Sewing.

In 1943 I met Myron D. Childs. This association seemed to be meant to be and on December 2, 1943, we were married at my sister Sarah's home in Boise, Idaho. The following November 29, 1944, we were married in the Salt Lake Temple.

Myron had lost his wife and had a darling little girl, Kathleen, whom I have been privileged to rear as my own. We were blessed with six wonderful, loving children: Kathleen married to Robert Yates; Ann to Lanny Daybell; Judith Maurine to Thomas Lucie; John Myron to Susan Parker; Richard Dixon to Trudy Jensen; Kristine to Gregory Osborn; and Steven LeRoy to Ann Averett. These couples have given me, to date, twenty-five precious grandchildren and two great grandchildren.

Ours has been a happy, loving and busy family. We have had many interesting experiences, both at our home in Springville and our Ranch in Diamond Fork Canyon. We have had our walls bursting, so to say, with our friends, family and employees, who come and shared our home. Our life in the great outdoors has given us all a love of God's creation. From our summer grazing land, high above Strawberry Valley, to the desert where our sheep wintered; and the center of it all at Mapleton and the Ranch in Diamond Fork Canyon. Just recently we made our ranching and livestock operation into a family corporation. We used the initials of both Myron and I and we call it, M D. CHILDS, Inc.

On June 21, 1967, I suffered a great tradgedy in the death of my loving husband and companion. He had always wanted to have us go on with his business, so with the love and unity of all the children we have and are carrying on.

I am thankful for the love and support my children have given me since their father's death. It is the thing that makes such a separation possible. At sixty-six years of age I am still busy with work, family and Church. I find my greatest happiness in my children and darling grandchildren. I am grateful for my testimony that Myron and I and our family will be reunited and be a family forever.

I. D. # 67

ORSON KENNETH TAYLOR

ETHELYN PETERSON

1137 Briar Avenue
Provo, Utah

"Kenwood" Brickerhaven

2208 Temple View Circle
Provo, Utah

ORSON KENNETH TAYLOR

On Monday morning, November 3, 1913, one of the sweetest and most angelic spirits to come to the earth, arrived at the Maria D. and Arthur N. Taylor home at 256 No. Fifth West, Provo, Utah. In the Provo Third Ward Chapel on December 7, 1913, an uncle, and Bishop of the Provo Third Ward, Thomas N. Taylor blessed him and gave him the name of Orson Kenneth Taylor.

The Father, Arthur N. Taylor, was an ardent admirer of the writings and life of Orson F. Whitney, so the first name of "Orson" was chosen and given to his youngest baby boy.

Living in the home and taking care of many of the household duties at this time, was an English convert to the Church, Janet Poole. To most of us she was like a big sister, but Ken's pleasant disposition and sweet spirit found a choice and vital spot in Janet's heart, and she became his second mother. In her sight, Ken could do no wrong - - - he was perfect. While serving as a missionary to her native country, England, she wrote the following tribute: "If there ever was a boy that possessed a choice spirit it is you, Kenneth. I always felt it from a baby and the older you get the more it shows itself."

This curley, red-headed, freckled faced boy became the favorite of the neighborhood. He was very quiet, never getting into mischief, yet very pleasant company for both old and young. Yet he was a boy through and through. He liked to play football, basket ball, and tennis. For hours he could sit on the ditch bank and watch the water dance by. Or he would sit a safe distance from construction workmen and watch them perform their work.

When Uncle Walt Dixon was raising a garden, he would sit on the edge of the garden and watch and talk with Uncle Walter for hours. Almost every day he would go down to the pig pen with Uncle Walter, when he was feeding the pig, in hopes he would be allowed to scratch the pigs back, and listen to the pig grunt, " Ken, Ken, Ken".

At six years of age, Ken was taken to the old Timpanogos School and placed in Mrs. Child's first grade. She, like everyone else, was won over by his pleasant personality and took a special interest in his first year's education.

By his eighth birthday, Ken was ready to be baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the old Stake Administration building font, which was located on the corner of First West and First North, Provo. He was baptized by William R. Scott, an English convert and former King of England soldier-guard, on November 20, 1921. The same day in the Provo Third Ward Chapel he was confirmed a member of the Church by his Uncle Walter D. Dixon, then a member of the Provo Third Ward Bishopric.

It was while he was in the first or second grade that a slight twitching was occasionally noticed, but it was not until he was about fourteen years of age that the doctor ordered him to bed and to get all the rest possible, to combat the rheumatic fever he had developed.

To most of us this would be a time of irritability, discouragement and despair. But Ken accepted it in his easy, matter of fact, uncomplaining manner, which was one of his dominant, admirable and pleasing characteristics.

As rest was the prescription ordered by the doctor, he was not required or permitted to do many of the chores handed down from brother to brother. Janet was especially diligent in not allowing him to over-exert himself physically, for she as the rest, would do his work rather than run the risk of overexertion.

With such an even temperament, a sunny disposition, a very observant and curious interest in all activity (but never mischievous or objectionable) and the baby boy of the family, naturally he became the favorite of the family, from the father on down to and including his baby sister and all the neighborhood.

The summer before Ken went into the mission field, a book agent at school sold him his line of "how to finance your college education" by selling religious books.

Father advanced the money to buy a fairly good looking old Ford car. Ken packed his books and headed for Cache Valley. Here Janet would line up with her friends, appointments for Ken to explain and show to them these religious books no family "could be without". One of the books was "Hurleburts Story of the Bible". Financially he did not score a big success, but it provided him with experience which aided him in his missionary labors and it was a real pleasure for Janet and her girls to have his companionship part of this summer.

Ken graduated from the Provo High School in May of 1932 and enrolled as a Freshman at the B. Y. U. the following September. These were the depression years, years of wanting and going without. In order for him to participate in some of the social activities of school life, and which he felt he could not financially afford, Alice agreed to help him if he would join the Bricker Social Unit. He also joined the business fraternity, Alpha Kappa Psi, and served as its vice-president for one year. Upon the organization of the Associated Men's Students on campus, he became a member of its first Council. In June of 1939, he and Ruth received their "sheepskins" from the B. Y. U. He spent one summer attending the University of Denver, working part time and living with Alice and Roy.

After his graduation from B. Y. U., his brother Lynn requested him to enter the employ of Dixon Taylor Russell Company and help him in the advertising department and hopefully to expand into the interior decorating field, which he did.

Realizing the need for specialized training, he enrolled and attended the special course in interior decoration at the New York School of Interior Decoration during the summer of 1940.

In the Provo Third Ward, Ken was a Sunday School teacher, Secretary of the ward Y.M.M.I.A. and Superintendent of the Sunday School for about three years, where the ward members learned to love and appreciate his abilities and devotion as an executive. He was ordained to the office of a Seventy by John Harris Taylor on June 28, 1939 and served as the President of the 34th Quorum of Seventy's.

The Arthur N. Taylor family, members of the Provo Third Ward, and especially the Provo Third Ward Bishop, Alfred E. Eves, were most thrilled and delighted with the mission call that came to Ken to serve as a missionary for the Church to Great Britain. This was the same mission his father and mother had served in 1900-1903. Bishop Eves had joined the Church and had been taught the Gospel by Ken's father here. This was the mission field where three of his grandparents had heard the Gospel and had joined the Church. His fourth grandparent served as a missionary here in 1860-61 while waiting for passage to the South African Mission and later was called on a second mission to Britain in 1879.

On November 14, 1934, Ken said goodbye to his brave mother and ailing father, not knowing if he would ever see his father again in this life, which he didn't; he boarded the train at Salt Lake City enroute to his field of labor in England.

His first mission assignment was to the South-sea-Portsmouth District and was most fortunate in having a mature, energetic, devoted and dedicated Elder by the name of Richard G. Harston, as his first missionary companion. He immediately caught the missionary spirit and plunged into the work with enthusiasm and vigor. Portsmouth was the birthplace of his grandmother Eliza Nicholls Taylor. In due time he became President of the Portsmouth District.

It was while he was in this District that word of the death of his father was brought by his first missionary companion, whom he admired so much.

The following is a part of the letter Ken wrote to his Mother telling her how he felt upon receiving word of his Father's passing:

"I know that Father is not dead, he has just gone on a little journey through the mist of life to the great and glorious valley of Eternal Life where he is preparing and arranging conditions for us, so that when we are ready to go and meet him he will have things all prepared for us, everything will there be set in perfect order, just as in this life he has always taken care of our wants and needs and kept things running smoothly."

"I know that things are going to go along smoothly with you all at home. With the Lord's help everything is going to come out for the best. Always keep me posted on finances and general conditions there. I want to live as cheaply as possible and want to make it as easy on you at home - - - -."

In November of 1935, after having been in the Portsmouth District for almost a year, Ken was transferred to the Birmingham District, to the town of Northampton. Here he was appointed senior companion over three other missionaries. The mission president thought there were great possibilities for increased Church activities here in Northampton, so the challenge had been given these four Elders to determine its future potential. Under Ken's leadership much progress and increased activity resulted. His success here was partially responsible for his being assigned as Supervising Elder of the Birmingham District. This was the comparable assignment his father had been called to, in this same mission and district, thirty-six years earlier. Even now, some of the older church members still remembered "President Taylor". This appointment was made on March 10, 1936.

After nearly two years in the mission field, the damp, foggy English weather started telling on Ken's health. His mission president, Joseph J. Cannon was aware of this health problem, and was very much concerned about it, and suggested he be released.

So on December 3, 1936, like it or not, he was released from the mission field to return home by way of Paris, France.

While at the B. Y. U. he became re-acquainted with Ethelyn Peterson, granddaughter of William S. Rawlings, an old timer of the Wildwood Resort in Provo Canyon.

Although Ethelyn was from Ephraim, Utah and her father Peter Canute Peterson and mother, Ethel Rawlings Peterson, still lived there; she spent one year in Spanish Fork teaching school and one summer on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon working in the Lodge. This special attraction resulted in Ken making a couple of trips to Grand Canyon that summer, and Spanish Fork became a regular destination point the school year Ethelyn taught there.

Before going to New York City for advanced study in Interior Decoration, Ken and Ethelyn decided they would be married and make this Eastern Study Trip, partly a honeymoon.

Immediately after the wedding dinner, the newly married couple left by train for New York City, where Ken was to enroll in the New York School of Interior Decoration, for the summer.

In New York they were very fortunate in being able to occupy the William F. Edwards home, while they were spending the summer in the West.

Here in New York City, besides attending school, the newlyweds were able to visit many of the museums, art galleries, plays and musicals, and see much more of the "big City" than the ordinary tourist.

Upon successfully completing his schooling with honors, Ken and Ethelyn returned to Provo in September of 1940. Here Ken was to continue his work at Dixon Taylor Russell Co. in the advertising department as well as assume more reponsibility in the Interior decoration department

Upon arriving at Provo, Ken caught a severe cold which forced him to bed. In the meantime, Ethelyn went house-hunting and was fortunate in renting William J. Lewis mother's house on Sixth West, just south of the old family home. This home was within walking distance of work; was in the Third Ward, which Ken had been a member of all his life and loved so much; was close to the majority of his relatives, and many of his friends.

The bed-rest cure just didn't seem to help him, for instead of his health improving, it became worse. Other complications set in which required hospitalization the latter part of October and he died of a heart ailment on October 31, 1940 at the Utah Valley Hospital, Provo, Utah.

Funeral services were held in the Provo Third Ward on his 27th birthday, November 3, 1940.

Some of the speakers expressed their feeling and thoughts for the exemplary life Ken had accumulated in the short span of 27 years in the following words:

WILLIAM D. NORMAN: "It is not how long we live, but how well we do while we do live."

MAURICE HARDING, Bishop of Provo Third Ward:

"He was not a self-made man. The secret of his splendid character and personality is the result of certain definite causes through obedience to definite laws. He came to this earth with a heritage of unexcelled quality. His parents, his grandparents, are and were people of sturdy stock, of highest honor and integrity. He believed the Gospel of Jesus Christ with all the convictions of his conscience. When he was sound and vigorous in health, and believed it in his suffering and prostration in the last conscious thought that his wearied mind upon the issues of life- - -He was content in his mind, justified in his conscience, immovable in his convictions to truth. The heritage that he received from his noble parents and the way of life taught to him and lived by him, account for his surpassing personality."

ALDOUS DIXON Bishop while Ken was Superintendent of the Provo Third Ward Sunday School.

" He placed the sun in the bronze of his hair, and the blue of the sky in his eyes." He had the bluest eyes and bronze hair; and as Pres. ident Watkins said, "You didn't need to know Ken to Know he was a righteous man. All you needed to do was to look at him". A contageous personality and a positive social force in every way, Ken had the will to be kind. That is why he did so well in the Sunday School and the little children loved him. In his heart was nothing else but kindness. He had the will to be just, and that is why he didn't have an enemy in the world; and that is why he placed the friends far above his own interests; because he had the will to be just. He had the will to believe. That is why he had the faith to go on his mission; that is why he confided in his friends and why they confided in him; because they always knew where he stood. And this will to be kind, and this will to be just, and this will to believe, are the characteristics of a Christian. We feel to thank God for the life of this wonderful boy, who was really the favorite almost of the entire family. We swore by him, we loved to see him cross our threshhold. We give thanks to Him for the example Kenneth has set; we give thanks to Him for the inspiration which Kenneth has given us."

A tribute to Orson Kenneth Taylor by his cousin Rhea Dixon Reeve, who was living in California and could not attend the funeral.

The following verse was read by Aldous Dixon:

KENNETH'S SMILE

God knew, we would need more sunshine
When life's clouds blot the sun from our view,
So, he sent his trusted servant to us,
This wonderful work to do.
He endowed him with a steadfast soul,
And a heart so pure and true,
An intellect alert and keen,
To see life's problems through.
He placed the sun in the bronze of his hair,
The blue of the sky in his eyes,
The song of the bird in his kind sweet voice,
And a radiant smile from on high.
He brought to us the "love of God",
The love of fellow-men;
A friend to all and loved by all
Who knew this chap called "Ken",
He loved little children and
I have often heard him say,
" Hello there, sonny"
How are thing with you today? "
His creed was to be pleasant
And keep on the sunny side.
He carried this cheer across the sea,
And over the continent wide.
Now God has called him home again
In his life 'tis even-tide,
I know his Heavenly Father is proud of this good son;
I know He will say, "Kenneth, your work has been well done."
And because God loves us,
He will bless and comfort give,
In this thought,
" I know my Heavenly Father lives."
Although we will be lonely,
As we travel life's weary mile,
Our hearts will be lifted up
Remembering, " Kenneth's Smile".

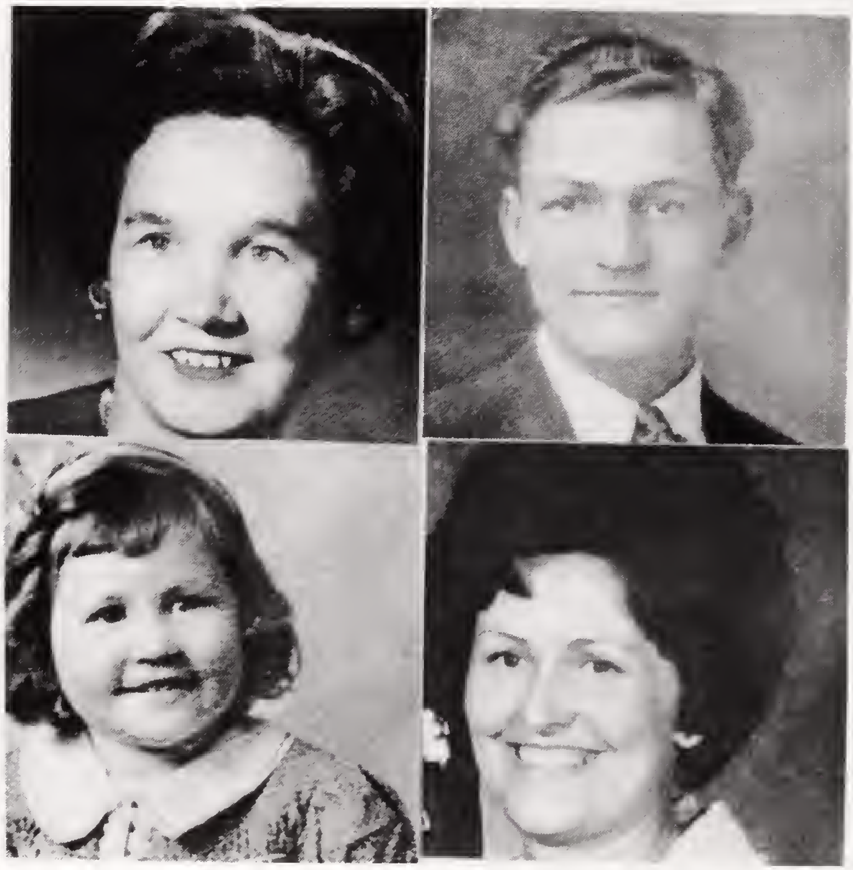
54th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 13. 5

INEZ DIXON

BYRON LESLIE DENISON

Inez Dixon Denison Family



Inez Byron

Berniece Elaine

445 South 400 East, Provo, Utah

A Short Life Sketch of INEZ D. DENISON

Written by her sister, Afton D. Wagstaff

Inez Dixon Denison was born February 20, 1914 at 195 North Third West in Provo, Utah. She was the daughter of Parley Smith and Mary Etola Dangerfield Dixon. She was the fifth child of seven children, four boys and three girls.

Inez was a beautiful baby and grew into a beautiful woman. She had many fond memories of her childhood.

She attended the Franklin Grade School and graduated from Provo High School. She worked as a secretary for a dairy company in Provo before her marriage.

Inez married Byron Leslie Denison in 1933. They were blessed with two daughters, Bernice and Elaine. At the birth of both of her children, she developed toxemia, a kidney problem and almost lost her life. When Bernice was born she had one convulsion after another, and was very sick. Bishop Manning Jolley came many times to mother's and dad's home in Orem, where Inez had her baby. We held prayer circles with the family and some of the brethren of the Ward. The doctor said he had done all he could for her, and it was up to a higher power than his to save her. She had great faith and wanted to live. She finally recovered fully and was back to her old self again. The doctor didn't warn her about having more children. He said it might not ever happen again. Then, two years later when Elaine was born the same thing happened in her seventh month of pregnancy. She went to the Crane Maternity Home to have her baby. After the baby was born she was unconscious, and her blood pressure was very high. At this time our cousin, Dr. Clifford Dangerfield was here visiting with his folks, and mother asked him to go and see her. He had specialized in this particular illness in New York. After seeing her chart he told mother they weren't doing anything for her and suggested taking her home with a trained nurse and treating her there. Her doctor was glad for his help. I don't think he had had much experience with this type of illness.

Mrs. Crane let one of her best nurses go to take care of her, and with Cliff's instructions to her doctor, they took her home. I spent many days helping the nurse. We would put a blanket in hot water, wring it out and lay it over a rubber sheet and wrap her in it to sweat the poisons out of her system. She was unconscious and had this treatment for six weeks.

During this time due to the high blood pressure, she had a slight stroke, and there was some brain damage that occured. After she began to get well she had to learn to walk and talk all over again. She never was able to read or write again.

Her husband worked for W. W. Clyde Co. on road construction and when Elaine was almost two years old, Inez was able to go with him to Idaho where he was working. They lived in a trailer while he was up there. They had a gasoline lamp in the trailer and on Sept. 18, 1937 in the evening, he was lighting it and it exploded. Inez had the baby in her arms and he told her to hurry and get out. He went to get Bernice who was on the couch, but by this time the whole place was on fire and Byron and Bernice were burned so badly they both died. This terrible tragedy was almost more than Inez could take. It was also very hard on mother and dad after all the worry they had gone through.

After that Inez and Elaine made their home with mom and dad and as the years went by her health improved and she was able to live a normal happy life. Even with all that she had suffered she never complained, and was always thankful to her Heavenly Father for her blessings and was so thankful for her daughter.

Mother and Inez helped take care of Aunt Alice Dangerfield when she was ill. They would walk to her home each day to care for her. When dad died, Uncle Jabe asked her to move into an apartment in his home so she would be close to Aunt Alice. Before dad died he had planned to build a new home for mother, and signed an agreement to sell the home they were in. His death was quite sudden so the home was never built. After they moved to Uncle Jabe's in 1947, Aunt Alice died on December 7, 1949.

Mother developed a heart condition in 1949 and wasn't able to do anything. Inez took care of her. After Uncle Jabe died on Sept. 26, 1950, mother suffered another heart attack and had to go to the hospital. While she was there and with her permission, Vern bought a home she had decided she wanted. We moved all of her things into it, so she could go right from the hospital to her home.

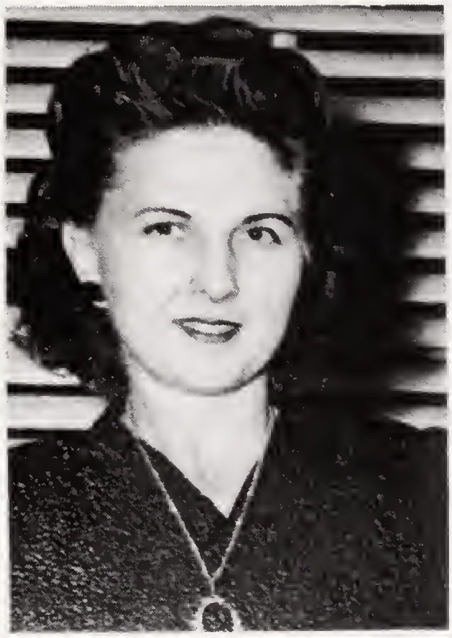
Inez took care of her, cooked all the meals, and did all the house work. After mother died in May 1952, Elaine got married. Inez stayed in the home. She was active in the Provo First Ward Relief Society and was on the luncheon committee for years. She went regularly to the Salt Lake Temple with the ward members. She was a visiting teacher.

Inez was a good cook and was always willing to furnish food for anything in the ward she was asked to. She was anxious and willing to help anyone who was ill and needed her help. When Tempie Penrod was ill, Inez would walk from Fourth South and Fourth East to Tempie's home on Third West and First North in Provo to help her. She did this for quite awhile until Tempie died.

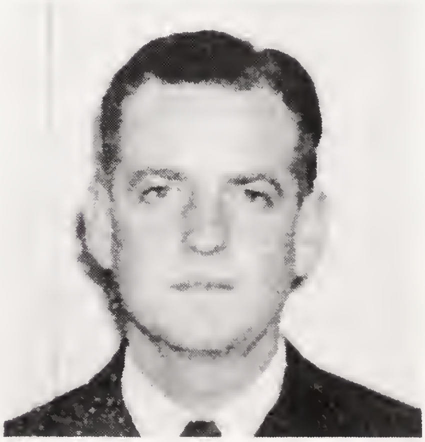
In May 1969 I noticed a change in her health. She gradually got worse and she passed away on December 27, 1969. As of February 1980 she has six grandchildren and seventeen great grandchildren.

Inez was a wonderful person and was loved by everyone who knew her. Her daughter Elaine and the Grandchildren were her whole life.

I. D. # 87

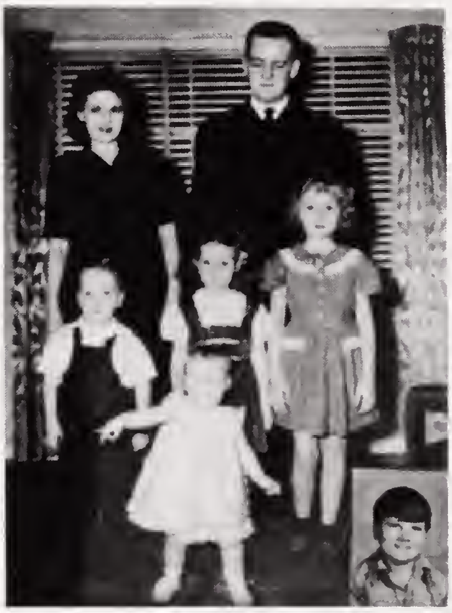


EDITH DIXON



BERNARD FALLENTINE

Fallentine Family



Edith Bernard
Jo Ann
Carolyn
Robert
Susan
Michael

1785 Grover Lane
Salt Lake City, Utah

EDITH ALICE DIXON FALLENTINE

I was born March 2, 1915 in Provo, Utah to Ernest DeGrey and Mary Ann Painter Dixon. I was blessed on May 2, 1915.

Being the youngest in the family, I was thoroughly spoiled by my loving parents and older sisters and brothers. I was a tomboy because I played with my twin brothers and their friends. I loved to ride my tricycle and bicycle, and also to roller skate.

We lived across the street from Timpanogos School. Amy, Helen, Stella and I were always close friends and did lot of fun things together. At school we always joined in the Maypole dance and the ball games. We were all born the same year, within a few months of each other, and lived within a few blocks of one another. Our fathers were brothers. In school we were known as the Four Dixons. We graduated from Provo High School together in 1933.

Most of our summers were spent in Wildwood, Provo Canyon. We enjoyed going to the river every day with Aunt Rye Taylor to swim. We took many hikes to Aspen Grove, Scott's Hollow and Stewart's Flat. Some days we would walk to Vivian Park.

One fond memory I have was playing along the Provo River while my Dad fished. In the evenings the kids in the neighborhood would all get together to play "Run Sheep Run" and "Grey Wooley Wooley".

I went to B. Y. U. for three years. I met Bernie Fallentine and we were married November 26, 1936. We lived in Provo and our oldest daughter, Jody, was born there on September 1, 1937. We moved to Pocatello, Idaho and then to Salt Lake City. While in Salt Lake City our next daughter, Carolyn, was born February 15, 1940. We moved again, this time to Ogden, and our first son, Robert Bernard, was born there on August 23, 1942. Once again we moved, this time to Spokane, Washington. We lived there for two years before we moved back to Provo. While living in Provo, our third daughter, Susan, was born on December 8, 1944. We moved to Salt Lake City in 1946 where we bought a grocery store with a house attached. The following years were busy ones for me with four little children to care for as well as helping out in the grocery store.

Thinking back on those years, I wonder where I found the time for Mutual and Primary as well as P. T. A.; but somehow I did. I was known in the neighborhood as "Nancy Nurse" for any time there was an accident in a neighbor's home, or a child was hurt while playing, I was the one they called on to give first aid.

My husband, Bernie, began selling real estate so we sold the grocery store. With Bernie in the real estate business, I became involved in the Real Estate Auxiliary. I belonged to this organization from 1962 until 1965. I thoroughly enjoyed the good fellowship of the group and was president of the Auxiliary in 1964-65.

I did not lose my enjoyment of tomboy activities as I grew older and kept active in sports. I joined the Silver Spurs, a women's horse riding club and rode with them for ten years. I was the flag bearer for our participation in parades and competition. We won many trophies for our precision drills.

The children went on to University classes and then on July 3, 1961 our second son, Michael Dixon, was born. Two months later our second daughter, Carolyn was married to a Navy Air Force Lieutenant, Ralph Gilstrap. This marriage gave me an opportunity to visit many places in United States, as they were transferred from the West Coast to the East Coast and then back to the West Coast.

My marriage to Bernie ended in a divorce in 1969.

Jody is the Perfectionist of the family. Whatever she does, she concentrates on her goal of doing it well. One time, when she decided to learn to ski, she took time out from University classes and spent every day at Alta until she was an expert skier.

Carolyn is the Teacher. She loves children and likes to watch their learning abilities improve. She is now teaching in Montessori School in Pennsylvania.

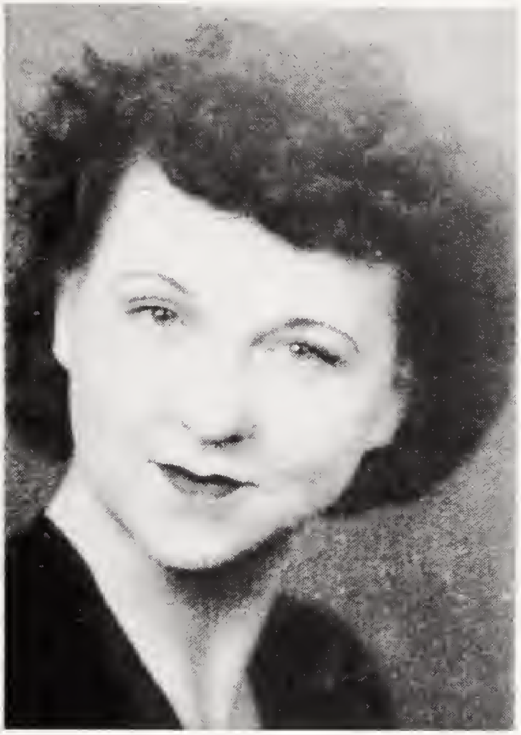
Robert is the Hunter. He loves dogs and at one time was breeding hunting dogs. Every fall you will find him the first on the hills for the deer hunt.

Susan is the Homemaker. She has a talent in interior decorating to put just the right things together to make a home comfortable and delightful to look at.

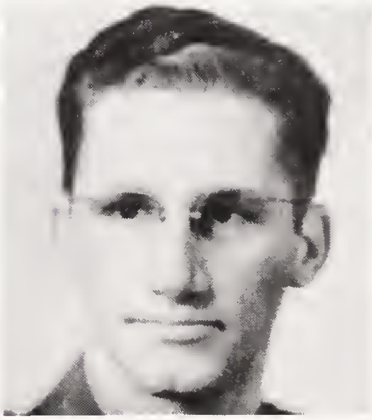
Michael has just finished welding classes at Utah Trade Tech and is now working in his chosen field. He is an avid hunter and fisherman and also enjoys back-packing. Usually goes into the high Uintahs for a week or more with a friend and they live on what they can catch or trap. Michael has recently joined the College Rodeo Circuit.

I am proud of my heritage and it was fun to have so many cousins in school and in church. I love my children and my grandchildren.

I.D.# 10.3



STELLA DIXON



FREDERICK WESLEY LEWIS

Lewis Family

Sandra, Lynn Ann, Wesley, Stella, Fred, Steve

1373 No. 1450 E., Provo, Utah

STELLA DIXON LEWIS

Count your many blessings - how that song fills my mind and heart as I sit in my beautiful new home on "Y" mountain overlooking Provo and Utah Valley, the place of my birth.

I was born 26 June 1915 in Provo, Utah, the third daughter of Charles Owen Dixon and Virginia Elizabeth Beckstead.

My parents were married 25 August 1909 in the Salt Lake Temple. A lovely wedding reception at the Beckstead home in Provo honored the happy couple. They moved into the new white brick home my father had built for them on the corner of Third North and Fifth West, where members of the family lived until they were married and had homes of their own.

My mother was a beautiful and talented woman, loved and respected by everyone who knew her. She loved her husband and children dearly and kept a clean, attractive home for them to enjoy. She was active in church and community activities. Her life was much too short. After the birth of her youngest child, Virginia, she died 19 August 1922, at thirty-five years of age. Her marriage to Charles, who she loved so dearly, lasted only thirteen years.

My father had to assume the role of both father and mother to six young children - ages twelve to two months. Fortunately, he had help from his mother - Sarah DeGrey Dixon, his sisters - Rye Taylor, Louie, Electa, and Rene Dixon - living as close neighbors to us. Grandmother Beckstead was very helpful and made lovely hand-made articles for the girls trousseaus.

I feel as though I grew up like "Topsy", getting information on how to cook and keep house from all our Aunts living near. Many times the ideas would conflict and it was not until I took classes at school in home economics that I finally felt secure in many homemaking techniques.

Timpanogos School was just a block from our home where I received my grade school training. Central Junior High School for two years with J. W. Thornton as our principal and many years later I taught at Farrer Junior High with him as principal. I graduated from Provo High School and Seminary in 1933. I was fortunate to have relatives and friends to go to school with, especially Amy, Helen, and Edith Dixon who were my cousins (our fathers were brothers). We were known as the " 4 Dixons".

These were the years of the "Depression" and I found it difficult to stay in school. I worked on the Press at the Y and at Woolworth's down town. I worked my way through and graduated from Brigham Young University in 1938 with a degree in Foods and Nutrition and a minor in Clothing and Textiles and Home Management.

Helen Allman, my teacher trainer, helped me make arrangements in Alamo, Nevada with the Will Stewarts to live with them while teaching at the Pahranagat High School. Helen had taught her first year in Alamo, also.

What an experience - living out on the desert in a very small community with an LDS Church, a store, school, and service station! We had three faculty members, myself, the principal, and the agriculture teacher. We only had thirty-five students in the school and I taught things I hadn't dreamed of teaching. Fae Whittwer from Las Vegas and I lived with the Stewart family for a year.

The next two years teaching were at Wasatch High School in Heber City, Utah. It was really cold; 40 degrees below zero but I enjoyed teaching there and lived with Nada Ellsworth from Provo who I had known at BYU. We could drive down Provo Canyon and be home for the weekends. It was interesting because they were building the Deer Creek Dam in the canyon and we could watch the progress each week. The following two years, I taught at Farrer Junior High, Provo.

My father had been ill for several years and died 3 March 1943. He had been so lonely without mother but he did not remarry. He did everything he could to help his children grow and develop into independent, well educated, religious individuals. He was a kind and loving father and sacrificed much for his children; we loved him very much.

My brother and most of the people I knew were involved in serving in various capacities. Just teaching school at the Farrar did not seem important enough at this time. I wanted to do more to help end this conflict and bring our loved ones home. Virginia and I enlisted in the WAAC on the 4th of June 1944 and were sent to Fort Oglethorpe in Georgia for basic training. What an experience! Living under army discipline, being told what to do instead of making our own decisions. When we finished basic training, the WAAC changed to a part of the Army WAC. Anyone wishing to be discharged at this time could do so. I had enlisted to be trained in Dietetics for hospital duty. The school was closed to military personnel; if I stayed I would have to go to cook and bakers school and work in a mess hall. I could serve better as a teacher, so I asked for a discharge.

After returning home, I went to Ephraim to teach at Snow College and enjoyed it very much. While there, I became aware of a new program offered to college graduates in physical therapy by the army. I was excited about this and applied, and was accepted. While waiting for my school to start, I taught six weeks at Dixie College, St. George.

I was sent to DeMoines, Iowa for a refresher course in basic training. My orders came through for Stanford University for training. While waiting for my class to start, I worked at Pasadena Regional Hospital in California, receiving training and experience in the Orthopedic Department and Clinic. Once again, the program for military personnel was closed at Stanford, so I was sent to Percy Jones General Hospital in Battle Creek, Michigan - from the beautiful, warm Pasadena to sub-zero Michigan in January.

I received excellent training in physical therapy by outstanding doctors and specialists. We worked in the clinic and on the wards in this huge hospital. It was the second largest in the country after Walter Reed in Washington, D.C. We had 28,000 amputees and nerve injury cases. These fellows came right from the battle field to us.

After completing six months training (equal to a year's training in peace time), I was scheduled for work in plastic surgery at Menlo Park, California for three months before being commissioned. The war ended and I decided to return home instead of remaining in the Army. I planned to do physical therapy at the Bushnell General Hospital but grandmother Beckstead, living at our home, fell and fractured her hip; so I went back to teaching at the Farrer and taking care of her.

Wesley Lewis, a distant cousin who I had known since he came to Provo from Park City when we were in Junior High School, returned from the war in the Pacific. He had been wounded on Biac Island and had spent time in Australia recovering from his injuries.

We had gone around in the same group of friends in High School but hadn't dated each other (just good friends). We lived in the Third Ward, a few blocks from each other, and sang in the choir; our families were close friends. Wes' father had lived at grandmother Becksteads when he was going to school at BYU. He would tell me what a beautiful woman my mother was. Wes' great grandmother and mine were sisters from Wales. This made a relationship on the Lewis, Beckstead side of the family. Also his great Aunt, Sarah Lewis, married my Uncle John Dixon, making a relationship on the Dixon, Lewis line.

Wes and I started dating and were engaged on Valentine Day 14 February 1946. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple, 1 May 1946 by J. William Knight. We had a beautiful wedding breakfast in the Empire Room at Hotel Utah and stayed in a suite of rooms on the sixth floor on our wedding night. We spent our honeymoon painting and decorating the little purple brick house next to Wes' parents home that had been built for his grandmother Lewis. What a darling house! We carpeted and furnished it, transplanted roses and shrubs from my home to make it pretty outside.

How happy we were and our happiness increased when our son, Fred, arrived 1 April 1947, an April Fools baby. He was the first grandson for the Lewis family and they were excited about him.

When Fred was about 18 months old, BYU asked me to teach in their Clothing and Textiles Department. I taught a year and was expecting another child. John Stephen arrived two weeks early; we just made it to the hospital in time on 11 October 1949.

We sold our home and bought a new three bedroom house at 952 East 150 North in Provo. It was great having three bedrooms and we soon filled them with two darling little girls: Lynn Ann, born 23 March 1952 and Sandra Lee, 23 July 1954.

We lived in this home twelve years. My husband, Wes, became ill; at the time he was working at Geneva Steel Company in the Accounting Department. He was out of work for several months and our doctor advised me to secure employment to care for our little family because his recovery would take some time.

I applied for teaching at Brigham Young University and was fortunate to teach in the new College of Family Living in the Home Management Department. I was Supervisor of the Home Management House and taught management and household equipment classes.

It was difficult teaching, taking care of my family, keeping up our home and trying to help my husband regain his health. I was pressured to continue my education in acquiring a Masters Degree which I obtained 27 May 1966 in Health Education from Brigham Young Univ.

I took an early retirement from BYU in 1972 after having taught there for 17 years. I had an accident with an electric toothbrush blowing up and losing some of my hearing. Nevertheless, ready for a new challenge, I decided to work for the ZCMI Department Store (a newly built store) in the Orem Mall. I worked for one year as their first manager of the China, Crystal, and Silver Department under Keith Mitchell, the store manager. It was exciting to watch the store grow around us as we were being trained. I worked in the Valley Fair Mall and Downtown ZCMI in Salt Lake as part of my training program. I Learned so much and enjoyed the experience.

Joanne Losee asked me to manage the China, Silver, and Crystal Department at the new Bullock and Losee Jewelry store in the Orem Mall. It was fun for a year and I learned much about diamonds and jewelry.

Finally retirement, but not to sit still. Steve talked us into selling our large, beautiful home we really enjoyed but was too large for us at the time, and built a new one which was planned to meet our needs for the present and for retirement.

I had a very special experience as the President of the Dixon Family Organization for two years. We are making strides in seeking our ancestors, which is a rewarding experience.

I am so grateful for all the many blessings that are mine: To have had the wonderful heritage that is mine, ancestors looking for a better life, freedom of religion - not afraid of work and hardships to attain their goals and make a better life for themselves and their posterity.

. . . . For my parents, a mother I am looking forward to knowing in the next life, a father that sacrificed everything for his children.

. . . . A husband, the father of our four fine children. We are so proud of our two fine and handsome sons, our two beautiful talented daughters, our darling seven grandchildren; they all bring us a great deal of joy.

. . . . A beautiful, comfortable home surrounded by our glorious valley and mountains and our warm, loving neighbors and friends.

. . . . For my four sisters and brother and their families.

58th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 12.5

AMY LAVERN DIXON

DOYLE R. LARSON

Amy Doyle

Michael Larry

232 No. 500 West, Provo, Utah

AMY LAVERN DIXON LARSON

On July 2, 1915 a little red haired girl was born to Louie Maiben and Walter DeGrey Dixon. No one could have been more welcomed and loved into this world. Her Father blessed and gave her the name of Amy Lavern Dixon. My Mother would have chosen Lavern as the first name, but Dad seemed to like Amy better and he had the last say of the matter.

I was blessed from the very first day I came into the world with wonderful health and have had very little illness in my life. I'm sure it was through the love and care of my parents that this was possible. The happiness and well being of their children was so important to them. I'm sure we all felt this being wanted made our family ties very close.

I have such fond memories of my early childhood. Every special holiday, including birthdays, was celebrated and family dinners were extra special on these days. My Mother was a wonderful cook and loved her old Majestic coal range. She seemed to know just the right temperature to bake, and her home-made bread was out of this world. Our parents finances were very limited, but somehow we didn't lack for all the enjoyments that went with these special events. The X'mas Holidays were extra special and all of us would help to decorate the house, and I remember how hard it was for my parents to keep us from getting up in the middle of the night on Christmas Eve. We had a phonograph and my Dad would play a X'mas tune and that was the signal that it was time to get up.

It makes me feel very sad when I think what a short time I had with my Father. I was the baby of the family and was just barely six when he became ill and died while being operated on for ulcers. This was a terrible shock and loss to our family and the community. He was so dearly loved by everyone. I have often heard different people say they couldn't think of a fault he had unless it was working too long and hard. I can remember vividly the day of his funeral and my whole first grade class coming to the funeral. Death was such a mystery to me, and I could see how heart broken my Mother was. She and Dad had such a perfect marriage and they were so young to have it end so abruptly. Many times after the funeral I would come home from school and find my Mother in tears with grief and loneliness. I would climb up on her lap and I'm sure she found much comfort and love in her baby daughter. Even as I grew older, I was always introduced as the baby of the family.

Being left with five children and very little income, my Mother took in B.Y.U students. My brothers continued on with school and found part time jobs, which were made possible through good relatives and friends. Rhea was teaching school down South at the time of my Father's death. She and Father had such a wonderful relationship, because Mother didn't like to leave the children and home and go out socially, so Dad would take Rhea as his partner. My Mother's home was her heaven and she didn't like to leave it for any length of time. Even though Mother made very little profit from her boarders she enjoyed fixing lovely meals for them and we had some wonderful times singing in the evening and hearing all about the school activities. Our home life was very exciting and busy. There was never a dull moment. Meal times were a special time. We looked forward to my Mother's good cooking and the association of each other.

My school days were so great. I was so lucky to have four cousins just a few months difference in age. We all lived in the same Ward and attended school and church together. We were called the four Dixons, all the way through school. I'm sure the closeness and love we had for each other helped us to keep our standards of living high. Our parents had no fears of our picking up bad habits. We all were active in the Church. We spent many wonderful vacations at Wildwood, in Provo Canyon, where the Dixons had summer homes.

After we graduated from High School, we knew we couldn't remain as close because some of us would continue with college and others would find employment. I did have the privilege of going two semesters at the B. Y. U. and getting a taste of college life before it was necessary for me to find work. My Mother sacrificed so much for her children and did want us all to have a college education, but the burden became a little bit heavy and I wanted to relieve her of this worry. My Aunt Electa Dixon knew Mr. Christensen, the owner of the City Drug, and she was able to get me my first job. I really enjoyed meeting people and even though the wages were very small, because of the depression, I was able to help at home. By this time all of my brothers and sisters were married, however, this didn't stop them from coming home often. Mother did a wonderful job keeping our family ties close.

I enjoyed my work at City Drug. The people working in that area would come to the Drug Store to relax and I made many fine friends including Devere Ship, who worked for the Utah State Liquor Commission. She informed me that she was quiting her job to get married and thought I would have a chance to get it if I applied. I had mixed emotions about quiting the Drug Store, but the salary was so much better and I could certainly use it. I didn't have an idea I would get it because there were so many that applied, but I was the lucky one.

At the time I was at the State Liquor Store, World War II had started. I became acquainted with Delda Russell who managed the eating counter at Hedquist Drug. She was having a hard time finding help and asked me if I could type their luncheon menu's. I was happy to do this because they gave me my lunch for this service.

I knew Delda had a brother in the service. She talked of him often. I had the privilege of meeting him while he was home on furlough. I guess because we were so extremely different we attracted each other. Doyle was very quite and shy, while I am a very out-going, sociable person. We had several dates while he was home, and continued to write each other until the war was over. I guess after knowing each other for three or four years, I thought it was time we talked of marriage. I'm sure I did most of the planning, but Doyle went right along with my decisions. We were married by Arthur D. Taylor at my home with all the family members on both sides attending. My sister, Rhea, gave us a lovely wedding party at Silver Dollar Cafe. After just a few days in Salt Lake it was necessary for us to return to Provo and our employment. Doyle was working at Pacific States Pipe Plant at that time. On December 7, 1972, Doyle and I were married for time and all eternity by Earl Lewis in the Provo Temple, and our two boys were sealed to us.

Before we were married, Doyle had been making his home with his Mother, so we continued to live with her. I kept on working, and Grandma Larson enjoyed keeping the house nice and clean and preparing lovely meals for us. This arrangement worked out fine.

On January 5th 1949, a handsome baby boy was born to the Doyle Larson family. I will never forget that year; it was one of the coldest and longest winter we have had. The snow was at the tops of the fences and it seemed months before I could get out with my new son. Doyle and I were both elated with being parents. Larry was such a healthy, darling baby. Grandma Larson offered to continue taking care of the things at home and tending Larry, if I wanted to return to work. I was offered a very good position at Granite Furniture, which wasn't far from where we lived. The hours and pay were good, so I accepted. This working arrangement worked out fine. Larry was five years old when Grandma Larson had a short illness that resulted in her death. We missed her very much, she had been so helpful to us.

On May 18, 1954, Michael Larson became a member of our family. We were so happy with our two sons and it was so good to be home with my family and be able to have free time to be more active in the Church and attend P.T.A. Our boys were active in the Ward and it was one of the happiest periods of our married life. It was quite difficult living on one salary, but somehow we managed. It was good to be able to visit with my Mother every afternoon. She adored my children. How happy I am that at least the boys could remember their grandmothers. I feel sad that they were cheated out of knowing their grandfathers. My Mother passed away soon after Grandma Larson. Her death was also very sudden. We all loved our home at 232 North Fifth West, so it was decided one of the children could have the first chance to buy it. Doyle and I were the only ones who didn't own a home, and Rhea was happy to just have us buy it and she would live with us. I can't help but think that I was supposed to live and die on Fifth West Street, "Sandy Alley" as it was nick named.

We loved fixing up Mother's home by putting in a furnace and making a few other changes to make it more comfortable. This extra expense made it tempting for me to find another job. Doyle's sister lived in the same apartment house as the manager of Lerner's Dress Shops. She mentioned to Delda one day that she surely would like to find a more mature woman to be head cashier at Lerner's. Delda knew that I had mentioned wanting to go back to work, so she told Mrs. Mills about me. I had an interview the following day and went right to work for her. I worked eight years for Lerner's and enjoyed the association I had with the girls I worked with. I have always liked people, so I enjoyed mixing with the public once again.

My boys were both in school and with Aunt Rhea living with us, They were very seldom alone, and their Dad loved doing things for them and helped so much in the home to relieve me. Doyle was such a good cook and prepared so many of the meals. We loved being in the "good old Third Ward" again, and the boys adjusted to the change. We had the good fortune of sending them both on Missions from the Third Ward. Larry went to England and Michael to Denmark. We were very proud to be missionary parents and our boys represented us and the Ward in a splended fashion.

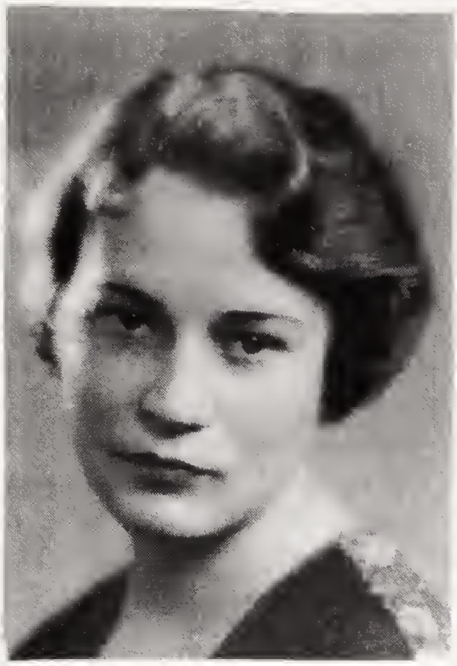
It seemed that whenever our expenses continued to grow, there seemed to be a like opening to increase our income. The opportunity came to me to again work for the State. The wages were so much better than at Lerner's Shop. Again, I had mixed emotions about leaving the people I was working for. I had made some wonderful friends, But I could see there was no chance for future advancement. I accepted the State job and held this job until my retirement this year.

Doyle and I have had our disappointments and heart aches, but our blessings far outweigh them. The companionship and love that Doyle and I have for each other is most precious and we are so very proud of the love and respect and happiness our two sons have been to us. Suddenly on November 19, 1978, my dear husband, Doyle, passed away. I am very grateful that he was able to read this history before his death. It brought back fond memories to both of us.

We now have two lovely daughter-in-laws and four darling grand children.

On Februry 15, 1980, I retired after having worked for more than thirty-five enjoyable years. My sister Rhea and I are still making our home at the family home at 232 North Fifth West, Provo, Utah.

I.D.# 14.6



HELEN DIXON

E. JUNIUS PAYNE

Payne Family

Helen Bette
Barbara June

8109 E. Edgemont Ave.
Scottdale, Arizona

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF
HELEN DIXON PAYNE

The afternoon of July 21, 1915 my parents Electa La Prele Smoot and LeRoy Dixon had overnight guests arrive. My arrival had been expected sometime the latter part of July, but during the night Electa started her labor. By early morning the doctor arrived to be told by mother to be quiet, as she had guests eating breakfast in the next room. He told her if she could keep quiet he was sure he could.

I was born and made my first announcement with my first cry to the family and guests at breakfast time July 22, 1915.

At the age of about two years old, during the Flu epidemic,during the First World War, I had the flu. My fever was so high and for so long it destroyed part of the auditory nerve in my hearing.

This hearing loss didn't seem too much of a hindrance during my childhood years,however I did feel self conscious and shy for fear of misunderstanding people. I feel I received much growth throughout my life through this challenge.

I had a wonderful childhood. I was christened Helen Dixon and have been grateful of my heritage and upbringing in the Church.

I started school at the Timpanogos School, across the street from our home, at the age of six. I attended Sunday School, Primary, Religion Class, Mutual, and Seminary through my growing years.

Many happy memories of my early life are of "Wildwood", Provo Canyon. It was such fun to hike to Aspen Grove to buy a "Holloway Black Cow" sucker (carmel and chocolate) to eat on the way home; then to climb the mountains; swim in the river; walk down the "line" to meet the train (Heber Creeper); the bonfires and programs we had down by the Rock House and our trips with the family to the Hot Pots. I was very fortunate to have parents that were so much fun and so desirous of filling our lives with all the opportunities that were possible.

It was a terrible loss to me to lose Daddy. He had taken us on a trip the summer before he died and I had my twelth birthday while we were gone.

I attended Junior High School and Provo High School. I graduated from Seminary in 1932 and from the Provo High School in 1933.

I attended Brigham Young University where I met my husband E. Junius Payne. We were married April 2, 1935 in Salt Lake Temple by President David O. McKay. He was an apostle at the time. June ran out of money and had to leave school, so we were married and moved to El Paso, Texas.

We lived in El Paso for a few months and decided to go back to school. With the depression on we found we couldn't manage school, we moved to Oakland, California.

We lived in California for ten years and they were happy one's. We loved the Church and working in it. We became parents, which has been one of my most choice blessings and has brought me so much love and happiness.

Our first born, Barbara June, was born on December 31, 1937 and Bette Lyn was born on July 8, 1939. They have always been lovely daughters whom I have always been proud of.

In the year of 1940 on Christmas day I lost my mother, who had been such an example and inspiration to me throughout my life; being mother, father, friend and companion to me. I could always tell her anything and know she would be kind and understanding.

In 1943 we bought our first home "Suits Us" in Oakland, California.

While living in Oakland I served as Sunday School teacher, and Primary secretary.

In 1945 we moved to Provo, Utah. I was happy to be home again. We bought a home north of the North Park, where we had always played as children. While in Provo I taught the Beehive class in the MIA.

We lived in Provo for two years and decided to move to Mesa, Arizona and try building our own home and be close to some of June's family. His father was President of the Arizona Temple.

Just before moving to Mesa I had experienced the first shock of being totally without hearing. This cleared up for a few weeks, and then struck me again. This condition continued until I was completely without hearing. It was quite an adjustment for us all. Everyone has been wonderful to me, and I have been truly blessed in being able to read lips, and understand people as well as I have.

We found Mesa was very hot and after completing our house we moved back to Provo. We were only in Provo for two or three years when June was offered a nice position in Phoenix at the nicest furniture store in the area. So once again we came back to Arizona in October of 1950.

In 1956 Barbara married and gave us our first son, Robert Lee Ipsen. In 1959 Bette married Robert Warren Peterson. They both have had four children. Barbara, three girls and one boy; Bette, two girls and two boys. These eight grand children are treasures to me and bring much happiness to me.

In 1960 we sold our Phoenix home and moved to Scottsdale, Arizona where I am still living. (1979)

I am grateful for the privileges I have had in serving in the Church. In Arizona I taught in the Primary, Relief Society; been counselor to several Ward Relief Society Presidents. I served four years as a counselor in East Phoenix Stake Relief Society Presidency and served as Homemaking leader in three different wards. I have been a visiting teacher since 1951. I have loved all these experiences. I have enjoyed the Temple through the years in Arizona.

In 1965 I started working in an Electronics Plant in Scottsdale as a warehouse clerk. I kept this job until 1975 when I suffered a severe heart attack and have been unable to go back to work.

I lost my beloved husband July 9, 1971, which has left a deep void in my life.

During my illness and since, I have surely been blessed by the love of my Heavenly Father and my children and family. Their love and help and support makes my life fulfilled.

I hope to have many more happy years to add to my history.

AN EXPERIENCE I WILL NEVER FORGET

Helen Dixon Payne

My younger brother Arthur was dying and our whole family was around his bed. I was just six and a half years of age and he was four years old.

Arthur had been sick for a period of time. During this time Uncle Walter Dixon had had surgery and died. (Uncle Walt and Arthur had a love for one another, that was strong enough that Uncle Walter would walk up to our house every evening just to see Arthur).

Arthur kept asking Mother where Uncle Walt was and why he hadn't been to see him. Arthur was so ill and still so young, she wouldn't tell him Uncle Walt had gone to the hospital for an operation. He was never told of his death.

While we were all around Arthur's bed he opened his eyes and looked up into the corner of the room and said to Mother, "Mama there's Uncle Walt". Mother told him she couldn't see him and he said, "Mama he is right there, he has come for me." He looked back up and said, " I'm coming Uncle Walt." He passed away within the hour.

As I have grown older and have realized the spiritual meaning of this to have one so young and see and recognize loved ones from the spirit world coming to meet them. It has been beautiful and I recognize this experience as being my first knowledge of having a testimony.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
ELECTA LA PRELE SMOOT DIXON

ID# 14 w

Born September 25, 1883 at Provo, Utah to Electa Bullock and Abraham Owen Smoot.
Baptized and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church August 20, 1892.
Married Le Roy Dixon August 26, 1903, in the Salt Lake Temple.
Children:
Le Roy, Paul, Allie, Sarah, Maurine, Helen, Arthur, Gladys.

Received her education in the Provo City Schools and attended BYU.
In July 1908 she took Grandma, Sarah DeGrey Dixon, back to her birthplace, England for a visit and to return home with her missionary husband, LeRoy.
She not only was a mother to her five girls and three boys, but also to several English converts and BYU students who made 418 No. Fifth West their home.
She served in the Utah Stake Tabernacle Choir, the Primary, Sunday Schools, and Mutual organizations.
Secretary of Utah Stake Relief Society Board for 11 years and President of the Board for 5 years.
She was very active in the Red Cross organization.
She died December 25, 1940 at Provo, Utah.

I.D.# 76

GEORGE SMITH DIXON

VEON COLLINGS

George Smith Dixon Family

Veon Connie

Shirel George Robert

371 Hobbs Lane, Santa Maria, Calif.

HISTORY OF GEORGE SMITH DIXON

I was born in Provo, Utah on September 27, 1915, at 390 West Second North. I was named George after my Uncle George West from California, whom my father worked for. Uncle George West was very helpful and kind to my father and family. I was named Smith, after my grandmother, Mary Smith Dixon. I was the youngest of five children. I had three sisters and one brother. We were a very close family, and watched out for each other and tried to help our parents as much as possible to relieve them of some of their burdens.

When I was very young I was tongue tied. When any one asked me my name, it sounded like "dod e ditin" so my brother Glen nicknamed me "dod". I held that name for some time, especially from him. As I got older it became George.

The playmates I had when I was young were great. When I would go to their homes to play I was treated as one of their family. Their mother and father were very kind and I always left with a good feeling and something to snack on. I remember we played lots of "cowboys". We used wood lathe for our horses. I always had four or five hidden away in the shed. We each had cowboy names from the movies. I was "Hoot Gibson". As we grew older it became model cars and airplanes and larger things as our ages permitted.

I wasn't a church going man, but I believed in my religion. I had high standards and morals to live by, and I lived them to the best of my knowledge. When we were young, Sunday School was a must, and we all attended the Third Ward on Sunday. I looked forward for Tuesdays to come, so I could go to Scout Meeting and then play in the new Ward gymnasium.

For our summer vacation we used to go to Wildwood and stay for a few weeks, where it was like a family reunion all summer. We were one big happy family, mostly all Dixons and Taylors. We had lots of fun, young and old, leaving lots of good memories.

I have some wonderful memories of my mother and father. One vivid memory of my mother, was coming home from school, in the winter, and opening the door and what an "aroma". Her bread was just coming out of the oven and she would give me a big slice of the heel, still steaming hot, with lots of butter and honey or jam on it and a cup of hot chocolate, and was it "yummie".

My father was an outdoor person. He liked hunting and fishing, and took me along on most of his trips. We went to Fishlake and out to Strawberry fishing, and down to Southern Utah hunting. Dad and Glen were always good at both, but I was just fair. I especially enjoyed going to the wrestling matches with him at the old Provo Armory. We saw some pretty wild matches. We had our favorites which were local boys, such as: Henry Jones, Dean Parks and Ira Dern. They were very good and we did a lot of cheering for them. I really did enjoy them and especially being with my Dad made it more interesting.

I didn't take too much interest in school. I dropped out in the eleventh grade. I had very seldom missed a day, and had fun and did learn a little. But it was in business that I had to learn the three R's in a hurry in order to financially survive.

When I was young I raised rabbits. I had some very rare breeds. I used to sell them, and did some trading. And of course, like all little boys, I had my pet dog.

In the summer I used to thin sugar beets, pick strawberries, cherries and other fruit so I would have a dollar to spend on the Fourth of July, and which included a whole thirty cents to take my girl friend to the movies and buy her a big Babe Ruth candy bar. What good old days they were.

Leaving school I got a job with Sewells United Grocery Store, a chain that moved into Provo. I worked as a box boy until Bob Wightman hired me in the meat department. I worked with Bob for about six months. He resigned and went to work for another company. Dean Hiller and Johnie Dawson, my supervisors, came down from Salt Lake and put me in as manager. I was thrilled and so were my parents, for I was the youngest manager in the chain of some fifty stores. I have remained in the meat business for the past forty-five years, retiring in 1976, due to a health problem.

It was when I was working at Sewells in Provo, that I met my wife, Veon Collings. Her mother was a good customer at the store, operating an eating house near Springville, called the Chicken Roost. Her mother Flo, called me one day for an order of meat, and wanted me to deliver it. I took the meat order over that night. She said Veon was her daughter and was working there and I should know her, as she used to run around with my sister Faye. I did remember seeing her at our house, but I never paid any attention to her until that night. After then it was all attention. I became a steady customer. After her day was through, we would take a ride so she could relax. Then I was transferred to Salt Lake. On my days off, to Springville I would go. One rainy, cold day in November, which happened to be the 18th, I went down to the Chicken Roost early in the morning and told Veon's mother we were going to get married. We went to Evanston, Wyoming in a bad snow storm. At the clerks office we got our license and asked for a Mormon Bishop to perform the ceremony. One came from his work long enough to marry us. After the ceremony we headed back to Salt Lake City. We stayed with Veon's aunt and my sister Mary, until we found an apartment of our own. Veon had a two year old son by a previous marriage, which I adopted. He was named Shirel. We lived in Salt Lake for a while, then back to Provo.

A friend had a store in Grants, New Mexico. He sent for us to help run it. So off we go. We stayed there for a while then back to

Provo. After a short stay in Provo we decided to go to California. We ended up in Pasadena and I went to work for Safeways as a meat manager in Altadena. We enjoyed it there very much and had lots of good friends.

On July 22, 1942 we got something we both wanted, a baby girl. We named her Constance Lee. Now with a son and a daughter we were very proud and happy. Then, on July 27, 1944 We had another son. We named him Robert George. We now had three beautiful children.

The war was now going full force, and I was drafted. I ended up in Leyte, in the Phillipine Islands. Veon and the children moved back to Springville. She went to work for her mother to help our finances. Army pay then was very small and you couldn't exist without another income and other help. She did a marvelous job taking care of herself and the three children, on what money was coming in. She will always be admired for her wonderful help in finances and sickness.

I was discharged from the service in 1946 at Fort Douglas in Salt Lake. After working for a while in Utah, we decided to come back to California. First we went to San Luis Obispo, where I went to work for Mr. Ed Sears in his Market as a meat manager. Sears sold out so we moved to Solvang to open our own business. Then we moved to Santa Maria and bought a new house. I went to work for Bob Schutz. Veon went to work at the Santa Maria Country Club. After thirteen years with Bob I bought him out and it became "GEORGES MEATS". Connie and Robert both live here in Santa Maria and Sheril in Simi, about one and one-half hours drive from here. We are blessed with six grandsons. Maybe some day we will have a granddaughter.

I have had two surgical operations on my hip, with a third one coming up, which we know will be successful.

Now being retired, I love to putter around the house. I do some cooking and making things out of wood. I hope I can get back to doing my gardening, which I like. When all my problems are back to normal, my wife and I can do the things we love to do together, and share the most important thing in life, "Happiness", with our children and our grandchildren and friends, until our time here is ended.

Very Brief Life Sketch of

HARRIET HANDS DIXON

ID # 7 w

Born May 25, 1874 at Birmingham, England to Harriet Nicholls and Ebenezer Hands.

Married William Aldous Dixon December 15, 1904 at Provo, Utah.

Children:

William H., Vesta, Glen H., Mary, Faye Harriet, George.

"Hattie", was the daughter of Grandma Eliza Taylor's younger sister, Harriet Nicholls. When she was 16 years of age, she accompanied Grandma Eliza N. Taylor back to Utah for a visit. While in Utah she was baptized in the Provo River and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church the same day by T.N. Taylor and W. J. Lewis. The Third Ward records were later destroyed by fire, so she was re-baptized October 20, 1940.

After 10 years in Utah she returned to England as she had promised her parents she would. One more year in England convinced her that America was where she wanted to live. Soon after her return to Utah she was married.

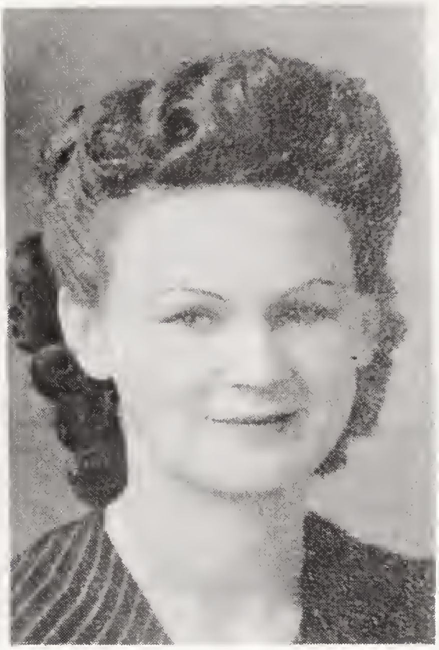
She loved her family; visiting and traveling frequently from Utah to California and vice-versa.

She missed living to be 100 years old by just seven months.

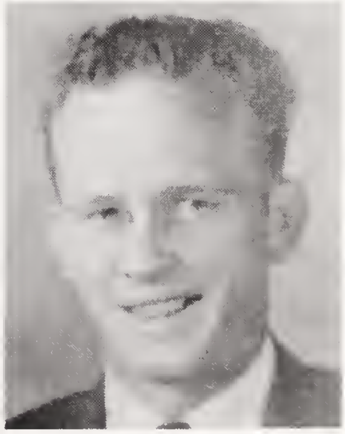
Died at San Luis Obispo, California on October 10, 1973.

62nd Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 13.6

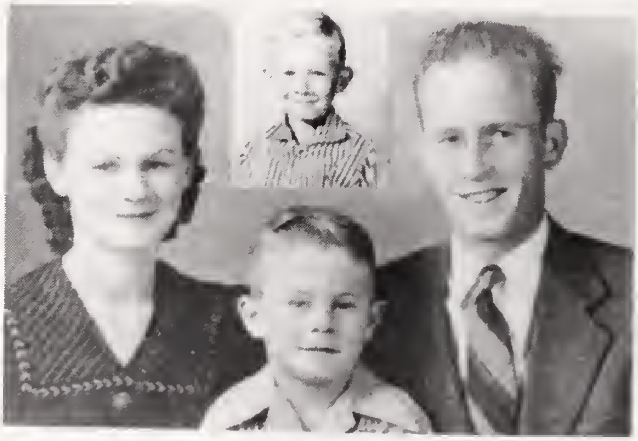


ANNA MAE DIXON



JOHN BARRETT

Barrett Family



Michael

Anna Jack John

450 No. 825 West
Orem, Utah

ANNA MAE DIXON BARRETT

I was born April 13, 1916 and was named Anna Mae, daughter of Mary Etola Dangerfield and Parley Smith Dixon. I am the sixth child of seven children, four boys and three girls.

Mother and Dad lived at 195 North Third West when I was born. I had light curly hair and blue eyes. I'm told I was a very busy little girl.

The year the Provo Woolen Mills burned down, during all the excitement, I came up missing. They were all out looking for me and when they found me I was on the corner of University Avenue and Main Street watching the men pour cement in front of the new Post Office building that was built on that corner. I had Afton's doll and doll buggy and had pushed it all the way up there, which was five blocks from home.

I didn't have any of the childhood diseases and when the flu epidemic was around in 1918, I was the only one in the family that didn't get it. So I've been blessed as far as sickness was concerned. I've had very little sickness in my life.

Dad and Mother moved several times while I was growing up and in February 1923 they bought a home on Tenth West between Center Street and First South in Provo.

I attended the Franklin Grade School and Dixon Junior High School. During the depression years Dad and Mother thought it would be better if they had a farm as the boys were out of work. So in 1933 they bought a fruit farm in Orem, Utah.

I graduated from the Lincoln High School in Orem. After that I moved to Provo where I worked for Afton and Mont while they were managing the Royden Hotel for Uncle Jabe Dangerfield.

The cafe next door was run by the Barretts. This is where I met my husband, John Barrett. We were married May 26, 1937 in Orem, Utah, in Dad and Mom's home. We moved in the basement of my brother Reed's home. Our son, Jack was born there.

In about 1938 we moved to California. We lived in Los Angeles, Indio, and Santa Ana, California. Then we bought a home in San Bernardino and our son Michael was born there.

My husband, John was drafted into the Navy in 1944. After the war we moved back to Provo in 1950. We lived there for a while then bought a home in Orem, Utah. Both of our sons went to school in Orem.

My husband's mother was running the Royden Hotel and when she became very ill, with cancer, we sold our home in Orem and moved into the Hotel to take care of her. After she died, we moved into the Academy Hotel where we managed it for quite a few years.

We bought a mobile home in Provo in 1973 and this is where we now live.

We have two sons, eight grandchildren and four great, grandchildren.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
PARLEY SMITH DIXON

ID # 13

Born in a little house at 10 East between 2nd & 3rd South in Salt Lake City on June 9, 1878 to Mary Ann Smith and Henry Aldous Dixon.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church in 1887.

Married Mary Etola (Etta) Dangerfield in the Salt Lake Temple on August 19, 1903.

Children:

Vernon, Afton, Eugene, Reed, Inez, Anna, Bert.

As a boy he was very energetic and mischievious. Aunt "Etta" describes him as: " A lover of animals, of water, of the hills and nature in general".

His hobbies were: " Fishing, hunting, and the collecting of all animal life, from white rats and snakes to dogs, goats, ponies, horses and cows". "his pals knew him as a shrewd trader". He collected and owned about every variety of chickens found in the United States. His favorite was the game bird.

Parley became an expert and stuntman on walking on the slack wire, belonging to Bob Cunningham's group of boys who traveled throughout the valley putting on shows.

He was a reputable and exellent brick mason and building contractor.

Died at Provo, Utah on January 30, 1947.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
MARY ETOLA (ETTA) DIXON

ID # 13 w

Born September 18, 1877 in Salt Lake City, Utah to Mary Ann James and Jabez Dangerfield.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the L.D.S. Church, December 1, 1885.

Married Parley Smith Dixon on August 19, 1903 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Children:

Vernon, Afton, Eugene, Reed, Inez, Bert.

Her first school was a private school held in the home of her lady teacher in Salt Lake City. After two years she went to the Bryant School, and graduated from the Salt Lake High School in 1898.

Graduated from the University of Utah, which was then located on the West side of Salt Lake City, in 1899.

She started teaching at the Franklin School in Salt Lake City and for one year at Riverside School, before moving to Provo. Taught for one year at Timpanogos School in Provo, and one year as Critic teacher in the first grade at BYU Training School.

She moved and made new homes 18 times.

Served as a teacher in the Third Ward Sunday School and Primary, Y.W.M.I.A., Relief Society.

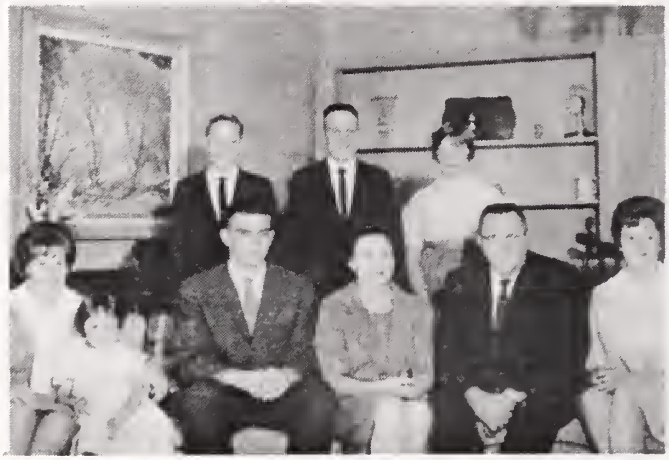
Died May 27, 1952 at Provo, Utah.

63rd Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 68

RUTH ELAINE TAYLOR

FRED DIXON KARTCHNER



Richard, David, Rosena
Ellen, Mary Ann, Kenneth, Ruth, Fred, Linda

2025 No. 1220 East
Provo, Utah

Wildwood

RUTH ELAINE TAYLOR KARTCHNER

I was born on March 20, 1917, to Arthur Nicholls Taylor and Maria Louise Dixon Taylor. It was an early Monday morning. Henry had been sent to milk the cows, someone else had gone for "Aunt Sarah Monk", to help in the delivery. When Henry returned, he was told he had a new baby sister. Word spread like wildfire that Aunt Rye had a healthy new baby girl. This was a direct answer to my sister Alice's prayers. After six brothers she said if she could just have a baby sister, she would always take care of her, and Mother would never have to worry. Alice lived up to every word of that.

My Mother was 45 years old at this time. She was under five feet tall and had long, thick, black hair, with hazel eyes. She was very talkative, vivacious, and loved working outside. She loved her home and always was there when we needed her. I have only warm, secure feelings about my home life.

Father was tall, about six feet, with red hair, deep blue eyes. He was a quiet, deliberated, kind person, and my memory of him is only with white hair. He knew it was important to keep his family busy and learn how to work. He was always patient and understanding with me. Father was a strong father figure, as well as precise, and very "English" in so many ways.

I was born while my oldest brother Arthur D. was on a mission to Australia, so that I was three years old when he returned. I had a cousin, Evelyn Dixon who lived next door, and was just two months younger than I. They dressed us up in identical dresses, with ribbons on our heads, and had Arthur D. choose which one was his sister. Of course, I had been told so much about this big brother of mine, that I had never seen, that I was all eyes, while Evelyn couldn't have cared less, and was looking everywhere but at him. So naturally he chose me.

Lynn was always very pleasant with me, and used to tease me a lot, as did all my brothers. I remember the day he was married, and everyone was going to the reception, but because of my age, I had to stay home. I had the nickname "Dewey", and he used to always sing the song about Admiral Dewey to me "And Along Came Brave Dewey". I always admired his artistic abilities in furnishing homes.

I remember always having fun when Elton was around. One of my early recollections was that I had been left home alone for some reason, and Elton had a date with Ethel, so they put me in the back seat of the car and took me with them. I had a grand time, I'm not so sure about them.

Henry went on his mission to the Eastern States, as did Elton. While he was there, he sent me my first pair of silk hose. They were black, real silk, and I knew I was the luckiest girl in the City of Provo. His hair seemed so much curlier to me when he came home than when he left, and I asked him how he got his hair so curly (as mine was as straight as sticks). He told me he got it from sleeping in his companion's ribs.

I can't imagine the patience and love my sister Alice must have had for me to put up with my growing up years. I must have been a real trial to her. She truly lived up to her word of taking care of me, and I was one to roam the whole neighborhood freely, so that it was hard to know where I was. She used to worry especially about me when the gypsies were in town, because she knew they could steal me. I can't begin to express the care and love and concern she has given me all my life. She was always trying to bring me up to be the kind of person I should be. One day she was telling me what I should do and I turned on her, stamped my foot and said, "You'r not going to be the boss to me any longer!" My Father was there and heard it, and just threw back his head and laughed. It was my Declaration of Independence.

My brother Clarence (Bud) used to tease me a great deal, but I think I really liked it. He was always so good to me and a favorite of "the Gang". Often I would go with him to milk the cows in the old brick barn. He would sit me in the window to watch, then often would squirt warm milk at me, which I hated, but still always wanted to go out with him.

My brother Kenneth was just older than I, and I remember having many fun times with him. I remember one day playing in the back yard, and one of the neighbor kids threw a "binik" (5th West rock) at him, which hit him just above the eye. It gave him the most beautiful black eye. How I envied him, and to this day, have never had a black eye of my own.

I had a marvelous childhood, with many cousins living on the same block, or within a 2-3 block radius. We seemed like one big family.

Through Junior High and High School "Our Gang" was notorious up and down Fifth West. Every Sunday afternoon, we would start at "John's" (Margaret Johnson) above Fifth North and work our way down to "Click's" (Fae Clark Cartwright), eating some delicious tidbit at each place --- laughing, playing games, talking, playing on the player piano ---whatever. Besides Margaret and Fae, there was Dorothy Dixon (Harrison), Vesta Taylor, Alice Dixon (Andrews), Evelyn Dixon (Smith), and myself. We spent many summers together at Wildwood, swimming, hiking, putting on plays, playing tennis, telling ghost stories, and others; and having taffy pulls. There were many cousins both older and younger that were drawn into our activities from time to time. It was a wonderful period of growing-up years.

During high school, and on into college, we had another "gang" made up of friends we met through the school years. We had many happy hours and wonderful times. It started from becoming acquainted in a Botany class. I'm not sure how it all came about, but through our high school years and into college, we had innumerable, wonderful fun experiences. The basic eight were: Scott Allen, Thom Barrett, LeGrande Lewis, Helen Ward (Allen), Fae Clark (Cartwright), Emma Zabriskie (Olson) and myself. There were several others who came and went throughout the years, including Don and Mary Bee Jensen . To this day, we are still good friends, but don't see one another often.

I graduated from Provo High School in May of 1935. My Father, who had been ill for sometime died that fall. It was a great loss to me.

I began my freshman year at the "Y" that fall, and graduated with an B.A. degree in Elementary Education in 1939.

I was offered a job at the Franklin School, teaching the Fourth Grade. I enjoyed my teaching immensely, and made some wonderful friends in the teachers, the students, and the parents. My cousin, Rhea Reeve taught there also, and we used to walk back and forth from school together. Many of those people in the Franklin district were the "Salt of the earth". I taught for three years; the 4th grade, 3rd grade, and 6th grade, with half the day as librarian.

The summer after my first year of teaching, I met Fred Dixon Kartchner at a party in Wildwood. He had just finished four years of teaching grade school and was entering his first year of medical school at the U. of U. The Sunday following the party, he drove up to Wildwood with one of his friends, and asked for a date, the beginning of a wonderful relationship.

We saw each other occasionally his first grueling year of medical school. He joined our "gang" for many activities, when he would come to Provo. It was wonderful when Fred had a school break.

The following February 7, Fred gave me a diamond. We were married that June 8, 1942 in the Salt Lake Temple by Stephen L. Chipman. We left the next day for Denver, Colo. on the train, to start the last two years of medical school at the Univ. of Colo. at Denver.

My sister Alice and her husband, ElRoy Nelson had generously invited us to live in their basement apartment. It was a marvelous thing for us, as it was within walking distance of the Colo. General Hospital, where the medical school was. I will never forget their generosity, love and company.

After medical school, we returned to Salt Lake for internship at the U. of U. and the old Salt Lake General Hospital. Following the year of internship, Fred had a commission in the Medical Corps of the Army, so was called into the service. I went to Provo to live in my Mother's home. Fred went to Carlisle, Pa. for his basic training. After the war was over, Fred was transferred to Hawaii at Schofield Barracks, on Oahu and he was allowed to send for his family.

We packed up and left. Mother hated to see us go, and we hated to leave, but were anxious to be a family again. It was the last time I saw Mother, as she died of cancer while we were still in Hawaii.

We spent almost two years in the Hawaiian Islands. Mother Kartchner came and stayed with us the last part. Fred was supposed to have been released, but was declared "essential", so we remained an extra six months. The Hawaiian sister loved Mother Kartchner, and she joined in many "quilting" bees with them.

I taught school for a short time there. We had a heartbreaking experience when our little daughter, Elaine, was born June 26, 1947, with a severe hair-lip, cleft palate, and a damaged heart. Fred flew to San Francisco with her, after a few days, where she was given treatment at the Letterman General Hospital, by an expert plastic surgeon. After our return to the Mainland, our little Elaine died on October 21, 1947.

Another sad experience was given me while we were on the Hawaiian Islands. Mother had developed cancer since we had left, and she passed away in February of 1947. I wanted so much to come home to the funeral, but the army would not give us leave or permission. It was a difficult time for me, and again our good friends helped us over this, especially the Noels.

Fred's Ob. Gyn. Residency with the Univ. of Utah Medical School, had been held open for him. We stayed in "Uncle Bud's" house on the hill until Fred found an apartment in Ogden for us that we could afford. After two years in Ogden, we went to Salt Lake for the last year of the Residency. Upon completion of Fred's Residency, we moved to Provo to begin the practice of Medicine.

After leaving Denver and Alice and Roy's lovely apartment and home, we lived in many interesting places, choosing what we could find to suit our limited budget. A few interesting features were as follows:

During Internship, the one and a half rooms we lived in had a closet. Everytime it rained or thawed, we had to pull everything out of the closet as it would fill up with water.

Our first home in our Residency in Ogden, was a long, narrow apartment, with one window in the front and one window in the back. The children slept in narrow army bunkbeds in a long narrow hall, as a bedroom. That place also had an old-fashioned toilet room with the water tank above your head, and a long pull chain to pull when you flushed it. The tank leaked (on your head).

Another place, the last year of our Residency in Salt Lake, was a converted old mansion, the "LaFayette Villa". It had been turned into three apartments. It was here that the mice were so many, they would race across my waxed floor and slide into the mop boards. This was a real trial to me, as rats and mice are my one big fear. We also tended the furnace in the place. In the remodeling, they had covered over the steps to the basement with a patio, so that we had to lug coal by the sack-full down through a hole, which had once been a window, in order to feed the furnace. And I was pregnant.

While in the service, we lived in old World War I housing units in Hawaii, that hadn't been used for years. Once we scoured them up, it wasn't so bad. The Japanese prisoners of war did the painting of some of it. When they would paint the floors, they wouldn't kneel down, but would take a sitting position on their heels and paint. This is also the way they sat to talk, and rest. The termites were a real problem, and one day the toilet fell right through the floor.

Following our service stint, and all of the medical training, we moved to Provo to set up business. We found a small bungalow which we converted the downstairs rooms to Fred's offices. Our family of eight, tightly filled the upstairs of only two bedrooms. By putting two sets of bunkbeds and one crib in one small bedroom, Fred and I used the other bedroom. We fixed an old storage room downstairs into a bedroom for Linda. The house was heated by an old coal furnace, which would periodically "blow up", sending soot and ashes throughout the house and office, necessitating a thorough housecleaning after each "blow up". We finally gave up and converted the old coal furnace to a new gas furnace. Ken and I carried the coal dust out from the old coal bin, which was back of the furnace. We swept down and washed the walls, calcimined them, and converted it into "Ken's room" A small bed could barely fit in.

While living here, Fred took up raising English Bulldogs for a hobby. At one time, we had a litter of eight tiny pups, that had to be watched and fed every two hours, night and day, as the mother was so awkward, she would sit on them and smother them. While they were so small, we kept them in Linda's bedroom. We also had two adult bulldogs, a paraquet, a canary, a cat. We lived here for seven years, when we finally were able to move into our beautiful new home with six bedrooms, and lots of room everywhere. What luxury!

After being up all night with me, his patient in labor, Fred started out early one morning for Salt Lake to give a lecture at the Medical School. He was so tired, he went to sleep while driving. The car swerved across the highway, just missing a cement abutment, and landed in a canal. It proved to be near-fatal. I was in Provo in the hospital; Fred was in Salt Lake in the hospital. He remained there for several weeks. Upon his release, I took the new baby and stayed at Alice's in Salt Lake until he was able to travel to Provo.

It was a long and difficult struggle before we were a normal family again. Fred, unknowingly, had become addicted to Demerol, a drug they had given him to ease the terrific pain he suffered from the accident. Fred was able to rid himself of his addiction.

Our last baby was delivered with a Caesarean section, followed with complications and a serious operation and hemorhaging. It was a hard time. But through many trials and great effort and the help from our family members, our health was restored. We were blessed with a lovely family and a growing practice in spite of our difficulties. Our Heavenly Father was a great factor in our restored health.

While teaching school, I saved a small part of my salary and became a stockholder in the Bonneville Development Co., developers of the Oak Hills Subdivision. As a stockholder I was given a beautiful lot overlooking the Utah Valley, on Provo's foothills near the mouth of Rock Canyon. The small bungalow we were in was literally bursting at the seams, with our growing family of eight.

Fred's brother Ray and brother-in-law Marion Hammond, both school teachers, agreed to build us a home during their summer vacation. By December 15th of the second year, we moved into this spacious home. What a beautiful home and what a haven for us all, after twenty-three years, now our dream come true.

After a years time in our new home, a wonderful blessing came to us. Mary Ann came to our home. She was just five days old, and weighed less than five pounds, but it was like the frosting on the cake to have a sweet little baby in such roomy and pleasant surroundings, and we so loved her.

Each of the children grew into healthy, beautiful adults and are a blessing beyond measure to us. The boys filled missions; Ken in Argentina, Richard to the Spanish-Florida, David to the Phillipines. The girls, Linda and Rosena became school teachers, Ellen became a registered nurse and Mary Ann has excelled in Ballet and though not dancing at this time is going to school in Gemnology and hopes to design and set jewelry.

All have responsible jobs in the Church, and all are positive thinking, progressive individuals, who help one another as well as others.

Through the contacts of our children and other families, we have had the privilege of having many people live in our home from periods of a few weeks and months to several years. It has made us all aware of other countries, their people, as well as those who have needed a place to stay, and in so doing, have been with us and blessed our lives.

We have travelled widely, going to each of the boys' missions upon their completion, and seeing the surrounding countries and cities.

I am doing something now, I have wanted to do for forty years. I am taking an Art class and am thoroughly enjoying it.

I have worked in the Church all my life. It has been primarily with the youth in Primary and Mutual. I have been blessed beyond words with the Gospel, my heritage, my immediate family, as well as my extended family; my sorrows, as well as my joys, and good health having been restored to me through several traumatic incidences. Life is good, and I thank my Heavenly Father for a rich and rewarding life.

I have been deeply saddened by the death of my husband and sweetheart of thirty-eight years. He suffered heart failure on March 14th and suddenly passed away on March 16th 1980. He has left us all a great heritage and strength that will help me to carry on without him, as painful as it is.

64th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 16. 2

EVELYN DIXON

DONALD H. SMITH

Smith Family

Evelyn

Don

Karen

Susan

EVELYN DIXON SMITH

I arrived in this world barely, that is between 11 p.m. and midnight, on my father's birthday, May 30, 1917; the second child and first daughter of Arnold Dixon and Letitia May Banks Dixon. Thus began my early life on 5th West and in the Third Ward in Provo, Utah.

One of my earliest remembrances is my parents taking me and my baby brother Grant up 5th West to visit our house that was being built. Daddy helped me walk the planks that crossed above the basement. We had some wonderful years in that house, with its apple orchard, poultry farm, ponies, collie dogs and even at one time some baby lambs. The family was growing--every other year a new baby brother arrived until there were six of us with me the only girl. When I was nine years old Daddy told me I had a new baby sister at the hospital. I wouldn't believe it until I saw her. We all waited with cheeks wrapped for her arrival home - - yes we all had the mumps.

Another fond memory of those days was our yearly exodus to, and stay at Wildwood in Provo Canyon. Every Fourth of July, dressed in new clothes, we went to town to see the parade and celebrate with balloons, firecrackers, and some special treat. Sunburned and weary we returned home to a freezer of home-made ice cream. We then went to the Canyon to stay until Labor Day at Wildwood with relatives and friends, hikes and swimming in the river, climbing the mountains, meeting the train and big bonfires with programs, singing and excitement.

My elementary education was at Timpanogos School. I liked school and was a good student. In those days there were the operettas and May Day braiding of the maypole. While in the fifth grade I began ballet lessons which came to a tearful end as I gave up my recital costume since I had rheumatic fever and would not be in the recital nor continue ballet. Mother was a gifted seamstress and my costume and clothes brought many a compliment.

It was while I was at Dixon Junior High School that our happy times received a mighty blow. The depression hit the country and Farmers and Merchants Bank, where Father was cashier, was one of the many banks that closed its doors. We sold our home and lived in several other places thru the next years -- Father having different jobs, and these were struggling years. The family grew to ten children, seven boys and three girls.

The high school years were enjoyable in spite of financial problems. Classes were an interesting challenge and I managed the honor roll often. At graduation from Provo High School, I realized the family could use some extra income but I wanted to continue my studies. My parents decided if I could earn my own tuition and spending money I could go on to college. I was doing typing for Fred Markham during the high school years and continued with Ashworth and Markham, architects. The Library at B. Y. U. was where I earned my tuition and became so interested I majored in English towards a

Library Science Master's Degree.

Between my sophomore and Junior years of college I spent a year in New York City with the Paul Dixon family. That was my first trip out of Utah. Little did I know it was the beginning of many travels in my life and living in many states and a foreign country.

Returning from New York to B.Y.U. I began my third year of college. Ruth Taylor (Kartchner) introduced me to a nice young man, Donald H. Smith, who became my future husband. Don graduated from the "Y" that year and began working for the U.S. Dept. of Agriculture and was sent to Louisiana. I finished my senior year and graduated in June, 1940. September 24, 1940, we were married in the Mission Home in Houston, Texas, by Pres. ElRay Christiansen. We began our married life in Mansfield, Louisiana. Don was part of the Mobile Soil Survey and it was very mobile. We moved about every six months, from Louisiana to Texas first and then numerous small towns in Texas, south of Fort Worth and Dallas.

Our first year of marriage was the first year I had spent with just adults about me. It was very enjoyable but then I felt we should have a baby. During my junior year of college we found that my bouts with rheumatic fever had affected my heart. And then when I wanted to start our family the doctors advised against having children.

It was at this time too that the U.S. entered World War II. Don enlisted in the Army Air Force in 1942, as an aviation cadet. During his early training I returned to Utah, stayed with my family who were living back on 5th West, and worked at the steel mill that was being constructed. Later I joined Don while he took his pilot training. We knew Don would be going overseas. We found a doctor who thought I could safely have a child. Don went to England and I went back to Utah to wait for the birth of our first baby, a daughter. Karen Ann arrived at Utah Valley Hospital on Feb. 4, 1945. Don had completed his bombing missions and arrived in Provo when the baby was two weeks old. Soon after V. E. Day, Don was discharged from the service and we were back in Texas with the Soil Conservation Services. The next year we moved to Santa Fe, New Mexico. While living here we went to Utah and on June 27, 1947 were married in the S. L. Temple and had Karen sealed to us. The same year Don decided to return to school.

We moved to Ames, Iowa, where Don did his graduate work at Iowa State University. There were many young LDS graduate students there and we made many new friends that we still keep in touch with. My sister Gloria came to stay with us in 1948 while I was confined to bed with my second pregnancy. On July 30, 1948, our second daughter, Susan Louise, was born. We had hoped for a boy but when we saw the sweet little girl with a blonde curl on top of her head she won our hearts and we decided two daughters were a wonderful family.

Don finished up his doctorate in Soil Microbiology and Chemistry and we moved to Maryland in April, 1951. Don was with USDA again, this time at the Plant Industry Station. We belonged to the Capitol Ward in Washington, D.C. Our daughters were growing up and Karen began school there.

During the cold winters while we were in Iowa, Don had thought of living in a milder climate and had applied for a position in Hawaii. In 1952 a job opening became available and he accepted the position with Pineapple Research Institute in Honolulu, Hawaii. We drove from Washington, D. C. to Provo for Christmas.

We arrived in beautiful Hawaii in January, 1953. This was our home for the next ten years. After about a year we settled in Manoa Valley and were active in the Waikiki Ward.

By the summer of 1954 my heart condition had become so bad that I was practically an invalid. The doctor said my one hope for better health was heart surgery. Our daughters were nine and six years old at this time and needed a mother to take care of them so I decided in favor of the surgery if it could be done. In July, 1954, I went to San Francisco and had a valvulotomy. During my convalescence I spent a week with Mother and Dad at Wildwood. It was a tender experience. I had a renewal of life and felt very appreciative and aware of the beauty of living. Dad was adjusting to his artificial leg after an amputation due to thrombosis. Mother was worrying over both of us, doing so many things for us though in very poor health herself. I've always been thankful for that peaceful, intimate week the three of us had together. That was the last time I saw Mother since she passed away the following May.

After a year of ups and downs I was feeling much better and active again. Our daughters were good students and were taking piano, swimming, dancing and other lessons. Even I needed a new interest and took a few oil painting lessons. Father came to Hawaii to visit us. And my sister Gloria Richardson and family spent a few years in Hawaii living across the street from us - - the only time we have lived near family or relatives.

From August 1958 to January 1959, we had a sabbatical leave in Fort Collins, Colorado. This was a most friendly town to live in. Our daughters would have liked to stay there but we returned to Hawaii after experiencing a perfect autumn and the delight of a white Christmas again. We soon moved to a new home in Hawaii, in Kailua, over the Pali from Honolulu. We were active in the Kailua Ward there.

One Sunday night after church where I had been singing in the Choir, we had just been home a short time when I felt a terrible blow inside my chest which almost knocked me over. When both legs became numb we realized I had a saddle embolis. Sunday night is not a good time for emergencies. I told Don it was probably the end of life for me but he insisted it wasn't and called a friend to help with administering to me while waiting for the ambulance. It was much later that I found out the doctors had given up and Don and a nurse hovered over me that night as oxygen was pumped to keep me alive. When I regained consciousness and found I still had both legs I knew I would live -- besides Karen was singing the lead in "Promised Valley" in just two weeks. I made the last performance, though it was in a wheel chair.

Don came home one night in 1963 to announce his receiving an offer of employment with Del Monte in the Phillippines, which we accepted. Although Manila was our mailing address, we lived on the biggest pineapple plantation in the world, which is at Mindanao, five hundred miles by plane and car from Manila.

While on the plantation, I began to have health problems again, in spite of the household help of two house girls and a yard boy. Before leaving to attend Karen's wedding in the Salt Lake Temple on February 24, 1966, I promised Don I would check with Dr. Gerbode about open-heart surgery. He not only recommended immediate open-heart surgery but also lung surgery, which was scheduled for June. This time with open-heart surgery the mitral valve of my heart was replaced with an artificial valve. I was able to attend Karen's senior voice recital and graduation from BYU in August and by September I was well enough to go on our long planned trip through Europe. Since the surgery I have been in the best of health, the best I have had in many years.

At Del Monte, Don was advanced from Agricultural Research Director to Research Manager and now worked at the cannery as well as the plantation. We now took our second home leave visiting more European Countries before attending our daughter Susan's wedding in the Salt Lake Temple on September 4, 1969. Susan was married by Elder Henry D. Taylor, to R. Byron Purves of England. It was a beautiful wedding.

My life to date has been and is a happy one. There is much I am thankful for. It is a wonderful experience and privilege to be enjoying good health. My husband is all I could ask for. He has always encouraged me to live to my full capacity and helped me over my disappointments. He has never complained of the inconvenience and expense my poor health has caused but rejoices with me when each hurdle is cleared. We are blessed with two wonderful daughters married to fine men, both studying for a Ph.D. They also presented us with grandsons and granddaughters.

Don and Evelyn moved to Walnut Creek, Cal. in 1973. Evelyn's improved health continued and they enjoyed a full life, enjoying friends, pursuing hobbies, traveling, and being near enough to family to visit often. Evelyn gave lessons in Relief Society and took art classes.

In March of 1980, Evelyn began having minor problems and entered the hospital for tests. Several days later she had a major stroke and passed away quietly at 3:25 a.m. on March 28, 1980.

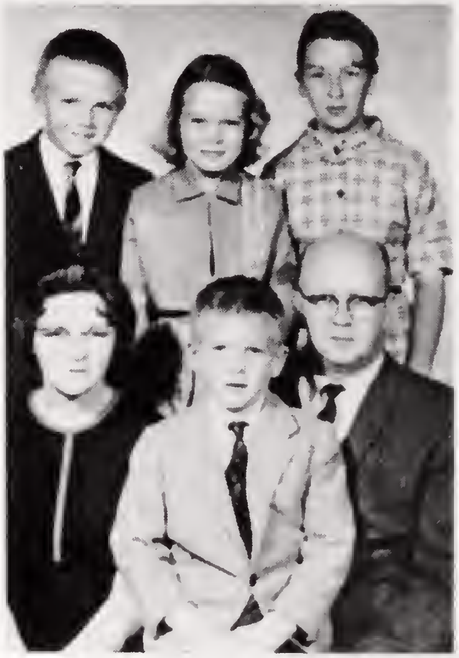
Karen Smith Griggs

I.D.# 10.4

ALICE DELENNA DIXON

ROBERT BRUCE ANDREWS

Andrews Family



Robert D. Dixie Lee Charlene

Alice Joseph Robert Bruce

20618 Cohasset Street
Canoga Park, Los Angeles
California

HISTORY OF ALICE DELENNA DIXON ANDREWS

November 18, 1917, a daughter was born to Charles Owen and Virginia Elizabeth Beckstead Dixon at 295 North Fifth West, Provo, Utah, the fourth girl in the family.

At the Provo Third Ward on January 6, 1918, she was given the name Alice Delena Dixon by her father. (Changed middle name to Delenna) Thomas N. Taylor was Bishop and John L. Russell was Clerk at that time.

I wondered and asked my father if I was named after Alice Taylor, my cousin, who lived across the street and whose birthday was the same as mine (November 18) or after Aunt Alice Dixon Dangerfield and my middle name after Delenna Taylor who also lived across the street? (Delenna is not a relative).

My father said, "No, your mother and I just liked that name."

At three years old I got scarlet fever and was very sick along with VaLera and Ruby, my two older sisters. We slept upstairs. Mother would put our food on the steps and call and we would come down and pick it up. Sometimes the outside door from the kitchen would be opened from the stairs we could see Stella, my other sister, standing there eating little green onions. I had the feeling it was the onions that kept her from getting the disease.

My mother died August 19, 1922, from heart and kidney trouble, when VaLera was 12 years old and Virginia, my youngest sister, 3 months old. I was 4 years old.

Mother was such a beautiful woman, tall, with long dark, brown hair, worn up high on her head. She always looked so nice in her lovely clothes. She loved beautiful hats; to be a good cook and a neat housekeeper.

It was a sad day at her passing, leaving Father, my sisters - VaLera, Ruby, Stella, Virginia, my brother - Owen George, and myself.

I remember running over to Aunt Rye's, across the street, and she, Ruth, and I kneeling down at a chair, crying and praying.

Grandmother Dixon came to stay with us. She was about 80 years old. She helped us organize our work. She was so nice.

After Grandmother Dixon passed away, Aunt Rye took us under her wing and was like our second mother. She was always sending over food - - - stew, rice puddings, potatoes and gravy, creamed corn, etc., such a good cook and so good to us, especially me.

I started school at Timpanogos Elementary at the age of six. My first grade teacher was Mrs. Childs. We studied about Holland. Mr. Childs made a large windmill on a hill of artificial grass and a white picket fence with paper tulips looking through it. Robert Sumner and Roberta Hindmarsh were in Dutch costumes, and we all sang "It's Tulip Time in Holland" for the Parent Teachers Association.

Miss Marva Bullock was my second grade teacher, she was a very pretty lady.

My third grade teacher was Ida Knudsen for a while. I can't remember who took her place. Miss Perkins was my fourth grade teacher, Mrs. Vance my fifth grade and Mr. Staheli my sixth grade teacher.

Mr. Staheli taught us the song "Out On An Indian Reservation." We would learn a verse a day, the chorus the next, and then the second verse, but we each had to know it before going out for recess. My love was playing ball, being pitcher or first base, so I really tried hard to learn the song.

Mr. J. Clifton Moffitt was my High School Principal and Psychology teacher and later the Superintendent. I owe him a lot. He gave me a job in the Summer Recreation at North Park for three summers and hired me at Farrer Jr. High as Physical Education Teacher. He was also a very good friend of the family and to me.

I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints at the age of eight years on February 28, 1926, by J. Wesley Robertson and confirmed by my father, Charles O. Dixon. Our Bishop was H. A. Dixon and the Clerk was Eugene Olsen, of the Provo Third Ward.

In elementary school some of my best friends were Genevieve Mitchel, Fay Snow, Deon Christensen, Erma Smith, Emma Clark, Martell Bird, Jack Halliday and David Fielding.

In Jr. High and High School my cousins - Ruth Taylor, Dorothy Dixon, Evelyn Dixon and friends - Fae Clark, Vesta Taylor and Margaret Johnson, were the gang on Fifth West. We were sometimes called "Sandy Alley" because there were so many red heads living on that street.

I went to Provo High in the seventh grade. Then the new Dixon Jr. High was built and I went there in the eighth and ninth grades.

Dorothy Dixon left BYU High School and came to Dixon Jr. High. We were together in most of our classes in both Jr. High and Sr. High School. She was smart and helped me a lot scholastically and socially.

After graduating from Jr. High, I went to Provo High for the tenth, eleventh and twelfth grades. I graduated from Provo High and I also graduated from three years of Seminary.

In the tenth grade I was secretary of our class. Dorothy Dixon was vice-president and Frank Sutherland was president.

When I was a senior, I was athletic manager and Dorothy was editor of the school paper. We had so much fun doing things together and with our gang - - Venice Cottam, Helen Brockbank, Edna Jensen, Mary Kirkham, June Crowther, Mildred Smart, Kay Pace and Marjory Mensel.

I went to the Brigham Young University for four years. I received my B.S. degree, majoring in Physical Education and minoring in Clothing and Textiles.

In sports I excelled best in basketball. I was on the school team from Jr. High through College.

My favorite teachers have always been my Physical Education teachers - - Melva Boyle, Dorothy Richmond, Wilma Jeppson, Aline Coleman Smith and Leona Holbrook.

My best friends at B.Y.U. were Jean Webb, Beth Soffe, Leith Hayes, Marjory Merrill, Fae Clark and my cousins Ruth Taylor and Evelyn Dixon.

I worked hard to get through school. I scrubbed floors for Aunt Sarah Dixon and did general housework for Aunt Rye Taylor. I worked at Woolworth's on Saturdays and Holidays. I worked at B.Y.U.Physical Education Department for my tuition and I also worked for the Recreation Department at North Park.

I taught school at Draper Jr.High and Elementary for two years, Lincoln High for one year, Farrer Jr. High for two years, Lehi High for three years, Mendocina High in California for one year and substituted for four years in the Los Angeles School District.

My father died when I was teaching at Lincoln High, March 11, 1943. He died of exposure on a cold, snowy night with the temperature below zero. He had a large funeral. The Provo Third Ward was filled inside and out with people listening. He was liked by everyone. I love him so much. He was a wonderful father and went through a lot raising the six of us without Mother, and going through the depression of the thirties. He worked for the Provo City Road Department, driving a big truck and hauling gravel. He would come home riding on his bike. He was a hard worker - - would do the work of three men. He was very independent, religious, kind and loving, always telling me about his mission to Montana and Oregon.

Some of my best days were staying at Aunt Rye Taylor's cabin in Provo Canyon "Wildwood". Ruth and I would go help clean it, then I got to stay most of the summer for several years. We played ball, tennis, went on hikes, swimming in the river, had big bon-fires and sang songs. My favorites were "Springtime in the Rockies" and "Long, Long Trail A Winding". Aunt Rye was the greatest cook, everything tasted so good - - pancakes, oatmeal mush, big pots of stew, and the best divinity candy.

I married Robert Bruce Andrews, son of David Ray and Letitia Ann Davis Andrews from Bennett, Utah, later Roosevelt. We both graduated from Brigham Young University June 5, 1940. I met Bob in Salt Lake City at Teacher's Educational Week at Covey's Motel. A mutual friend of both, Eloise Kay, introduced us. She had taught in Duchesne School District with Bob and then in Lehi with me. We were staying at Covey's when he came to see Eloise. That next weekend was B.Y.U. Homecoming, Bob asked me to go with him and from then on we dated. We were engaged December 25th and married in the Salt Lake Temple June 4, 1948.

I wore my mother's wedding dress, which had been worn by all four of my sisters and all in the Salt Lake Temple.

We now live in Canoga Park, California at 20618 Cohasset and have lived at this address for 21 years.

I have been very active in school and church work. I served for 8 years in Sunday School, 17 years in Primary and am now teaching the "Merrie Miss B" girls class. I was in M.I.A. about 12 years and in Relief Society, I was 2nd Couselor twice; Social Relations teacher; Luncheon Chairman; and President, June 21, 1970, for 1 year. I have also been a visiting teacher for 25 years.

I worked several years with the Cub Scouting Program in Ward, Stake and West Valley District. I received a Den Mother's Award and Outstanding Scouter's Award.

Bob, my husband, taught school at Altomount and Roosevelt Jr. High in Duchesne District before we were married and served in the Air force as weatherman in Australia and the Phillippines. Since we were married he taught at Roosevelt Jr. High in Utah, Mendocina High, Sutter Jr. High, Columbus and now at Lawrence Jr. High in California, teaching mathematics.

He also received his Scouter's Award and Outstanding Scouter's Award in the Scouting Program.

He was in the Branch Presidency in Fort Bragg, Secretary of the Elders Quorum, one of the 7 Presidents of Seventy, and is now a High Priest and Financial Clerk in the Canoga Park 2nd Ward.

His hobby is rocks, making jewelry and giving them away. He is a kind, loving husband and father.

I am now working in the Relief Society once again as Spiritual Living teacher.

Bob is High Priest Group Leader in the Canoga Park 2nd Ward.

July 3, 1977, I was set apart to be Educational Counselor in Relief Society Canoga Park 2nd Ward. I have also been put in as Captain of Daughters of Utah Pioneers, West Valley Camp for 1977 - 1978.

Bob and I are very proud parents of two sons and two daughters. Our two daughters, Charlene and Dixie Lee, have both been married in the Los Angeles Temple and have given us four beautiful grandchildren.

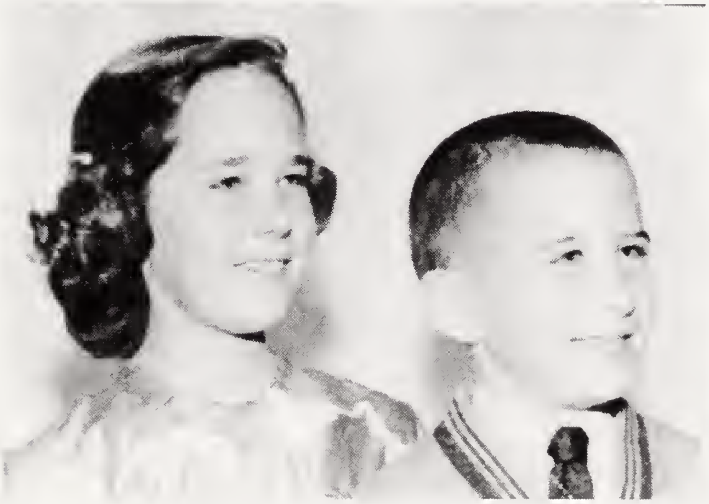
My goal now is to have our two sons, Robert and Joseph, marry in the Temple and raise a good and religious family and for all of us to be happy.

Norma Dixon Jess Family

66th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 11.5

NORMA DIXON



Barbara Steven

Norma Jess

NORMA DIXON JESS

Norma was born May 6, 1918 at Spanish Fork, Utah, to Albert Frederick and Sena Rasmussen Dixon. Her father was the manager of Taylor Bros. Co. in that small town.

When Norma was a very small child her family moved to Provo, Utah, where her father, along with some other men organized the Dixon-Taylor-Russell Company in 1921. Norma attended school in Provo at the Franklin Grade School, and after graduating from the Provo High School, went to Brigham Young University.

In October, 1942 Norma traveled to Ohio to marry Richard Graham Jess, who was in the U. S. Army. Here they were married on October 13, 1942. They lived in various places during the next two years. A good part of this time was spent in New Jersey.

In 1945 Dick was sent to Berkeley, California to the University of California, for the purpose of learning the Chinese language, in preparation to go to China. Here, in Berkeley, while visiting with Norma and Dick, her father had a heart attack on August 18, 1945, and died. This was a trying time for them, as they were newly arrived, knew no one at all in that area. It was indeed a sad homecoming for them to bring Dad home, to Provo.

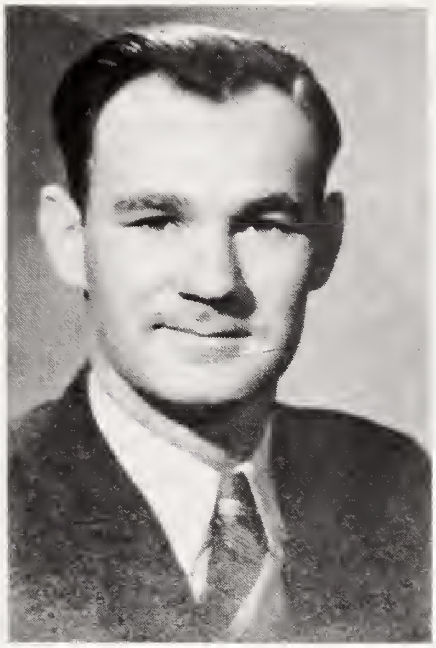
The war ended and by Christmas 1945 all the men were home. Dick went to work for General Motors as Service Manager. He remained with this company until retirement, serving as zone and district manager in several locations.

Norma and Dick lived in Salt Lake City and then moved to Alamo, California. They adopted Barbara Ann and Richard Steven and enjoyed their children very much.

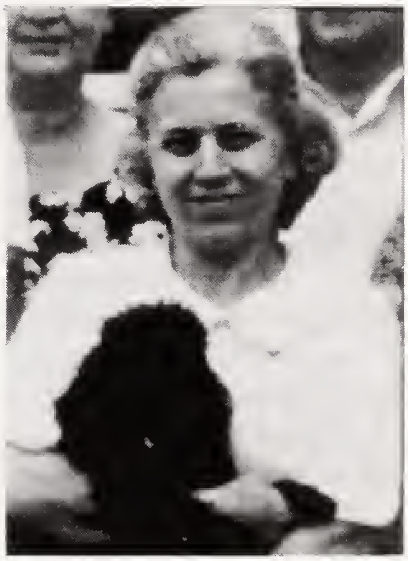
On September 20, 1956, Norma suffered an aneurysm and died suddenly. Barbara was almost three and Steven had just turned one. Norma was taken to Provo and buried beside her parents in the Provo City Cemetery.

Mildred Dixon Tangren

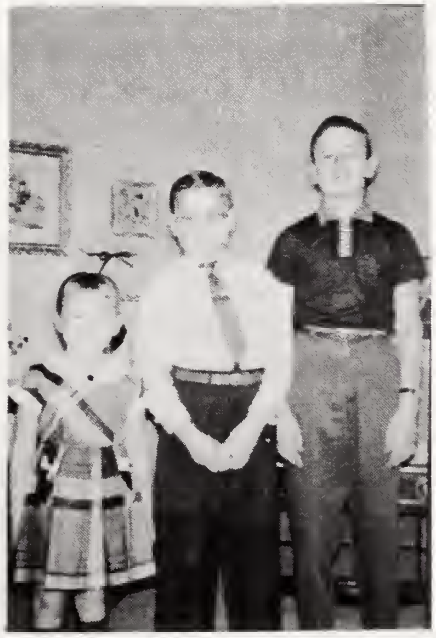
I.D.# 13.7



BERT LESTER DIXON



HELEN ANDELINO



Judy Tim Tom

488 Hinchey Road
Rochester, New York

Short Sketch of BERT LESTER DIXON

By his sister, Afton D. Wagstaff

Bert Lester Dixon was born September 17, 1918 at 195 North Third West in Provo, Utah. He is the son of Parley Smith and Mary Etola Dangerfield Dixon, the youngest child of seven children, four boys and three girls. He had blond hair and blue eyes.

The First World War had been going on for a number of years and the Armistice was signed November 11, 1918. It was also in the years 1918 and 1919 that the "flue epidemic" was going around. Very few homes escaped the flu. Many people died.

In our home everyone was sick except Anna. She was around two years old and the only one that didn't get the flue. Bert had bronchitis and was very sick. The beds were moved downstairs on the main floor to make it easier to wait on us. We were all very sick at the same time. We were very blessed, however, to have Aunt Alice Dangerfield and a friend, Mrs. Smith (a nurse) to help out. We all recovered and back on our feet in a few weeks.

When Bert was one year old, Dad had contracted the High School in Roosevelt, Utah. During this time a typhoid epidemic struck Roosevelt and most of his men were sick and those who escaped, quit their jobs. Because of these factors, Dad lost a lot of money and had to mortgage the home they were living in, in order to clear the debt.

So in November 1919 they sold their home and rented until they built another home on Fifth North between Sixth and Seventh West in Provo. They moved into this home in May , 1920. Bert lived here until September 1922 when this home was sold and a house was bought on Tenth West between Center Street and First South in Provo where Bert did most of his growing up. He attended the Franklin Grade School and Dixon Junior High School in Provo.

When the depression hit the country in 1931, it was very hard for the boys to find work. They had been working with Dad doing brick work and there just wasn't any work, so Dad thought it best to invest in a farm to give them work. He bought a fifteen acre farm in Orem. They moved to Orem in May 1933.

Bert graduated from Lincoln High School and was married to Virginia Oswald, October, 1938. After his marriage they moved to California. They had one daughter, Patricia Ann born in 1939 or 1940.

While in California they had trouble in their marriage and it ended in divorce in 1945.

While Bert was in the Service he met Helen Andelino from Rochester, New York, whom he admired very much. He kept in touch with her and in 1946 they were married. Helen is a very wonderful person and has been a very special wife and mother.

After their marriage they lived in Provo for about four years, then they built a home in Orem. Their two sons were born in Provo. In the fall of 1953 they moved to Rochester, New York where their daughter, Judy was born May 26, 1954.

Bert is a brick mason by trade. While working on a building in Rochester, New York, a few years ago, the scaffold broke and Bert fell fifty feet to the ground. It was a very bad accident and he was in the hospital quite a while. Since that time his health hasn't been too well.

Bert worked for Kodak Company for a number of years and the last few years he has been working at a hospital in Rochester as a maintenance man.

Bert and Helen have three children:

Thomas Anthony, born January 24, 1947 at Provo, Utah. He is doing research in physical chemistry at Harvard University. He has his Ph.D.

Robert T. Dixon, born March 13, 1950 in Provo, Utah. He is married to Mary DeGrunchy and they have one daughter Phaedra.

Their daughter Judith Ann, born May 25, 1954 in Rochester, New York, married Daniel R. Baker on May 26, 1973. They have two boys, Andrew Jason Baker and Daniel Joseph Baker.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
ARTHUR DE GREY DIXON

Born October 5, 1869 at Salt Lake City, Utah to Sarah DeGrey and Henry Aldous Dixon.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church in 1877.

Married Catherine Kezia Morgan by Bishop T. N. Taylor at Provo, Utah on May 29, 1905.

His occupation was a contractor and builder.

Many of the finest, older public buildings, schools, banks, stores, meeting houses and homes, in this area, were built by him.

His hobbies were fishing and hunting.

He was one of the best fishermen in this area.

His cabin at Wildwood was one of the first to be built there.

While helping to move a heavy transformer at the Murdock Power Plant at Heber, Utah, he came in contact with a live wire and was electrocuted on June 5, 1911.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
CATHERINE KEZIA MORGAN DIXON

Born at Salt Lake City, Utah on March 19, 1886 to Sarah Ann Lane and Joseph H. Morgan.

Baptized March 16, 1913 by LeRoy Dixon.

Confirmed March 16, 1913 by T. N. Taylor.

Married Arthur DeGrey Dixon at Provo, Utah on May 29, 1905.

Children:

Raymond Lane Dixon.

Attended grade school at the Proctor Academy and the Lincoln Grade School.

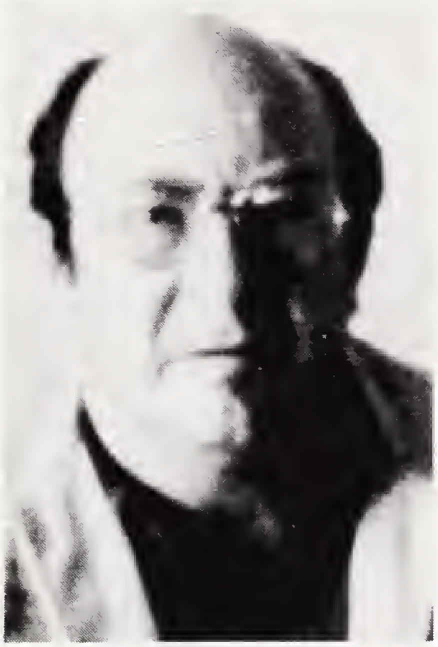
She was a member of the Third Ward Relief Society Flower Committee for 13½ years.

Her hobby was the raising of flowers.

She died at Provo, Utah on March 6, 1966.

69th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 31



RAYMOND LANE DIXON

EVA RUTHE MILDENHALL

Raymond Lane Dixon Family

Raymond

Ruthe

Leslie

Michael

1308 Scenic Way, Las Vegas, Nevada

524 West 200 North, Provo, Utah

HISTORY OF RAYMOND LANE DIXON

On Tuesday, November 26, 1918, Catherine Kezie Morgan became the mother of a healthy baby boy, at Provo, Utah and was given the name of Raymond Lane Dixon. He was the joy of his mother's life and her every thought was for him. He was a happy child and he grew up in a home filled with love.

Raymond's cousin, Owen Dixon, lived just two doors north of his home, and being near the same age, they grew up to-gether as constant playmates. They were nicknamed "Mick and Mike" and you very seldom would see one without the other. Later in school, Raymond's nickname evolved into "Mink", which he was called by all his pals.

Both Raymond and Owen progressed through the Provo Third Ward Primary, Sunday School and were members of the Third Ward Scout Troop.

For six years Raymond attended the Timpanogos Elementary School and was promoted to the Dixon Junior High School for three years schooling.

At the Provo High School, where he graduated, he became very interested in his art class and became very proficient in lettering and making posters and signs. He was a natural born artist. There were many times when some of his classes became dull and monotonous, so in order to overcome this situation, Raymond would hastily sketch out a humerous cartoon and start it circulating among his class mates, which brought life and activity back to the class.

While at Provo High School, his Art instructor, Farrell Collett, encouraged him to develop his artistic talents. Raymond responded by making posters for the School, the Church, his friends and even some commercial jobs.

This exposure and training in his Art class gave him a taste of the type of work he enjoyed doing. With his entrance to the B. Y. U. he took as many commercial art classes as he could and it became the foundation for his life's work, which has become a most successful one. While at the B.Y.U. he wanted to learn to do Gold Leaf work but there was no class instruction available. Bishop Alfred E. Eves, of his Ward, was an old master sign painter, who had learned well his trade in his old home town in England, was prevailed upon to teach him all he knew about Gold Leaf sign painting. Bishop Eves took Raymond under his wing and taught him the art. To-day it is almost a lost art for there is not much of it done, it being very expensive. Raymond has done a lot of it in Las Vegas and Los Angeles.

In 1940 on January seventh, he married Ruthe Eva Mildenhall in Farmington, Davis County, Utah. They are the parents of two children, Leslie Dixon Hardin and Michael Layne Dixon. They have three grandchildren: Leslie Layne Hardin and Vernon Shayne Hardin and LeAnna Layne Dixon. These grandchildren are the joy of Raymonds life. When Michael died in Portland, Oregon on October 14, 1977 it was a terrible blow for Raymond and he had a hard time bringing himself to-gether. For it hadn't been too long since he had lost his wife, Ruthe to cancer on March 30, 1973, after a two years losing battle.

All of Raymond's life he loved good music and he played in the school bands. Years later he started taking organ lessons and is now a very accomplished musician, getting much pleasure and happiness during the hours he spends at the console of his beautiful organ in his home.

After his marriage he worked at Geneva Steel for a few years but became dissatisfied with his work and wanted to try his wings somewhere else.

In 1955 Raymond and his family moved to Las Vegas, Nevada where his wife continued to teach in the City Schools and he established his own commercial art business, which he named "The Associated Sign Co."

For the first few years it was a hard job trying to get established in his new profession, but with lots of hard work and determination it paid off for him and he has become a very successful businessman.

Later Raymond became interested in flying and enjoyed it very much. He now owns his own plane and flies all over the country. It was the thrill of his life when he flew his mother to Las Vegas. Although she was "scared to death", all went well and after they landed safely, she was happy to have had the experience.

During World War II, Raymond served for two years in the Navy in the South West Pacific. (1944-1946).

A few years ago, Raymond took his son, Michael on a trip around the world. After his return he remarked that in all his travels he had never seen any place that he would trade for his home here in the West. He has also been on enjoyable trips to Australia and New Zealand.

Everyone enjoys the hospitality of Raymond's home. The welcome mat is always out and you can feel his love for his fellowmen. He is a member of the Las Vegas Rotary Club and enjoys the association of his fellow Rotarians.

Raymond has always been a hard worker and a very energetic person. He has inherited his mother's traits of being an early riser and getting the work of the day done early. It is not an unusual sight early in the morning to see him skimming the pool and cleaning it for the day, so that any neighbor could use it, if so inclined.

If he can find time, hunting and fishing are his enjoyable sports.

70th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 16.3

GRANT DE GREY DIXON

FLORENCE MARKS

GRANT DE GREY DIXON FAMILY

Florence

Gregory

Grant

Brent

Michael

GRANT DE GREY DIXON

I, Grant DeGrey Dixon, was born in Provo, Utah on April 11, 1919. My parents were May Banks and Arnold Dixon. We lived, on about five acres of land, at 885 North 5th West, Provo, Utah. We had a fruit orchard where we raised and sold Jonathan and Roman Beauty apples. There were ponies for the kids to ride. And our 2,000 chickens kept us in eggs and the extras were sold. I can remember going to the river with my father to snag suckers to grind and feed to the chickens; we would also bring back a bushel basket of fish.

Dad lost his job as a bank cashier when the Farmers and Merchants Bank closed during the depression. He lost both his bank stock and the farm. He was out of work for over a year, and had a pretty tough time sleding with his large family. That year we picked apples from the ground for twenty-five cents a bushel, and canned forty bushels of applesauce without sugar. We had lots of potatoes, bean and applesauce. And we would go to the dairy to buy skim milk for two cents a gallon. I worked that entire summer in a celery field for a Chinaman for fifty cents a day. These times sound bad, but we got by just fine.

I attended Timpanogos Grade School, Dixon Junior High School, and Provo High School. Then, like my brothers and sister, I worked my way through Brigham Young University. I worked in the BYU Library bindery repairing books for twenty-five cents per hour. I later worked as a janitor for the Farmers and Merchants Bank.

Then at the end of my Junior year, World War II started. Lockheed Aircraft recruited my brother Eldon and myself to work in the aircraft plant in Los Angeles, California. Eldon and I went to school for five weeks and learned how to rivet . We started work in L.A. on the swing shift riveting the Hudson Bomber wing. In a few weeks, after attending a toolmakers class, taught during the swing shift, I was transferred to tool inspection in Burbank. I worked, for a while, in the main plant inspecting templates; then in the experimental area where I worked on the P-38 and other aircraft. After several months I was transferred to the Maywood plant where I worked with a senior tool inspector shooting all the tooling in the plant on the swing shift. Shortly after, I was accepted as an aviation cadet in meteorology and terminated my employment with Lockheed. During our work at Lockheed five of us fellows had an apartment in Hollywood.

I attended the Class A Cadet Meteorology Course at UCLA from September 1942 to September 1943. This course included all the professional requirements for meteorology, and I received a professional certificate. I was commissioned a 2nd Lieutenant on September 6, 1943. My first assignment was at the 1st Weather Sq. stationed at Wendover Field, Utah. After a month I was reassigned for six months to the Long Range Research Unit of the Weather Information Branch at the California Institute of Technology. The duty consisted of:

Analysis of Northern Hemisphere Maps, assisting with climatological studies, and some long range weather forcasting research. After we completed the analysis of the Northern Hemisphere Maps, I was reassigned for eight months to Van Nuys Metropolitan Airport as Assistant Weather Officer. The duty consisted of: analyzing weather data, making weather forecasts, instructing weather information to pilot trainees, and briefing air-crews on weather conditions. During this period, I also completed a Staff Weather Officers Course at the Army Air Forces School of Applied Tactics in Orlando, Florida.

In December of 1944 I attended, for four weeks, an Air Transport Command Traffic Technician Course at Morrison Field in West Palm Beach, Florida. I was then assigned to the 502nd AAF Base Unit at Gravelly Point, Washington, D.C. and for five months served as an Air priorities Control Office in Los Angeles, California. There I reviewed requests for commercial air transportation of personnel and air cargo; denied, granted, and assigned proper priorities in accordance with the existing policies and situations. Then for approximately three months, I was in the Bay area coordinating the evacuation activities of Priorities and Traffic of Ferry Division with the Pacific Division of ATC. Then I went to Galena Field Spokane, Washington where I was responsible for all the military air priorities in the Northwest area covering Washington, Oregon, Montana, and part of Idaho. I received an honorable discharge, as a captain, on September 20, 1946.

I met Florence Marks, a nursing student at the Deacones Hospital in Spokane, at church one day. That was my lucky day. After a short courtship we were married on February 8, 1946 in the home of Bishop Alva Green in Spokane, Washington. We have had a wonderful life together. Florence is bubbling with energy, always pleasant, and there's seldom a dull moment when she is around. She is very dedicated to her Nursing Profession.

We moved to Provo, Utah after my discharge. I went back to school while Flo worked at the hospital. I received a B.S. degree in physics with a minor in mathematics at B.Y.U. in June 1947. We then moved to Eugene, Oregon where I studied Architecture at the University of Oregon. Of course Flo was working in a doctor's office putting me through school. However, I was recalled to active duty before completing the fifth year for the Bachelor of Architecture Degree.

This recall to duty took me to Tokyo, Japan where I was assigned to the 1503rd Air Traffic Squadron at Tokyo International Airport. Shortly after I arrived in Japan I arranged for Flo to join me and we took up housekeeping in the Japanese version of an American house. We had an interesting three years living with the people of Japan. Our two oldest sons, Greg and Mike, were born in Japan.

Our return to the States was to Fairchild Air Force Base in Spokane, Washington -- back to where I had met Flo. My job was staff Transportation Officer in the HQ 814th Air Base Group. I also had the additional duty of Base Housing Officer on this two wing SAC Base. In Japan I had been reclassified as a civil engineer due to my schooling at the University of Oregon. I was transferred to the 814th Installations Squadron as an Assistant Base Installation Engineer due to a shortage of civil engineers. I had various jobs like Real Property Accountable Officer with an account in excess of $100,000,000.00, one month as a Squadron Adjutant, two months as a Squadron Supply Officer and an officer in charge of Production Control.

In September 1956 we moved to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio where I attended the Advanced Installation Engineering Course. The next tour took me to Baffin Island, Northwest Territories of Canada where I was a Maintenance Engineering Officer for the 926th AC&W Squadron (ADC). This remote Artic assignment lasted a year. Three of us would hold church services each Sunday. While I was in the Artic our youngest son, Brent, was born in Enterprise, Oregon.

I returned to Corvallis, Oregon at Adair Air Force Station where I was assigned to the Portland Air Defense Sector as Civil Engineer. I supervised approximately one hundred officers, engineers, craftsmen, technicians, clerks, etc. plus approximately fifty contract personnel. While in Corvallis we built our own house. Flo said never again would she want to put up with such a mess and clutter.

June 1960 found us heading North again, this time with the family. We drove up the Alaskan Highway to Fairbanks, Alaska where we spent six months at Ladd Air Force Base. We turned the base over to the Army and then headed down the road to Anchorage, Alaska where I was assigned to Hq. Alaskan Air Command, Elmendorf Air Force Base, Alaska. We enjoyed Alaska. We had a camper for our weekends of fishing and hunting. The salmon runs were something; there were also caribou and moose. The Alaskan earthquake was also something. It shook for about five minutes. There was extensive damage everywhere; in one area the land mass raised over forty feet.

A month after the earthquake we returned to the lower 48. Since no one gets out of the service without serving in Texas we ended up in the Headquarters Air Training Command at Randolph Air Force Base. My positions were Chief of Utilities Branch, Utilities Division, Operations and Maintenance Directorate, DCS/CE and Acting Chief of the Utilities Division. My final position was Chief, Engineering Management Systems Division, Resource Planning Directorate, DCS/CE. I retired on September 1, 1967 in the rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

Since retiring from the Air Force we have resided in Lakeview, Oregon. I am working for the Fremont National Forest as a civil engineer. Flo works for the Lake District Hospital as Charge Nurse on the night shift. We are building a new solar home in Halfway, Oregon. We will retire for good in 1981.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
ARNOLD DIXON

Born at Provo, Utah, May 30, 1884 (26 days after the death of his father, Henry Aldous Dixon). His mother was Sarah DeGrey.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church by R. S. Gibby in June of 1892.

Married Letitia May Banks on November 15, 1911 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Children:

Howard, Evelyn, Grant, Eldon, Bruce, Floyd, Gloria, Robert, Douglas and Doris.

Received his education at the Timpanogos and Parker Grammar schools, BYU High School and BYU Commercial Department.

Worked four years in the State Treasurer's Office.

Employed at Utah National Bank in Salt Lake City and the Commercial and State Banks in Provo.

Started as bookkeeper in the newly organized Farmers and Merchants Bank of Provo and advanced to Cashier.

Bookkeeper for B.D. Palfreyman Construction Co.

Auditor at Geneva Steel Co. and D.T.R. Co.

Served for five years as Ward Clerk for the Provo Third Ward.

For many years was treasurer of the Ward Missionary Committee.

Served as Ward Teacher in several Wards.

Died September 1, 1960 at Utah Valley Hospital, Provo, Utah.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
LETITIA MAY BANKS DIXON

Born at Lake Shore, Utah County, Utah on May 15, 1891 to Esther Adamson and Willard Heber Banks.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church in July 1900.

Married Arnold Dixon in the Salt Lake Temple on November 15, 1911.

Children:

Howard, Evelyn, Grant, Eldon, Bruce, Floyd, Gloria, Robert, Douglas and Doris.

Lived in Starrett, Idaho; Logan, Salt Lake City, and Provo, Utah.

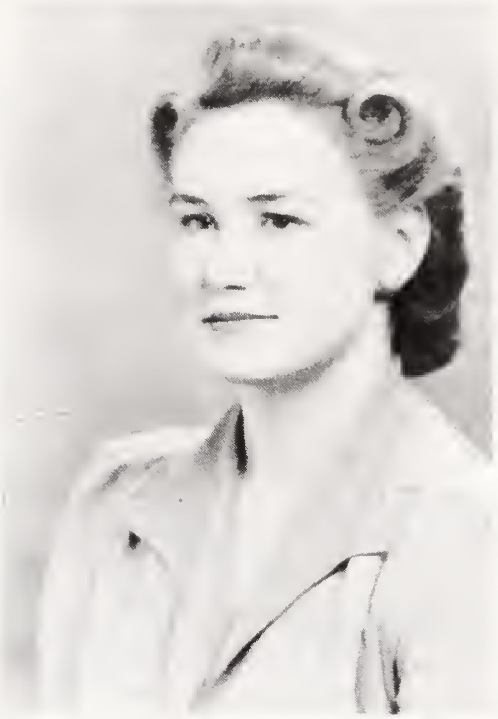
Attended school in Idaho in a one-room school which was used for church and social activities. After her marriage she lived in Grandmother Dixon's house. Her youngest sister, Lavern lived here with them for 5 years. Much of her married life she had poor health due to a heart condition, but she never complained and never shirked her family responsibilites.

May was a quiet, pleasant person, very easy to get along with. She was a talented seamstress with ability to design and make clothes and costumes without patterns.

May Banks Dixon passed away on May 3, 1955 at Provo, Utah.

Vera Dixon Anderson Family

I.D.# 11.6



VERA DIXON

71st Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

Vera
Dean

Leslie Vera Dean
Michael

VERA DIXON ANDERSON

When Vera was born on February 22, 1920, her very small sister, Norma, was enchanted with the new "Dede" (her word for baby, we supposed), and Dede she became to the family from then on, although they did give her the name of Vera. She was tiny, very fair of complexion, and pretty. She was the daughter of Albert Frederick and Sena Rasmussen Dixon. She had a brother Harry and two sisters, Mildred and Norma.

Vera was born in Spanish Fork, Utah. When a baby, the family moved to Provo where she grew, attended school, and married Dean Albert Anderson on April 27, 1945.

After the war they lived in Milwaukee, Wisconsin while Dean went to school. They lived in Salt Lake City, Utah, and in 1953 moved to Long Beach, California. They had two children, Carol Leslie and Michael Albert.

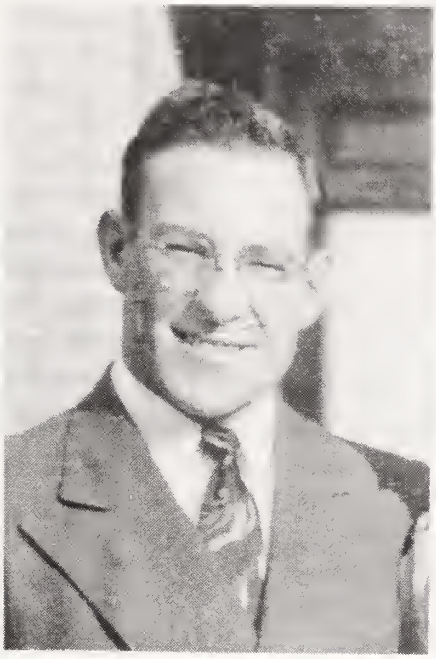
The Andersons had completed a swimming pool in their yard. Vera dived into the pool, felt a terrific pain in her head. She had to be rescued from the pool. She had had an aneurysm. She was in the hospital for over a month. She was operated on, but never regained consciousness. Vera passed away on April 11, 1958. Carol was 11, and Mike was 9 years of age.

Her death was a great sorrow to her family. Now there were only three of the Dixon Family left: Harry, Mildred and Melvin.

Dean married Louise Saunders and they made a happy home for the children. They enjoy their grandchildren and each other. It is a happy marriage.

Carol married William E. Hipp and had two boys, Daniel Edward and Robert Dean. She now lives in Redding, California. She is a nurse in the hospital there.

I. D. # 10.5



OWEN GEORGE DIXON

FLORENCE JANECZKO

3707 McNab, Long Beach
California

OWEN GEORGE DIXON

By Virginia Dixon Schugk

" It's a boy!" - - - What a thrill when this baby was delivered by "old Doc Taylor's son, Fred Jr. Fred Sr. had delivered four girls to Charles Owen Dixon and Virginia Elizabeth Beckstead, at 295 North Fifth West Street, Provo, Utah, but it took a new Doctor, his son, to finally bring a boy to this home. This eventful and proud day was the 28 March 1920. This baby boy was named "Owen" after his father and "George" after his grandfather, George Francis Beckstead. His older sisters were: VaLera, Ruby, Stella and Alice Delenna.

Two years later, another sister Virginia was born, making five sisters that idolized their brother. What could be nicer than a brother to stick up for you, when boys were picking on you in grade school. A brother to have fun with during High School years. A football captain when you were a Freshman at the B. Y. U. and who introduced you to all the "neat" fellows in school. No one could ask for a better brother.

A lot of fun childhood experiences were had at the Timpanogos Grade School and at the Old Provo Third Ward Chapel.

Owen was Father's right hand. There were lots of chores to do: Milk the cow, feed the pigs and horses, weed the vegetable garden, mow our lawns as well as Grandmother Beckstead's. At the "field" he helped irrigate, plant fruit trees and strawberries.

The "field" was located just south of the State Mental Hospital. We had lots of stories to tell of the patients coming to the "field". Father would find them there at night, when he was irrigating, and would take them back to the Hospital.

Owen was fun to be with. His friends called him "Jokey". He was very active in Church and School affairs. He received many awards. One award, given for a perfect attendance at Sunday School for a continous thirteen years, in the Provo Third Ward.

Owen graduated from the Dixon Jr. High, the Provo High and the Brigham Young University. After graduation from B. Y. U., where he majored in Physical Education, he became a coach at the B. Y. High School, Freshman and later Varsity Coach at B. Y. U., Coach at Dixie College and Long Beach, California.

At B.Y. High School he taught Dallin Oaks, now President of the Brigham Young University. Owen really enjoys his visits with Dallin during his visits to Long Beach, California.

Owen's "den", in his home at Long Beach, is covered with pictures of his teams, medals, awards, newspaper articles and etc. He produced many winning teams. He coaches at Wilson High School where he is Dean of Coaches.

Back to High School days, Owen was a good student and wrote with such pretty penmanship. He loved to dance and participate in plays. We put on a 3 act play at the Provo Third Ward that was really fun. There were many of our friends and cousins who made up the cast.

What a snappy dresser! He dated the nicest and most popular girls and took them to the best places to eat and dance. His girl friends were so good to me, his little sis. He liked people and they liked him.

Owen was called into the US Army during World War II. He was with the 2nd Division Field Artillery. He went to many European Countries. He was in the "Battle of the Bulge" where he received the bronze star. He was really in the "thick" of it all. The buddie that he was very close to was Don Snow, son of Wanda, from Provo. They went through a lot of training and fighting together, such as: Ski maneuvers in Wisconsin; training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma and Fort Sam Houston, Texas. More training in Northern Ireland then to the beaches and hedge rows of Normandy. It was hard to keep up with the areas in Europe because of the secrecy.

Army life is such a contrast from the sheltered life in Utah. Sometimes, when looking back, it's almost like throwing a lamb into a den of lions. Our anchor was our Bishop and cousin, Arthur D. Taylor. We'd send a letter to him with our tithing, after each pay day. How we loved and needed his counsel. He never failed us.

While in the service, Owen met his wife to be, Florence Sophie Janeczko. They were married in Chicago, Illinois on December 2, 1945.

They are the parents of two boys:
Larry Owen Dixon was born at Provo, Utah on 12 Sept. 1946.
Kevin Charles Dixon was born at Provo on 30 August 1948.
Owen and Florence now have two grandchildren.

In selecting the Big Seven Conference Football Team for 1941, one sports writer commented on the selection of Owen as "All Conference Guard" - - -because Co-captain Owen Dixon fired the B.Y.U. team week after week with his unmatched spirit and fine all-round play, he was a first team choice."

Very Brief Life Sketch of
CHARLES OWEN DIXON

I.D.# 10.

Born to Sarah De Grey and Henry Aldous Dixon on November 22, 1875 at Provo, Utah.

Baptized by John S. Holdaway on June 3, 1884.

Confirmed by Edward Harding on June 3, 1884.

Attended the Timpanogos Grammar School.

Married Virginia Elizabeth Beckstead in the Salt Lake Temple on August 25, 1909.

Children:

VaLera, Ruby, Stella, Alice, Owen, Virginia.

Left for a mission to Montana-Northwestern States on April 9, 1898.

He was a construction worker, a teamster hauling brick and lumber, a Woolen Mills worker, a rancher, a farmer, a Provo City road employee, a State employee in Salt Lake and a Father and Mother to his children.

He loved to have the finest horses, cows and other livestock around his place. He owned and raced one of the finest thoroughbred race horses in this area named "Billy Sherbet".

After his health failed him, he developed one of the best orchards and strawberry patches in the area, out of the gravel-bed farm near the mouth of Slate Canyon.

He died March 3, 1943 at Provo, Utah.

Very Brief Life Sketch of
VIRGINIA BECKSTEAD DIXON

I.D. # 10. w

Born December 10, 1886 at Riverton, Utah to Charlotte Emeline Hamilton and George Francis Beckstead.

Baptized and confirmed a member of the LDS Church on April 4, 1894.

Married Charles Owen Dixon on August 25, 1909 in the Salt Lake Temple.

Children:

VaLera, Ruby, Stella, Alice, Owen and Virginia.

She was so attracted to Charles Dixon that she broke her engagement to another suitor to marry him.

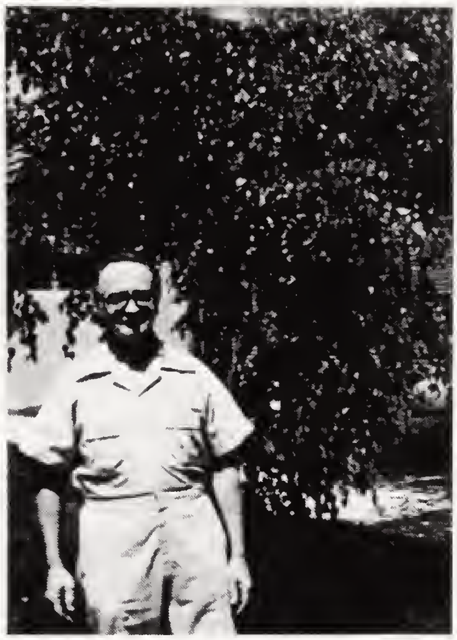
She was a delicate, particular person, very skilled in sewing and kept a clean and attractive home.

She was active in both church and community activities.

After only 13 years of married life, at the age of 35, she died at Provo, Utah, August 19, 1922.

73rd Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 16.4

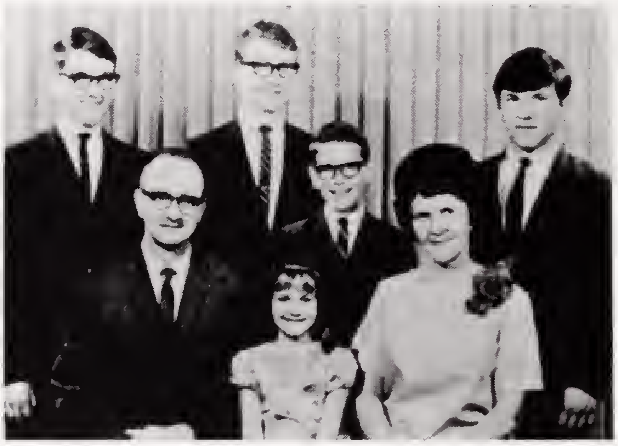


ELDON ARNOLD DIXON

SARAH JEAN DASTRUP

ILA JEAN NIELSEN

Eldon A. Dixon Family



Dennis Reed Larry
Roger
Eldon Jeannine Jean

First Owned Home
132 North 900 West
Provo, Utah

ELDON ARNOLD DIXON

Eldon Arnold Dixon, was born March 31, 1921, in the family home at 885 North 500 West in Provo, Utah. At 5:40 p.m. Doctor Charles M. Smith gave him that famous spank letting his father (Arnold) and mother (Letitia May) plus two brothers (Howard and Grant) and one sister (Evelyn) know that all six pounds of him was around. Bruce, Floyd, Gloria, Robert, Douglas and Doris were brothers and sisters that graced our home later.

While spending a summer in Provo Canyon as a small boy, I was, one day, seated on a log by the camp tennis court watching my older brother, Grant, and his friend play tennis. All of a sudden I hurriedly glanced behind and to the right of me. I didn't know what had prompted me to do so, but to my horror I saw a rattlesnake, coiling in their fashion, for a strike. I immediately went straight into the air, and was several feet away and in a run when I finally set foot on mother earth again. I obtained help from my brother and several other people, and threw rocks at it. When it was finally killed I obtained the nine rattles as a souvenier.

September 3, 1927, I started grade school, but when I made it to the sixth grade and completed it, they told me that I had to take it all over again. Ohwell, I started Junior High at the Dixon Junior High on September 3, 1934 and then moved on to the Provo HighSchool September 3, 1937, graduating May 27, 1940. On October 6, 1940, I entered the B. Y. U., but in the middle of the fourth quarter I left to go to Lockheed Aircraft Company in Burbank, California. This was in May 1941. I was employed there until I entered the Service September 1942.

I returned to the United States from overseas, February 1945 as an Aviation Machinist's Mate 2/C and found the gal of my dreams. I married Sarah Jean Dastrup in the Salt Lake Temple June 4, 1945 by Jesse William Knight. On October 19, 1945, I was released honorable from the Navy.

Now that I had a wife, I had to find work and was lucky to get it at D. T. R. Co. I was given the responsibility of decorating the windows. I must have done OK for myself and the store, for I won several decorating contests. Along with the work I went back to the B.Y.U. on the G.I. bill and four years later received a B.S. degree in Art.

While living at 885 North Fifth West, life was good until the crash of 1929. My dad was a cashier at the Farmers and Merchants Bank, and we lost our home when the bank closed. We were forced to rent, going to Second West and Fifth North, where our pony "Bright Eyes" died. That same night the large flour mill near by, burned down. Over a period of time the family has lived at 265 North Third West, 270 West First North, Fourth East and Second North, Third North and Second East. While I was in California we lived at 1339 one-half North LaBrea Ave., Hollywood, California. My wife and I lived at 2255 Woolsey Street, Berkeley, California and an apartment at 543 North Fifth West, Provo, Utah. On August 18, 1946, my wife and I and our first son, Reed, had a home of our own at 132 North Ninth West, Provo, Utah.

My love for Art had to take a back seat, while I worked at the Hill Air Force Base at Ogden, Utah from September 1951 to September 1954. We lived near the Farmington Ward where I became a custodian. I also attended the University of Utah and Utah State University, Logan, Utah for the years of 1955 to 1957 and earned an Elementary Certificate. I taught at the Elementary School at Clearfield from September 1957 to 1959. From August 23, 1959 to July 20, 1964, I had the rating of GS7 and was an Elementary Teacher at the Indian School at Brigham City. In 1967 Hill Field asked me with others, to go to the Philippine Islands and work on the Phantom Jets. We left about July and got back December 1967. This same month I was almost totaled out in a Volkswagon accident at Brigham City, Utah. I was in three hospitals in six months. I had a fractured neck and brain concussion. A lot of people thought I would become a"vegetable", but I proved them wrong. My only trouble now, is some memory and sense of smell loss.

I was told that my Mother died on May 3, 1955 and my Father died September 1, 1960. My second trial, to endure, was a civil divorce on July 15, 1969.

I had a light heart attack, while working at Deseret Industries, Provo, in 1970. After some recovery time, my heart is doing great, but I see my doctor once a year to make sure.

In 1971, I met the most wonderful woman of my life. Her name is Ila Jean Nielsen. We were married by Bishop Mervin Ralph Dudley at her father's home in Spanish Fork on March 31, 1972. It's great to celebrate a birthday and anniversary on the same day. On March 8, 1974, a Temple Divorce came through allowing Ila Jean and me to be sealed in the Provo Temple on June 13, 1974.

In October 1978, Ila Jean and I sold our home at 964 West 630 North in Orem, Utah and bought a condominium in Camelot at 1412 Lancelot Drive, Provo, Utah. We love it here and feel that the Lord guided us here.

My children are: Eldon Reed Dixon, born July 21, 1946.
Larry Dean Dixon, born January 3, 1949.
Dennis Dastrup Dixon, born October 2, 1959.
Roger Duane Dixon, born June 4, 1953.
Jeannine Dixon, born June 21, 1959.

Ila Jean and I now have eight grandchildren between us.

On September 7, 1975, my oldest brother, Howard, died. I'm pleased that I have wonderful memories of him.

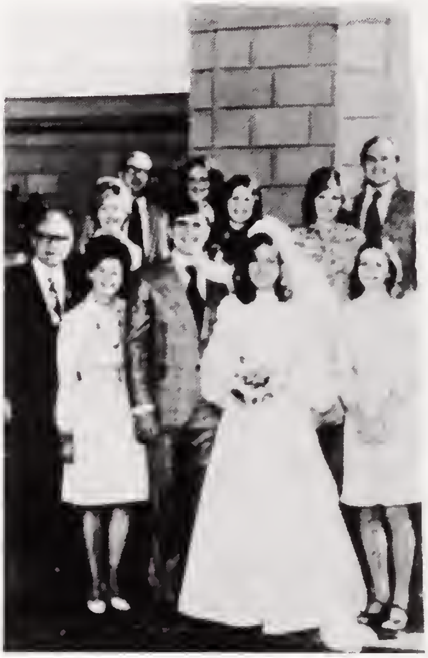
I.D.# 14.8

GLADYS DIXON

IVAN WILLIAM NELSON

74th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

Gladys Dixon Nelson Family I.D.# 14.8



Bill, Diane David
Jeanne Carolyn, Claudie
Ivan, Gladys, Kent, Kathleen, Julie Anne

915 W. Encanto Blvd.
Phoenix Arizona

GLADYS DIXON NELSON

On Monday, July 18, 1921, at 7:40 p.m., a little seven and one-half pound daughter was born to Electa La Prele Smoot Dixon and LeRoy Dixon. I was born in their family home at 418 North Fifth West, Provo Utah.

My father, LeRoy christened me on Sept. 4, 1921. The name I was given was "Gladys Dixon". The unusual thing about this name was how it was given me. A name had been decided upon. The name was to be "Diana" after my mother's grandmother, Diana Eldredge Smoot, with whom she had lived as a child. Her own mother, Electa Bullock Smoot, passed away when my mother was just three years of age. My father LeRoy, had favored the name of "Gladys", but he conceded to Electa's desire to have me named "Diana". Imagine my mother's surprize when during the blessing, my father named me "Gladys"! It almost brought her to her feet. But, being the dutiful wife that she was, she kept quiet, and I have been known as "Gladys" ever since. Had I been able to choose, I would have preferred "Diana". That is why we named our first daughter "Diana" because I have always been fond of that name.

Being the youngest of eight children, I had a wonderful childhood. There was so much love in our home---a good deal of teasing too from my brother Paul. He was the only brother I ever knew. My parents had three sons: LeRoy who died at the age of seven weeks, of Bronchial Pneumonia; Paul Smoot Dixon, who died at the age of forty-nine of cancer; Arthur Smoot Dixon, who was three years old when he died of Pneumonia. Paul was the eldest living child. Then came Allie, Sarah Vera, Maurine, Helen, Arthur (had he lived), and Gladys.

Another reason my childhood was so happy is that our home was in the midst of what was affectionately called "Sandy Alley". It was really a few blocks along Fifth West where mostly Dixons and Taylors lived. A number of them had red hair from Grandfather Dixon, I suppose, and that is where the neighborhood got the name of "Sandy Alley". Those were happy days playing with cousins and being in and out of the homes of loving Aunts and Uncles. It kind of seemed like one big happy family. I had many happy days at Wildwood, Provo Canyon. We swam in Provo River, climbed the mountains, went on long hikes, played tennis, had a big camp bonfire with programs and stories from the camp people.

I attribute much of my strong testimony of the gospel to the things I learned, examples I witnessed, inspirational stories I heard of Pioneer Ancestors and miracles brought about through faith, fasting and prayers.

When I was twelve years old, I was given a Patriarchal Blessing by Joseph B. Keeler. It was memorable experience, and I have referred to it many times for direction and comfort. So far, everything has come to pass. I pray that I may be worthy of having the remainder fulfilled.

M. Verne Thurber baptized me July 28, 1929, and I was confirmed by Alfred E. Eves, Bishop and an English friend of my parents. This was done on the same day.

The schools I attended were Brigham Young University Training School (Elementary), Dixon Jr. High School (named after the Dixon Family being so prominent in the West side of Provo), and Provo High School. I graduated from the Dixon Jr. High, May 21, 1936 and from the Provo High in 1939. I attended Oakland High School for one year after my mother moved to Oakland, California to be near my sisters who were living there at that time.

When I was in the seventh grade, I won first place in a Flag Day Essay Contest that the City of Provo sponsored. I was on the program at the Provo City & County Building. They presented me with a silk American Flag and a gold medal. I then gave the flag to the Principal of Dixon Jr. High, John F. Mower.

As a young girl, my favorite sports were swimming and tennis. I also did quite a bit of sewing.

Brigham Young University was the college of my choice because I never wanted to leave home. My year in Oakland, I had suffered so with homesickness that I felt I never wanted to leave home again. All through my school years, I was active in Student Government, holding several class and student body offices.

On December 28, 1926 my father died at the early age of forty-five. It was said of him that he had lived twice his years in the things he had accomplished. He left mother, a widow at the age of forty-three with six children to rear. However, she did a wonderful job of being both mother and father to us. She died on Christmas Day in 1940 at the age of fifty-seven. A child never had two more wonderful parents than I. I felt especially dependent on my mother because I was just five and one-half years old when my father died.

My first full-time employment was at Taylor Brother Company in Provo. I worked there as a stenographer during my college and after my marriage while my husband attended school. It was pleasant working there because President Thomas N. Taylor and all the employees were so kind and nice to work with. I worked there about three years on and off.

Ivan William Nelson and I were married November 12, 1941. We were sweethearts from the time of Dixon Jr. High. We went with others, of course, but we always knew something special existed between us. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple by President Stephen L. Chipman, who was the President of the Temple.

We went to Panguitch, Utah to live first. Ivan was employed by the Soil Conservation Service (U.S.) as a Civil Service Clerk doing shorthand, typing and general office work. While we were there, the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Ivan and I went to California where he learned to weld and worked on Liberty ships being built in the war effort. Then we returned to Provo where he attended the B.Y.U. until he enlisted in the Naval Reserve Program as an Ensign. He had to leave for training at Ottumwa, Iowa, Princeton and Harvard Universities. When I couldn't be with him, I lived with my sister Maurine in Provo.

While Ivan was at Princeton, N. J., our first child, Ivan William II (Bill), was born. He was born July 7, 1943 at the Utah Valley Hospital in Provo. It was what might be called "mental telepathy" at the time he was being born. Ivan sent me a telegram and an orchid at the very time I was in labor. Bill was born at night, and the next morning I received the telegram and orchid. The telegram said that Ivan was especially thinking of me on that day (July 7th)! Maurine was allowed to be with me as she was a Nurse's Aid at the hospital. Dr. Don C. Merrill was my doctor. He knew that Ivan was in the service and that my mother had passed away so I think he let Maurine be with me. I really was grateful for her love and support, as I was for Helen when she helped me after about four of my other children. My sisters have really gone the extra mile, so to speak, in being a mother to me and I will be forever grateful to them.

Bill and I became very close, at this time, because his Daddy was away. I was very grateful to have someone of my own to care for and for someone to keep me busy. A letter written every day for almost three years was my "nightly visit" with my husband. I had it better than he though, because I was around my sisters' families, his parents, and some girl friends whose husbands were also away in the service. Ivan must have been very lonely just on the ship looking at the blue Pacific for such a long time. Of course, they were in actual warfare much of the time which really kept him busy. He was a Communication Officer on the Admiral's staff on three different aircraft carriers - the Bunker Hill, the Yorktown and one other. The Yorktown received a Presidential Unit Citation for which he has a ribbon.

After Bill was four months old, the doctor released me. Bill and I traveled to New York to stay at my brother Paul's home. This was the first time Ivan had ever met our son. Paul, Ora, and their children, Paul Jr. and Vivian, were most kind to us to let us stay for over a month. Then Ivan was transferred to Cambridge, Mass. to attend Harvard University. We were able to accompany him there, and we were together as a little family for about four months until he was sent overseas.

During this period of my life, I began losing some sight, in the form of blind spots that occured from time to time. For several years I went to doctors about it. One of the most famous doctors on the eye, Dr. Cordes, in San Francisco, thought it may be neuritis. But Dr. Weston Oaks, of Provo, thought it was spasms in the tiny blood vessels. After everyone's prayers and administration from the Priesthood, the condition was fortunately arrested. However, these blind spots still remain with me. Therefore, I have been slowed up in my reactions, unable to play ball of any sort or tennis, and sewing has been more difficult. But I am thankful to have had any sight at all.

A few years later, I suffered Menier's Disease - acute dizziness, nausea, and some loss of hearing. Again, through prayers and fasting and blessings from my husband and others, this problem has also slowed down. These afflictions come to us, perhaps, to help us to have spiritual experiences while overcoming them. They also keep us more humble and test our patience. The love and patience of Ivan and my family have helped me a great deal.

Upon Ivan's return from World War II, in January of 1946, he began working for Beneficial Life Insurance Company of Salt Lake City. We lived in both Provo and Salt Lake City while he was the Field Supervisor. Then he was transferred to Phoenix, Arizona, in 1951, as the General Agent for the State of Arizona. We have lived in Phoenix for Twenty-seven years. Our last four children were born here.

We have been blessed with three fine sons and three lovely daughters: Ivan William Nelson II (Bill) born in Provo in 1943, David LeRoy Nelson born in Provo in 1946. Our third son, Kent Dixon Nelson was born in Phoenix as were our three girls: Diane, Carolyn and Julie Anne. Our children are our pride and joy and have been the greatest blessing to our lives. Our grandchildren that are coming along are "the frosting on the cake", so to speak!

The Church has been the main thing in my life, next to my husband and children, and I have always been active in it. My callings have been many and have given me experience in each organization. I have been a teacher in the Sunday School and Y.L.M.I.A. and Primary Secretary. In the Relief Society, I have served as a Visiting Teacher, Visiting Teacher Message Leader in both Phoenix Third Ward and Phoenix Stake; Counselor in the Relief Society Presidency for both Phoenix Third Ward and Phoenix Stake. Having worked as a Spiritual Counselor to unwed mothers for the LDS Social Services has helped me love the Lord for his mercy in offering repentance and a way back through changing their lives.

I love the Gospel of Jesus Christ with all my heart. I know that it has been given to us as a guide for our lives to help us merit eternal life with our Heavenly Father. I have always been very thankful for, and proud of, my progenitors; for their courage in accepting the gospel and all the hardships that they endured; and for their example to me. All this has made it easy for me to live and love the gospel. It has been a large contributing factor in making my testimony of it strong. I am truly indebted to them.

It gives me joy to be able to help with my grandchildren when ever I am able. I am happy that my daughters-in-law and sons make me feel wanted. We have three very sweet, thoughtful daughters-in law. They are all devoted wives and excellent mothers and homemakers. We love and appreciate them each one. I pray I will be able to help my own three daughters when they need me.

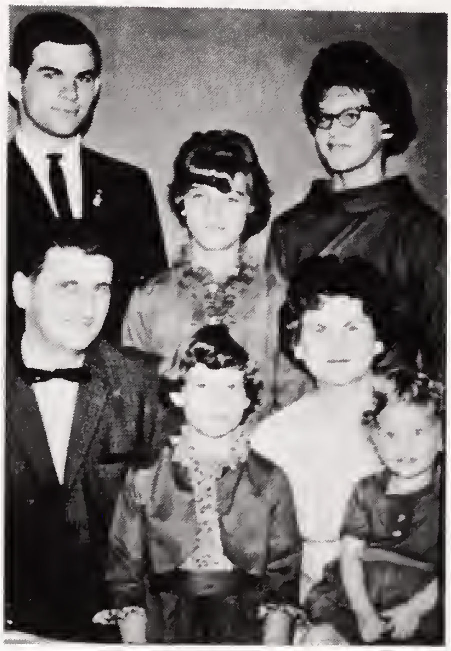
76th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 10.6

VIRGINIA DIXON

PERCY JOHN SCHUGK

Virginia Dixon Schugk Family



Dennis
Suzett
Nancy
Percy
Virginia
Judy
Sonjia

1578 W. Manzanita Dr.
Salt Lake City, Utah

MY LIFE HISTORY

Virginia Dixon Schugk

Provo, Utah, the place of my birth, gives me a warm, wonderful feeling, whenever I think of it. Provo is such a beautiful city with Mount Timpanogos to the North and a range of the Wasatch Mountains to the East, with Utah Lake glimmering in the West. I shall never forget the sunset's that shone through our kitchen window in the evenings. "Mount Timp" was like a big guardian angel watching over us. My children will now say, "Mother, you love that mountain, don't you?"

The people of Provo are very education minded and take advantage of the opportunities afforded them at the Brigham Young University. They are very outgoing, ambitious, but gentle and sweet with lots of understanding for each other. Now they have been blessed with a beautiful Temple which resembles " a candle to the Lord."

This is the setting I grew up in, and all though I have visited and lived in many States and Countries, this is the most beautiful place of all.

I was born June 4, 1922, at 295 North Fifth West, in the Provo Third Ward, the daughter of Charles Owen Dixon and Virginia Beckstead Dixon. I am thankful that I have been able to be a Mother to my children. I was not that fortunate. When I was thirty-six I had some anxious moments, because this was the age that my mother was when she died. I was two months old, just a baby. Mother could not even feed me because she had so much infection. Susie Manson Steadman, a dear friend, had just had a new baby, Geraldine, so she offered to feed me. She said I was practically starved. She also took Elayne, my cousin. So when we don't behave just right, she tells us, "I know where you get your meanness from."

"Family" "Home" "Love" are the sweetest words that have been given to us. My father, Charles Owen Dixon, was one of the hardest working man I have known. He loved the gospel, his family and his home. He provided us with a beautiful home. It was my mother, Virginia Beckstead's wedding gift. I was his baby! Even when I was the age of nineteen, just before he died, he would say, "this is my baby!" He gave me mother's name to cherish. All I have ever heard about my mother was the best. What a beautiful mother and sweetheart she was. Father longed for her so, and with six children: VaLera, age 12; Ruby, age 10; Stella, age 7; Alice Delenna, age 5; Owen George, age 2; and myself, age 2 months; toraise.

My childhood was filled with happiness because of my family and friends. In my Patriarchal Blessing it says, "You have had a devoted mother and a splendid father who has loved and cherished you as the apple of his eye. Your grandmother also has greatly loved you as well as your other relatives and friends." My blessing is one of the shortest I have ever seen, but what more could one ask for than this?

Aunt Rye Taylor would have a hot stew or rice pudding waiting for our supper. Aunt Lou loved to bake with rich ingredients and samples were always available, and nickles and dimes too when I'd go up to Crawley's Grocery Store for her. Aunt Rene, was a jewel! She would always be on hand to help with taking our bread out of the oven to putting up peaches. She'd make round loaves of white bread and put raspberry jam on it. What a treat! Aunt "Leck", was a very "elect" woman. Her daughter Gladys was one of my favorite cousins. We had such fun together. In later years we lived in Arizona, and had such nice visits in their beautiful home in Phoenix. Another favorite cousin and friend was Elayne Taylor Fisher. Her parents, Arthur D. and Maurine, were like parents to me, always helping me with my personal problems. How I loved to go to Wildwood with them.

My Mother's mother, Charlotte Emiline Beckstead, was a wonderful Grandmother to us. Each evening I would take her over a pint of fresh milk from our cow. We would sit in front of her fireplace with only the light illuminating from it, and talk about what I had been doing that day, or about her experiences of the past. She lived to be ninety-three years old, and we loved and cared for her.

When attending the old Timpanogos Grade School, I met Geraldine Steadman and Maurine Hoover. Elayne, Gerry, and Maurine and I went all through school together. We still get together and have fun talking about our children and the "good ole days". We used to plan our "old Maids Home" and had such fun over this. Our teachers in Mutual would try to talk us out of it but we had our minds made up to be "old maids". But in spite of this we were busy at Dixon Jr. High learning how to cook, sew and how to raise children. At Provo High we spent most of our time in the Speech Department, putting on plays and etc. In my Senior Year I was student director under Maurine Murdock. This was a challenge to me.

After school I would stop at Andy Anderson's Service Station, across the street from the Third Ward Meeting House, and pick-up their adding machine. I'd carry this up the block to his home where I would do his bookkeeping. I was paid $20.00 a month for this.

At Brigham Young University we were the greenest freshmen you ever did see. I wonder when we ever studied, we were having such fun in Social Units. We practically lived in formals, and we loved it. In my second year I took shorthand at the earliest hour, so that meant 13 blocks up to the Brimhall Building on upper campus, from our home on Fifth West. After class I would run down to West Center Street to Bennett's Paint & Glass Company. There I worked for Al Wright as a secretary, bookkeeper, sales clerk. What fun it was to carry a bag full of silver dollars to the Farmers & Merchants Bank, next door. Al Wright was truly a man to be admired. He had a darling wife and he treated her like a china doll. The Wright's were wonderful to me. They had only one son, so they treated me like their daughter.

In 1942, things changed with World War II on. My only brother Owen was in the thick of it, attached to the 2nd Division in Europe. I was very fond of my brother. He was two years older than I was. This made it so nice to have a big brother that was a football captain and an all around guy. At the BYU mat dances he would always have the first dance with me. I decided I didn't want to read about the war, that I wanted to be a part of it. It was a big day when I reached the age of twenty, so I could sign up. My sister Stella and I were all dolled up in attractive outfits and the news reporter took our picture for the Provo Herald, because we had joined the WAACS. We thought all of this was going to be so exciting and glamorous to wear a uniform and travel all over. In June, Georgia, with 10,000 women was anything but. Things were better the next year when I was in Italy. We worked at the Castle in Casserta, south of Naples. I was assigned to the payroll department in the King's Stables. They had been bombed so they were very open with no heat. We used to warm our hands over a candle so we could type.

The one experience I remember most about Italy was the opportunity to see what an audience with Pope Pius XII of Rome was like. His Holliness was carried in on a gold throne, so his holy feet would not touch the floor, until he got to the pulpit. The procession was very historical and colorful. Costumes were worn from the early days of Spain. The Pope receives audiences of thousands in the vast Belvedere Court or the red and gold Sala Clementina. Smaller groups are admitted to his throne room or study. When he came past me he stopped and said "May the Lord Bless You" in English. He honored me because I was an American Woman. He spoke to the thousands in five different languages. St. Peter's Church is something to behold, beneath its 400 foot dome are some of the most cherished art treasures of the Vatican. Riches of the world are here and yet the people of this great church are beggers in the street. They give so much and receive so little.

Before leaving for Italy I came home on furlough. I had been writing to Paul Brown, a missionary from our Ward. His companion, Percy Schugk started to write to me. We corresponded for two years. He called while I was home and asked to see me. The first thing I asked him was how do you pronounce your name? "Schugk" (Shook). We liked each other a lot after our first date. He had just gotten home from his mission (Spanish-American) and he knew he would be called in to the Service. I went to Italy and he went to Japan. We just about lost track of each other until after the War. We were married in the Salt Lake Temple, 14th February 1947.

Percy John Schugk, my husband, was born in Spandau, Germany, 19th January 1921. His parents, John Edward Schugk and Erna Mathilda Klara Utecht, were stalwarts of the Church. Seeing what World War I can do to a country they were anxious to bring their son to America where they could be sealed in the Temple at Salt Lake City. So they arrived in America when Percy was five years old. They worked for thirteen years as Temple workers in the Salt Lake Temple. I have learned that the Germans are very clean, hard working people.

Most of our five children: Dennis Charles, Suzette, Nancy, Judy and Sonjia; spent their childhood on the Mexican Boarder, from California to Texas and Arizona. Percy has been employed with the U.S. Immigration Service. It gave them a lot of freedom and yet they had to be good examples of correct living, because they were some of the few "Mormons" in their schools. We moved thirteen times in thirteen years. Some of the houses would have to be fumigated before we could move in. We would paint and decorate them so cute that the owner's would want them back. In Naco, Arizona there wasn't another house available, so we built one out of adobe, ourselves. I remember how heavy the adobe block was to lift.

We took a loss in salary to come back to Salt Lake City. Denny, Susy and Nancy were in their teens so we were anxious for them to date in the Church. All three chose partners from this area of Taylorsville.

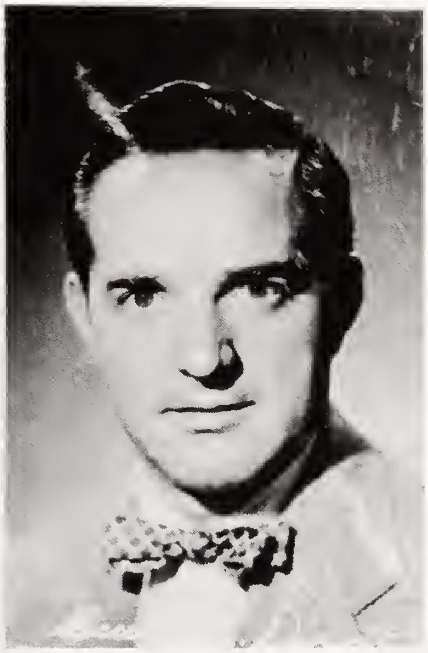
In 1973 I had one of the choicest opportunities of my life. I flew to Europe so I could "walk in the footsteps of my ancestors". As our life goes on we have certain strong desires. One of mine has been to show in some way the appreciation I have for the Dixon Family, because they have been so good to me. Also because of the strong testimony of my father and his father. They knew with every fibre of their body that Jesus is the Christ.

1976 has been a wonderful year to remind us of our love for our country. Percy and I enjoy traveling in our 5th wheel trailer with our friends. We have had a lot of fun trips visiting our children. We have 15 grandchildren. They call me "Grandma Ginny". Judy is on a mission in Indiana and doing a great job there.

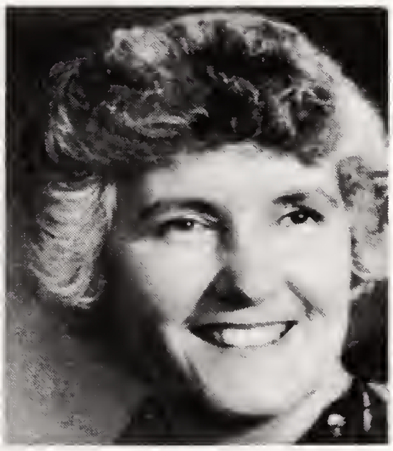
I keep very busy working in the Church, Relief Society, Genealogy. Also in the Daughters of Utah Pioneers. And a member of the women's Endowment Committee in getting funds for the Primary Medical Center by putting on the Festival of Trees. I have a busy life and this make life rich. We are happy and proud of the lives our children are living.

77th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I. D. # 16. 5



BRUCE ROYDEN DIXON



COLLEEN CALLISTER

77th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

Bruce Royden Dixon Family

I.D.# 16.5

Colleen Bruce

David
Joan Lynn Ann Kristin

310 East 1900 North, Provo, Utah

BRUCE ROYDEN DIXON

I was born February 13, 1923 in Provo, Utah, the fifth child of Arnold and Letitia May Banks Dixon. Our family lived at 885 North Fifth West at this time. As a small boy I was impressed with our house and the large lot that included a large front lawn, a large garden plot on the south, fruit orchards on the north, chicken coops, a granary, a small barn and a pasture at the west end of the property. We had dogs, cats, chickens, and ponies. I remember playing on the dining room floor while mother sewed, the grocery boy delivering groceries to the kitchen, and standing on the built in bench in the breakfast nook looking out the window watching the sun go down. We enjoyed living here until the depression hit us when I was six years old, and Dad was forced to sell our house.

We moved into the Hoover house located about 490 North Third West. Bright Eyes, our shetland pony was the only pet that I remember taking with us. She died the night the old Hoover Flour Mill, located at 2nd West and 5th North, burned down. During our stay in this house I remember our first radio, making roads for toy cars on the ditch bank in front of the house, and going after milk with Grant or Eldon to Ercanbrack's who bought our house on 5th West. During this time I attended first and second grades at the old Timpanogos School, on the corner of 4th North and 5th West.

We then moved to 133 South 3rd West in Provo. Although we moved out of the boundaries, I attended the Timpanogos School and the Third Ward. We lived here for about one year then moved back into the Third Ward in the old Carter house at 470 West 1st North.

While living in the Carter house we experienced our roughest times during the depression. The house was poor quality, inadequately heated during the cold winters. Four of us boys shared a small unheated bedroom. When mother had a serious illness it was necessary for me to live with Aunt Alice and Uncle Jabz Dangerfield, for a couple of months. I will always remember when Dr. Cliff Dangerfield removed my brothers Bob and Doug's tonsils on the ironing board in our dining room.

In the 4th grade I attended the old Parker School and returned to the Timpanogos School for the 5th and 6th grades. I attended Dixon Jr. High for the 7th and 8th grades. Dad worked on a track gang for the railroad for a short period of time and I spent part of one summer living with him in a tent up Spanish Fork Canyon. He finally got a job as an accountant for B. D. Palfreyman Construction Company, a road contractor.

We lived at 227 East 1st North when I was in high school and a freshman at BYU. I also worked as a custodian with Grant for the Farmers and Merchants Bank and the Dixon Real Estate. In high school I took math, art, physics, chemistry; graduating in 1941. In 1942 we moved into the rear apartment of Aunt Rye's, 256 North 5th West, and our family remained there until after I was married.

When I was a freshman at BYU, the news broadcast that I listened to in the Joseph Smith Building Auditorium on December 8, 1941, was a milestone in my life;President Roosevelt declared war on Japan. Dr. Wayne B. Hales, my physics professor, advised we students to stick with our math and physics so that we could qualify for commissions as officers in the Armed Forces. I followed his advice. In order to avoid being classified as 4F (physically deficient) by the draft board and to pass the physical exam for an officer candidate; I saved enough money that I earned from Dixon Taylor Russell during the summer of 1942 to have a hernia operation. I passed the physical exam and was accepted as an officer candidate in the U.S. Naval Reserve V-12 program in October 1942. I attended BYU during the 1942-43 school year majoring in physics and minoring in mathematics,as an inactive member of the Navy Reserve.

The first of July 1943, along with 50 or 60 other BYU students, we boarded a train at the Provo Depot and reported for active duty with the Navy at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. I spent two semesters at U.N.M. studying electronics, math, and a few Navy courses. In the spring of 1944 I reported at the USNR Pre-midshipman School at Ashbury Park, New Jersey, and spent 3 months training while waiting for assignment to a midshipman school. I then spent 4 of the most strenuous months of my life as a midshipman at Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. I received my commission as an Ensign in the U.S. Naval Reserve in July 1944.

I was assigned to the Pre-Radar School at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine and spent 4 months studying electronics and radio. After completing the course at "Bowdar" I was assigned to the Radar School at Massachusetts Institute Of Technology in Cambridge, Mass. The classes in radar were classified and were taught in the Harbor Building in downtown Boston. The 4 months of courses in radar were very technical and extensive.

My first assignment after my schooling was completed, was to the Radar School at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. I sailed as a passenger aboard the super battleship USS New Jersey in a zig-zag course to Hawaii. A few days after my arrival at Pearl Harbor, the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima, August 6, 1945, and the Japanese surrendered soon after. While at Pearl Harbor I was assigned as the Electronics Officer for a group (12) of LCI (Landing Craft Infantry), that had been scheduled for the invasion of Japan. I was then assigned to the USS Hanson DD832, a brand new long hull radar picket destroyer as the Electronics Officer. After missing the ship on the East Coast, I caught it at San Diego on Thanksgiving Day 1945, then sailed back to Pearl Harbor. We left Pearl Harbor on December 8, 1945 with eleven other destroyers in our squadron for Japan. After surviving a 5 day typhoon we were grateful to see Mt. Fuji on the horizon on December 22nd. Our assignment was to inspect the remanents of the Japanese fleet for contraband and to make sure they remained demilitarized. We were anchored in the harbor at Sasebo, Japan most of the time but did visit most of the harbors on all of the major Japanese Islands. After nine months of exciting duty aboard the Hanson in Japan, I returned home in August 1946.

I completed my senior year at BYU in the Spring of 1947 and graduated with a B.S. degree in Physics and a minor in Mathematics. In the Fall of that year I enrolled in the Department of Architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After three years of intensive study, and an enjoyable life in Boston, I received a Bachelor in Architecture in the summer of 1950.

I returned to Provo to work for Fred L. Markham, Architect. A few weeks after I started work for Fred, he hired an exceptionally talented secretary, Colleen Callister from Spanish Fork. Even though she was a little taller than the ideal girl that I was looking for, I couldn't resist dating Colleen. We became engaged in March and were married in the Salt Lake Temple May 17, 1951. After a honeymoon in the Northwest, we lived the remainder of the summer in the family cabin at Wildwood --- it was wonderful!

We started our first home in a one bedroom apartment upstairs at 77 East 4th North, Provo. Here our first daughter LynnAnn was born on November 20, 1952 and our second daughter Joan was born June 13, 1954. We started construction at our present house at 310 East 1900 North, Provo in June 1954 and moved in August 1955, before the house was fully complete. Our only son, David Callister, was born on December 13, 1957 and our youngest daughter Kristin was born on Colleen's birthday, January 28, 1961.

Colleen and I have been active in church and civic affairs. My church service has been continuous and I have held many positions, primarily in the Mutual and Sunday School. In civic matters I have participated on a number of Provo City Boards, active in the Utah County Republican Organization, on the boards of musical and artistic organizations, president and board member of the Timpanogos Kiwanis Club. I served many years as an officer, board member, and president of the American Institute of Architects for the State of Utah and also as president of our local A.I.A. Chapter. I am an Educational Counselor for my alma mater MIT; a member of the Utah State University Concrete Conference Committee; have been recognized in "Who's Who in the West", and have participated with a number of other organizations.

I received my license to practice architecture in Utah in 1954. I have also been licensed in Nevada and Wyoming. I worked for Fred

Markham from 1950 until 1956 when I started my own architectural practice. In 1959 I promoted two of my employees, Lee Knell and Kenneth Long, to form the partnership of Dixon, Knell and Long. Mr. Knell left the firm in 1961 and the firm changed to Dixon & Long. The two firms of architects Dixon, Knell, and Long designed the following significant buildings including the Sunset View Elementary School, Rock Canyon Elementary School and Utah Technical College in Provo; two dormitory projects at the College of Southern Utah in Cedar City; the Pleasant View Chapel and 9th Ward Chapel in Provo. We also designed the Springville Civic Center, the BYU Motion Picture Department and Sound stages.

In 1968 Mr. Long moved to Seattle and I organized my present architectural firm, Dixon & Associates, Architects with my younger brother Douglas and Kenneth Harris as associates. Some of our projects include the Provo High School Swimming Pool, the Executive Building in Provo, Moon Lake Electric Association Office Building in Roosevelt, Utah, two Golden Living Center projects in Salt Lake City and one in Provo, a large addition to the Mapleton Elementary School, an my own office building at 350 East Center, Provo. Our firms have received four major awards for outstanding architectural design. In 1973 I received the annual Award of Merit from the intermountain Chapter of Producers Council as the outstanding Utah architect in recognition of my community service, cooperative efforts with the Producers Council and maintaining the high standards of integrity in the practice of architecture. Since 1964 our firms have associated with the offices of Markham & Markham and Willard Nelson Associates as Central Utah Architects.

In October 1967 I had a mild heart attack. In the fall of 1979 I decided that I would like to keep up with Colleen while jogging on the track, so I checked with my doctor to see if I could take medication to make this possible. He told me Utah Valley Hospital had the facilities to perform an angiogram and recommended that I have one done before he could recommend a more vigorous exercise program. In November I had the angiogram and it revealed that although my heart muscles and valves were in excellent condition there was a partial blockage of some of the coronary arteries supplying blood to the heart. He recommended that although it wasn't urgent it would be advisable to have by-pass surgery since there was the potential for a serious heart attack. On Tuesday, March 18, 1980, Dr. Conrad Jenson performed quadruple coronary by-pass graft surgery. My recovery has been excellent and I have been able to return to the office earlier than normally would be expected. At the present time I am near the end of my convalescence and looking forward to starting a more vigorous exercise program; fishing during the summer and skiing next winter.

I.D.# 16.6

FLOYD PRESTON DIXON

LOIS DICKENSON

79th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

Floyd Preston Dixon Family

I.D.# 16.6

Dana Floyd
Paul
Stephanie Lois

1477 Branch Avenue, Simi, California

FLOYD PRESTON DIXON

I, Floyd Preston Dixon, was born November 6, 1924 at my parents home in Provo, Utah, Utah County. My parents were Letitia May Banks and Arnold Dixon. The home was on my parents farm located along the west side of Fifth West and approximately 885 North. I was blessed 30 November, 1924 by William O. Creer.

Because of the depression our farm was sold and we moved to a rented house at 4th West between 4th and 5th North next to North Park. During our time there, the old Hoover flour mill burned down, and the smoke suffocated our pony. We later moved to 1st North and 5th West, near the Provo Third Ward Chapel.

I attended kindergarten at the BYU Training School. My schooling was continued at the old Timpanogos School. As a small boy I remember going with my brother to Second North, where we watched the fire which destroyed the Provo Woolen Mills.

A very important thing in my life was my baptism. The font was located in the Administration Building on 1st North and 1st West in Provo. This date was the 13th of November, 1932. I was baptized by Max Gray and confirmed the same day by Arthur Dixon Taylor. On the 17th of January, 1937 I was ordained to the office of a Deacon by Robert H. Boswell.

When we moved to First North and Second East, I attended the old Parker School, which was torn down the next year. Moving again to another home at Third North and Fifth East, I attended the Farrer Junior High School. My best friend was Blaine Diamond who lived through the block from me. We went to church together and both built model airplanes. On November 3, 1940, I was ordained to the office of a Teacher by Alonzo J. Morley.

Some of my most pleasant times were spent at our summer home in Wildwood Resort, Provo Canyon. Here my best friends were Henry Offret and Bryant Hopkins. I learned to swim in the Provo River under the help of Aunt Rye Taylor. Nick Woffinden helped me learn to fish and ride a horse. Sunday School was held at different cabins each Sunday.

Our next move was to 256 North Fifth West and back into the Third Ward. Here I was advanced in the priesthood to the office of a Priest, which took place the 23rd of November 1941 under the hands of Milton H. Knudsen. Arthur D. Taylor was the Bishop and taught the Priests. During my time under his instruction I really took an interest in learning the gospel. Thanks for his patience and interest. Any questions I needed answering, I could go next door and he would answer them for me. My own parents taught me honor and respect for the Church and directed us toward high goals. Mother and Dad exhibited a great love and concern for each child's success.

Provo High School was the next part of my schooling. It was in

1944 when I graduated. I attended vocational classes along with High School credit at the old Fair Grounds building, south of Provo.

I received my Patriarchal Blessing from Andrew M. Anderson on October 2, 1944, and was ordained an Elder in the Melchizedec Priesthood by Arthur Dixon Taylor on December 10, 1944.

My vocational classes were in Aircraft Repair and Engine Overhaul. Mike Jense was my main instructor. I was always visiting the airport and helping to earn rides. Merrill Christopherson was my flight instructor, and my first solo flight was under his supervision at the Provo Airport.

Some of my High School friends were: Jack Madsen, Kirk Neilson, Van Washburn, Marvin Mecham, and Dick Singleton, my cousin; Thomas W. Richardson from Benjamin, who later married my sister Gloria. At the end of school I went to San Francisco, California to work for Pan American Air Lines. I was an Aircraft Mechanic, and worked on engines.

My next experience was to be drafted into the U. S. Army. I trained at Camp Roberts, California in the 76th Infantry Batallion. After a short leave, my orders sent me to Fort Ord, California. There I trained to make beach landings from amphibian barges. I was sent by troop train to Fort Lawton, Washington, just outside of Seattle, Wash. Several days later I boarded an A. P. A. ship named the USS Grimes. We sailed into the Pacific in a zig zag pattern and we were told that a submarine was following us. Orders were opened three days out to sea and we learned that Hawaii was our destination.

I served in three branches of the service during World War II. First the Infantry station at Wahiawa, where I had jungle training. Next, about twelve of us were taken to Pearl Harbor area and I became a member of the Army Landing Force Air Support Control Unit # 5. We were really assigned to the Navy. Third, after Japan surrendered I was assigned to the Army Air Forces, Far Eastern Air Forces, attached to the Hawaiian Air Depot. I was in the services for 20 months.

During the time in Hawaii I attended Church in Honolulu every time I could get a leave or pass. I met Apostle Matthew Cowley and Spencer W. Kimball there at a Ward function. I'll always remember shaking hands with them and talking briefly to them. Before leaving the Islands I was endowed in the Hawaiian Temple in July 1946.

I want my family and relations to know that I did all I could to be close to the Lord and to keep all the commandments. Many promises that were given in my Patriarchal Blessing came true. I was promised to be protected on land, sea, and in the air. Some of the things that have happened proved to me this was true and that my Father in Heaven really did care about me and will always keep his promises. I have always prayed a lot and have never been ashamed to say that I am LDS, and believe in God, and that Jesus is the Christ.

After arriving home I returned to school at B.Y.U. I again enjoyed being back with my family and friends once more. I attended college for the next three years, and my interests were toward Art. I also took some Education classes to become a teacher, but was discouraged. Spanish classes were also taken. I enjoyed the dances and socials so much that I think my parents thought I was dance crazy.

I mentioned to my Bishop my desire to go on a mission. I received a call to the Mexican Mission and departed for Mexico September 21, 1949. I first was assigned to Ozumba, in the Ixta-Popo District, South-east of Mexico City. I spent two years working in Mexico City and six months in the City of Carnavaca (a tourist town). I loved the people and the beautiful country.

After my return home from my mission, I again attended B.Y.U. and graduated in the spring of 1953 with a Bachelors Degree in Art and a minor in Spanish. I had a part time job at the University working at the carpenter shop and later with Carr Greer doing survey work on the Campus. This work was for the location of buildings and roads.

My Aunt Elsie Banks talked me into staying at her home in Riverton, Utah. I took a job at Bingham Copper Mine open pit. Work was not plentiful and that was a place I secured work without any problems. I was put on the track gang. A push cart was dropped on my leg the first day of work and I hobbled around for weeks in pain. I was transferred to the survey team. I had a hard time keeping up with the others and the climbing was hard on me. Later I was put in charge of a switch along the railroad tracks. What a boring job that was.

My weekends were spent mostly in Provo, and I would travel back to Riverton at night in order to go to work each morning at the mine. I did this to take advantage of the B.Y.U. activities. There at one of the dances I was introduced by Mark Beecroft to a California girl who had come to B.Y.U. I met Lois Dickenson and started dating her. She was from Santa Paula, California. We found we had many things in common and enjoyed doing things together. Some of our dates were visiting different temples. We were married 15th of February 1957 in the Manti Temple. Our first home was located on Fifth West between Second and Third South in Provo, Utah. Our honeymoon was to Arizona where we visited many of the Indian ruins.

A new job was working at the Utah County Assessors Office under Clarence Olsen. I did the engineering and platt work and record land books and set them up for taxation. I worked there for seven years.

We had our first son born while we lived on Fifth West. Dana John Dixon was born 6 May 1958 at the Utah Valley Hospital, Provo, Utah. Fred Kartchner was our doctor. Our next home was on 1200 North between Fourth and Fifth West. Paul, our second child was born while at this residence. Paul Raymond Dixon was born 23 August 1959 at Utah Valley Hospital.

Lois and I purchased our first home at 335 West 880 North, Provo, Utah. Stephanie Gwyn Dixon was born 16 March 1962 at the Utah Valley Hosputal and Dr. Fred Kartchner delivered all our children. We credit him for saving Lois and Stephanie's life during this birth.

Next we moved to New Brunswick, New Jersey. 776 Bevier Road, University Heights was our apartment while Lois attended Rutgers University (School of Librarianship). I was able to get a teaching job at John Adams Jr. High School, in Edison Township, New Jersey. I taught Wood Shop, Metal Shop, and Mechanical Drawing for Girls. I taught there one year and took other work in Franklin Township. I worked with the Township Engineer doing survey and platt work.

After Lois graduated from Rutgers University we moved to Millstone Township, New Jersey. Next we moved to Clarksburg where we rented a 200 year old house on a 90 acre farm. Lois established a Library at the elementary school and I taught just down the hall from her. Robert E. Garin was our principal. We had a wonderful time there and on the farm.

After extensive travelling in the Eastern United States, Eastern Canada, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, we headed for California to be near Lois' ill mother. We visited all the Church Historical sights on the way.

We both had jobs waiting for us with the Simi Valley Unified School District. After 13 years I am still teaching at Vista Elm School in the 4th to 6th grades. Our house address is 1477 Branch Avenue, Simi, California.

I have tried to keep my hobbies active by taking more painting, guitar, jewelry, lapidary, prospecting classes. Flying is something that I really like. I enjoy travelling. We have taken two trips into Mexico, summer trips to Idaho, family and business trips to Utah. We spend some time at Lois' parents beach house, in the summers. We took a gold prospecting trip with our family into Northern California, and we panned gold on the same land Lois' California Gold Miner Ancestors actually claimed. As I write, I display a variety of interests and like to try new things.

Our family has been very active in the Church here, and I have been a Stake Missionary through the Seventy's calling working with the full time missionaries. I was a Seventy for 25 years and now a High Priest. I am now in the Sunday School, having worked with the Scouts, Weblows and been a Stake Genealogical Library Helper. I have tried to dedicate myself to teaching children good principle of honesty and good citizenship. I hope that I have been of some value to others and have contributed something of myself to the Lord's work in this life. I am glad that I am alive and there are many things I desire to do. I express my greatest appreciation and deepest love to my dear wife, Lois, whose patience and great support has encouraged me.

80th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D # 11.9

MELVIN RASMUSSEN DIXON

CAROL COLLARD

Melvin R. Dixon Family
including Grandparents
George & Rozella Collard

2428 East 9th South Circle
Salt Lake City, Utah

Fairview Canyon

MELVIN RASMUSSEN DIXON

Melvin R. Dixon was born October 22, 1925, in Provo, Utah, to Albert Frederick and Sena Rasmussen Dixon. He was the youngest of nine children born to that family, but four of the children died in infancy so he was raised as the youngest of five: Harry, Mildred, Norma, Vera and Melvin. The family was living on Third West between Second and Third South, Provo. Later they moved to 72 North First East and that remained the family home.

Melvin attended the Parker School for the first through sixth grades. At some time he was called "Mick" and he was known by that nickname until he finished high school. The seventh, eighth and ninth grades were spent at Farrer Junior High School. In the seventh grade he started playing the drums and continued to do so through high school. Melvin was a good student and one of the valedictorians of his class. His sophomore, junior, and senior years were spent at Provo High. He played percussion for the school band and orchestra and enjoyed the trips and parades and concerts the groups participated in. His senior year he also played in the Brigham Young University Band.

As a child he remembers earning his spending money by passing bills for the Dixon Taylor Russell Company and picking fruit. Later he worked as a janitor for the telephone company; as a stock boy in a grocery store; and as an usher for Intermountain Theaters. During his last years in high school he worked at Dixon Taylor Russell in the warehouse and driving a truck.

After graduating from high school in 1943, Melvin enlisted in the army. He was sent to Bozeman, Montana and for three months he studied engineering at Montana State University. When he turned eighteen he was sent to Ft. Benning, Georgia, for basic training in the infantry. He was then assigned to the 301st Infantry Regiment of the 94th Division, at Camp McCain, Mississippi. He received his combat training in Mississippi and Tennessee. He was sent to Europe and spent fifteen months in combat duty in France and Germany. He served in the Army of Occupation in Germany and Czechoslovakia and was discharged in 1945.

Melvin then was able to continue his schooling. He attended Brigham Young University and received his A.B. degree. He then attended Boston University for four years and received his M.D. degree.

While Melvin was attending B.Y.U. he married Carol Collard in the Salt Lake Temple. Linda was born before they moved to Boston and Susan and Debbie were both born while they lived in New England.

Melvin returned to Salt Lake City for his internship at L.D.S. Hospital. Following his internship he had a three year residency in obstetrics and gynecology. He began private practice in Salt Lake in 1957 and is still practicing.

David, Amy and Emily were born in Salt Lake City to complete his family of six children.

Melvin is a High Priest in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

Melvin's spare time is spent assembling and finishing beautiful pieces of furniture or enjoying the mountains in Fairview Canyon where he has a summer home.

Carol Collard Dixon

Very Brief Life Sketch of

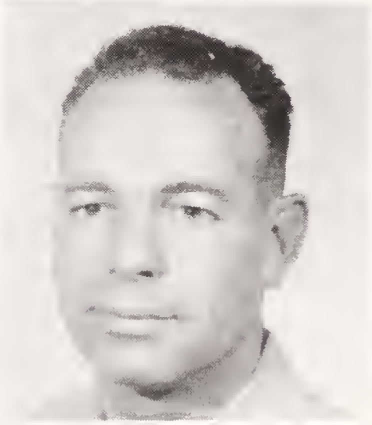
SENA RASMUSSEN DIXON

Born October 16, 1885 in Ephraim, Utah to Sena Jensen and Mads Rasmussen.
Baptized a member of the L.D.S. Church September 1, 1903.
Married Albert Frederick Dixon in Manti Temple on March 23, 1910.
Children:
Harry, Mildred, Clifton, Elmo, Norma, Vera, Ruth, Baby and Melvin.
Received her education in Ephraim City Schools and graduated from Snow Academy in 1903.
She had delicate health a good part of her married life.
She died at Provo, Utah, March 16, 1944.

81st Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 16.7

GLORIA MAY DIXON

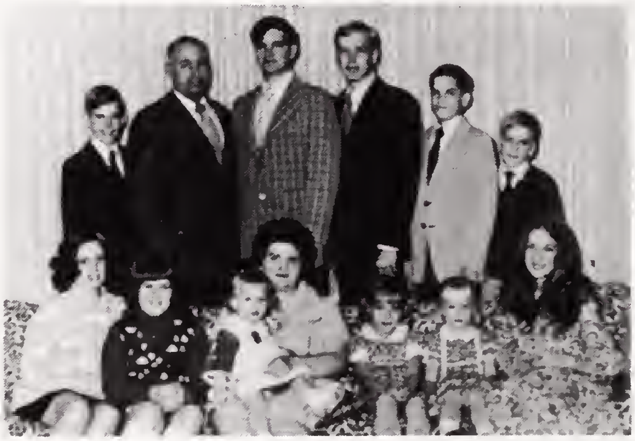


THOMAS W. RICHARDSON

81st Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

Gloria Dixon Richardson Family

I.D.# 16.7



Don, Thomas, David, Douglas, Glen, Patrick

Cynthia, Sandra, Linda, Gloria, Rebecca, Diana, Marilyn

19666 Ascension Drive
Saratoga, California

GLORIA MAY DIXON RICHARDSON

I was born December 1, 1926 at the Crane Maternity Hospital in Provo, Utah. My parents were Letitia May Banks and Arnold Dixon. I was the seventh child of a family of ten. I was told that the family was very pleased with my entrance into this world, because I was the second girl in a family of five boys. After my birth followed two more brothers and then a baby sister. I was given a name and a blessing by Henry Aldous Dixon II, a cousin.

I remember as a small child in the neighbor's back yard I found an old torn, black umbrella in the ashes. I was so pleased with it, I went home and Howard, my oldest brother, was getting ready for a date. I wanted to go with him, but he said no. I decided I would surprise him. I layed on the floor in the back of the car. When he stopped to go into a store, I popped up and said, "Surprise", dirty faced and all, with my prize umbrella over my head. I don't remember much of what happened after that, only that I was taken home. I don't think Howard was very pleased.

Some of my fondest memories were those summers we spent at Wildwood in Provo Canyon. Oh! how we enjoyed staying in our cabin there. The creek that ran behind the cabin would sing us to sleep at night. I remember Sunday School under the trees, swimming in the river, campfires, picnics, berry-picking, scavenger hunts, hikes and the many friends and relatives that had cabins up there. I remember sitting on Aunt Rye Taylor's porch with my cousins Nancy and Julie. Celeste Taylor asked each of us what we wanted to be when we grew up. I said, "I just want to be a mother with lots of children and if I don't marry I want to be a lady head of an orphanage."

I received my education in the Provo Schools. I graduated from Provo High School and Seminary.

After my first year of college at Brigham Young University, I went to Santa Fe, New Mexico to stay with Evelyn and Don. Evelyn's health wasn't too good, so I came to help her out. I also worked as a telephone operator until I came down with rheumatic fever. As soon as I was able to travel I returned home.

The next fall I went back to school at B.Y.U. In December of that year my brother Floyd and I were in a Sociology class together. On the other side of Floyd sat Helen Jones from San Francisco, California. She was writing a letter to a friend. Floyd asked her who she was writing to. She answered that she was writing to Tommy Richardson. Floyd replied, "That's a friend of mine. May I write a few lines at the bottom of the page." Floyd had attended vocational school with Tom in Provo. They also went to work for Pan American World Airways as aircraft mechanics at the same time. Tom and Floyd's paths crossed again in Honolulu, Hawaii. Floyd was still in the Service and Tom was still with Pan American.

In January on a Friday afternoon there was a knock at the door. I answered it and there stood a nice looking young man asking for Floyd. He said he was Tom Richardson. Floyd wasn't at home, so I told him to be sure to come back because Floyd was looking forward to seeing him. As I closed the door I said to my mother, " I would like to go with him." This really surprised me because this was unlike me. I thought he was Helen Jones' boyfriend and I wouldn't have a chance. As it turned out, Tom had never dated Helen. She was just a good friend.

The next afternoon Tom came back to see Floyd. Tom asked if I would like to go for a ride with them. From then on, Tom came to see me. After four dates, Tom left and went to Wake Island, where he was stationed for the next nine months.

In April, I went to stay with Evelyn and Don in Ames, Iowa. Don was attending Iowa State College. Evelyn was in the campus hospital with rheumatic fever and expecting her second child, Susan. A few days after my arrival, Evelyn came home. She spent the remaining months in bed until after Susan's birth on the 30th of July.

The middle part of September, I received word that my mother was ill so I left for Utah. My mohter had poor health most of her life. She was a very sweet, lovely mother. She very seldom complained.

Tom came back from Wake Island soon after my arrival from Iowa. He spent the next ten weeks vacation with his parents in Benjamin. He worked during this time at an appliance store to keep busy. It was during this time, after nine months of writing letters, we became better acquainted. The latter part of November we became engaged. Two weeks later, Tom left once again for Wake Island and more letters to follow.

I married Thomas Weslie Richardson in the Salt Lake Temple on the 29th of June 1949, by Elder Ezra Taft Benson, a member of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles. That evening we had a lovely dinner at the home of Tom's sister Betty, and Wayne Galloway. The following evening we had a reception in the Provo First Ward. The next five weeks we spent on our honeymoon.

Our first home was in an apartment in the hills of Redwood City, California. We lived here four months. Then back to Utah for me and Midway Island for Tom, for the next four months. We then moved to Woodside, California where we lived on a small estate in a little white cottage with a picket fence covered with sweet peas. It was so quiet and peaceful here. It was while we were here that our first child, Cynthia, was born. She arrived on our second anniversary. The day before the baby was born we bought our first home in East Palo Alto, California. We spent the next five years here. March 2, 1953, our son Douglas Weslie was born and September 17, 1955 Marilyn arrived.

In 1956 Tom became a Flight Engineer for Pan American, so we were transferred to Honolulu, Hawaii. Hawaii became a state while we were here. We lived here for three and a half years. We rented a furnished home across the street from Evelyn and Don. It was so nice living so close to the Smiths. While we were here, David Thomas was born in the Kapialani Hospital in Honolulu.

Our little home was getting too small for us, so we started building a new home in Kailua right across the street from the Smith's new home. About two months before it was to be finished, Tom was transferred back to the mainland. We were disappointed that we had to leave at this time, not only because of our new home, but we were expecting our fifth child any day. I felt like I should stay and have the baby there, but Tom wanted me to go try and see if some of the children and I could get on a flight. There was only room for Cynthia and I. Cynthia had to sit a couple of rows behind me. We were both so sick and were glad when we arrived in San Francisco. We spent the next five days with my sister Doris and her family until Tom arrived with the other children. We then moved into a motel and stayed for a week until the renters moved out of our home in Palo Alto. The day we moved Don Dixon Richardson arrived on the 17th of November, 1959. We lived here three months until our new home in San Jose was completed.

Not long after we moved to San Jose, California, Bruce and Doris Christensen moved here and we were in the same Ward. We lived here for seven years. The Church really grew during this time. There were many chapels built. Tom spent many hours working on the Fourth and Ninth Ward Chapels. It was here that he learned all about cement work. The Church building is beautifully built. All the outside walls are of concrete exposed aggregate.

These were hard and busy years for us. My health wasn't too good at this time. Our sixth child, Glen Alan, was on the way and I wondered if I would live to see him, but through faith and prayers our beautiful dark haired son was born. The next two and half months I spent a great deal of time going to the doctors. My blood pressure was still very high and the medication didn't seem to help much. The attacks in my right side were still coming and back pain was still waking me out of a sound sleep. The Doctor put me in the hospital for tests. I had minor surgery at that time and major surgery five days later. They found the bladder in pretty bad shape and a very enlarged kidney. They thought they may have to remove it, but didn't. They found an obstruction in the right uterer and this was the reason for my problems. The Doctor said that infection had been going throughout my system for at least five years.

It was difficult during this period after surgery. Tom had been receiving lay off notices, so he and two others started a cement business. He was selling insurance, building a chapel and working for Pan Am. It was this way for two years.

It wasn't long after Glen Alan's birth and I was expecting again. I was having problems and the doctor wanted to take the baby. He said I shouldn't have anymore and I told him I had been through hard times before and could do it again. I knew I was to have this child and that I was to have others. Sandra arrived on May 24, 1962, a healthy, beautiful baby. Two years later on the 12th of June, Patrick Arnold arrived.

In July of 1966 we moved to Saratoga, California, just on the outskirts of San Jose. This is a very beautiful area to live in. We lived here for 13 years. While living here our last three daughters were born: Rebecca, Diana, and Linda. I had to spend months in bed with each one of them, but what a blessing they have been to us.

Saratoga is a nice place to raise children. We lived among people of all faiths. Our children realized there are good people in all faiths. Our children had many opportunities here. We depended a lot on the Church for our children's social life, so we were very close to the members of the Church.

After thirty years of marriage we are once again back in Utah. We are living in the farming community of Benjamin, just west of Spanish Fork. This is where Tom was raised. It is really a different kind of life to what we were used to. The people are friendly and I think in time, we will love it here as we did in Saratoga. It is nice being close to our families. Tom commutes to San Francisco, California to work two or three times a month. It means that he is gone a little more by living here. But he thinks it is worth it.

I am so grateful to my Heavenly Father for the many choice blessings I have received. For my wonderful husband, who has been a pillar of strength to me. For our eleven children, son-in-laws, daughter-in-law, and seven grandchildren. I am thankful for my membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. To have been born here, in America, the land of the free. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

82nd Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 16.8

ROBERT NORMAN DIXON

GENNIEL LARSEN

82nd Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 16.8

Robert Norman Dixon Family

Bob Norman Genniel
Angela

Genniel Steven Denise Bob

121 So. Inglewood Dr.,Orem, Utah

ROBERT NORMAN DIXON

By Genniel L. Dixon

Robert Norman Dixon was born May 15, 1930, which was his mother's birthday. He was born in Provo, and his parents were May Banks Dixon and Arnold Dixon. Arnold was the youngest child of Henry Aldous Dixon. Robert was the 8th of 10 children, 7 boys and 3 girls.

Robert attended the old Timpanogos Elementary School, the old Parker Elementary School and the Joaquin School. In the sixth grade he attended the new Timpanogos School. He lived at 256 North Fifth West, Provo, from the age 12 until he married. He attended the Dixon Jr. High and Provo High School where he was a member of the Key Club. After graduation from Provo High School, he attended B. Y. U. He graduated from B. Y. U. in 1954 with a major in Landscape Architecture and two minors, Ornamental Horticulture and Botany. While at B. Y. U. he enrolled in the Air Force Reserve Officers' four year training program and became a flight commander with the rank of Cadet-Major. His graduation from AFROTC qualified him for a Second Lieutenant commission in the regular United States Air Force. He was not called into active duty due to a Congressional cut-back of all military services. The Korean War was just ending. He continued in school until the spring of 1955 when he received an elementary teaching certificate. In 1966, he received a Masters Degree from B. Y. U. in Recreation-Education. He has also taken many hours of schooling beyond his Master's Degree.

Robert has been gainfully employed since the age of twelve. At that age, he obtained work with D. T. R. Furniture Co. for three hours each night, after school. When he graduated from Jr. High School, his Physical Education teacher recommended him to the High School football coach as a prospective football player. He loved football very much and really wanted to try out for the high school team. But he knew that would probably mean having to give up his after school job at D. T. R. 's. He came from a large family and his job meant he could pretty well take care of his own needs. He knew what a help this was to his parents, so without any pressuring from his parents, he made the decision to keep his job and not go out for foot ball. He has always had the ability to see the long range consequences. Bob worked at D. T. R. Co. until he graduated from college.

After completing his schooling, he began teaching at Timpanogos Elementary School in the fall of 1955. He still teaches at this school, currently teaching the Fifth grade.

In 1956 he worked for Reid Wayman in his spray business. For the next three summers he ran the business and was a partner, since Reid had moved to Payson and could no longer be involved. In 1960 Bob started his own spray business - - Dixon Spray Service - - which was custom insecticide spraying of yards and trees. He ran this business each summer until he received his Master's degree in 1966.

He became the Director of Timpanogos Community School Recreation Program in the summer of 1966. As part of this program, he was coach of the girls softball team. He has won several first place tournaments with his teams and they are usually in the finals. During the 1976 summer recreation program at Timpanogos, he designed and helped build an Indian float which won first place in the Provo City Bi-centennial Children's Parade.

For many years he refereed flag football and basketball for the Elementary and Jr. High School's Saturday games, and was Director of the Community-School Flag-football Program for Provo City and the Provo Schools. He has also taught math and reading in the summer school program. His out-door education summer program culminated in a five day stay in Big Spring Hollow up the South Fork of Provo Canyon. Bob really enjoys teaching boys and girls and has a special rapport with his students.

On April 4, 1951, Bob married Genniel Larsen, daughter of Ariel and Vera Larsen of Orem. They had four children, spaced rather far apart due to Genniel's poor health. Their first child, Steven was born June 21, 1952. He filled a mission in the French-Belgium Mission and married Emarene Graff. Steven's first child, Monica, was born December 22, 1976. Steven will graduate with honors from the University of Utah Medical School in June 1979, with an M. D. degree.

Our second child, Denise, was born August 18, 1956. She married Mark Kelly of Orem. They have one child, Lisa Anne, born Dec. 3, 1978. They live in Provo and Mark works at Geneva Steel Co.

Norman was born February 27, 1965 and is in the eighth grade at Lakeridge Jr. High School in Orem. Angela was born March 15, 1973 and is a kindergarten student at Scera Park Elementary School in Orem.

Bob's wife, Genniel, teaches piano lessons. Their present home is at 121 Inglewood Drive, Orem, Utah.

Bob has held presidency positions in the Aaronic Priesthood and leadership positions in scouting. He was one of the Scouts chosen to be in the Color Guard in the big July 24, 1947 Centennial Parade in Salt Lake City. He was chosen to help unveil the "This Is The Place" monument that same day. After his marriage, Bob was Explorer Advisor, a member of the Scout Troop Committee, Cub Scout Committeeman, Assistant Scout Master for many years. He has been a Scout Master, Counsellor in M.I.A. Presidency, served on the Stake MIA Board as Stake Venture Leader, Deacon Quorum Advisor, Elders Quorum Advisor, Sunday School Teacher, Counsellor in Sunday School, President of Sunday School, First Counsellor in Elders Quorum and is currently Second Counsellor in the Orem 33rd Ward Bishopric.

Robert has been Chairman of the Credit Committee of the Provo School District Credit Union several times and is currently a member of the Committee. He is a member of the Phi Delta Kappa, a professional educators association. He is a member of the Utah Science Teachers' Association, and has been a member of the House of Delegates of the Utah Education Association several times. Over the years he has served on several committees of the Provo Education Association. He is a member of PEA, UEA, NEA.

Bob likes HO Model railroading. He has several complete train sets and wants to find time to make a model layout, complete with buildings, landscaping, etc. He likes to build models. As a teenager, he put together many model kits. He wanted to build a battleship, but the kits were too expensive or unavailable. He saw a battleship in a magazine, and getting his own supplies, he built one from scratch. It looked exactly like the picture, with all the details, and he worked it to scale.

Bob has insect, plant, rock, mineral and fossil collections. He enjoys building and constructing. When we petitioned off a room in our basement, he did all the work, which included the electric wiring, plumbing, carpentering, and painting. He likes music and drama and really enjoys attending the plays and concerts at B.Y.U.

Bob has put on some outstanding plays at Timpanogos School. He is very fussy about all details being exactly right. He is able to inspire his students to work for this perfection without their feeling pressured by him. In 1977 he played the parts of Fezziwig and Old Joe in Dickens Christmas Carol, put on by the Valley Center Theater.

Bob is proud to be a descendant of Henry Aldous Dixon and enjoys meeting with relatives at the Dixon Reunions. He is currently President of the Henry A. Dixon Family Organization. - 1979.

I.D.# 16.9

DOUGLAS WAYNE DIXON

HELEN KONOPELSKI

I.D.# 16.9

Douglas Wayne Dixon Family

Karen, Michelle, Helen, Douglas
Kurt, Todd

Kurt, Todd
Karen Michelle
Helen, Douglas

Spring Lake, Utah County
Utah

DOUGLAS WAYNE DIXON

On May 5, 1932, I was born to Letitia May Banks and Arnold Dixon at the Crane Maternity Home on University Avenue and Third South, Provo, Utah. The doctor that attended my Mother was Doctor Charles M. Smith.

I am the seventh son and the ninth child. At the time of my birth, my family was residing at 480 West First North in Provo. While living here, my younger sister Doris Ann was born March 19, 1934.

We moved to the East part of Provo where I started summer school in 1937. My teacher was Miss Christensen and I remember many of the activities we did in class that fall. That fall I started kindergarten at a new school, the Joaquin at 550 North 600 East, Provo. I attended this school through the fourth grade.

At the beginning of the fifth grade we moved to 256 North 500 West in a apartment in Aunt Rye's house. I lived at this home the rest of my single life. I finished grade school at Timpanogos and then went on to Dixon Jr. High. I graduated from Provo High School in 1950. I spent that summer in Boston, Mass., with my brother Bruce, while he finished Architectual School at M. I. T.

While I was attending both Junior and Senior High School, I worked at Dixon Taylor Russell Co., part time during the school year and full time during the summer. I worked with some wonderful people there and gained a lot of good experience. When I returned from Boston I went back to D. T. R. Co. to work while I attended B. Y. U. Half way through my Freshman year, I started working part time for Ariel Davis Mfg. Co. as a draftsman, drawing electrical circuits.

During the summer of 1950, the Korean war started and I was drafted into the Army on November 2, 1952. I spent about a year in San Luis Obispo, California, in basic training and to the Southwest Signal School where I graduated as the honor student in telephone central office maintenance. My next assignment was Honefels, Germany, where I worked in the signal office as a radio operator and repaired and maintained the telephone switchboards and main frame. Because of my father's health I returned to the States and finished my Army service at Camp Carson, Colo. When I returned home I went back to B.Y.U. While I was in the Service, Ariel Davis had moved his manufacturing plant to Salt Lake City, so I went to work for Fred L. Markham as an architectural draftsman.

While in the Army I had a lot of chance for advancement and thought of staying in the Army and making it my career. My life long desire was to fill a mission for the Church. When I returned from the Army, my Bishop asked me if I would consider going on a mission. I was very happy about a call to a mission, but when I told my Dad he thought I had better wait for a while. He said that one of us might not be here very long, referring to mom and himself. I told the Bishop that I would have to wait a little longer before I could accept a mission call. While I was on jury duty, May 3, 1955, my Mother passed away.

In the fall of 1955, while at a Third Ward party, I met a couple of girls from Canada. The one girl, Helen, later became my wife. When I first met Helen she was so shy I really didn't get to know her, but there was something about her that drew me to her. The first "date" I was to have had with her was a threesome, Helen, myself and Alice, Helen's girl friend. To make a long story short, Helen came down with a cold and so Alice and I ended up going rabbit hunting. At this time, Helen and Alice, were not members of the Church but they both joined the Church that winter. We had a lot of fun dating but it was soon cut short by my mission call to Western Canada.

Helen decided that while I was on my mission she would go back to Canada and work. Upon my arrival in the mission field, I told my mission president that my girl friend lived in Sask, so I was never sent to the ice box of the Canadian Mission.

The end of March 1958 I was released from my mission and Helen was in Salt Lake City to meet me when I got home. Helen Konopelski and I were married in the Salt Lake Temple on May 2, 1958. At this time I was employed by Fred L. Markham in his architect office and later that summer I went to work for my brother, Bruce as a draftsman, and have worked for him to date.

During our married life we have had many hard times. We wanted to start our family early but were not able to; and so far our four children are adopted and we love them as our own.

Michelle, our first child, we were blessed with her when she was only four hours old. Todd, the next one, was about ten days old when he came to us. Karen, who is two years older than Michelle, was eight years old, when she came to live with us. Kurt, our fourth child, was almost nine years old when he came to live with us.

We have lived in Provo, Orem, Lindon and we are now living in Spring Lake, which is a small area just south of Payson. We love living in the country where we can have a large garden, some chickens, ducks, geese, goats, four dogs and a cat. Helen was raised on a large farm in Sask, Canada and I have always wanted to live on a farm, so we both enjoy it very much.

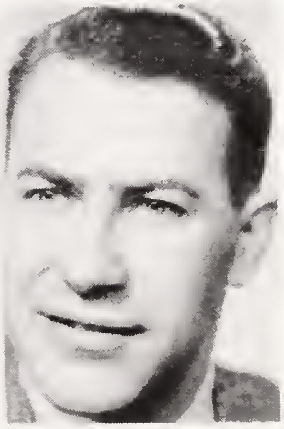
I have always been an active member of the Church having served a full time mission, a stake mission, president of all the Priesthood Quorums, except for the High Priest. I was a Seventy for twenty-three years, Sunday School President, Sunday School teacher, in the M.I.A. Presidency and a Ward Clerk in two Bishoprics. I love the Gospel and know that it is the only way to live. Some time in the future, Helen and I would like to serve on a mission together.

84th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

I.D.# 16.10

DORIS ANN DIXON

BRUCE J. CHRISTENSEN



84th Grandchild of HENRY ALDOUS DIXON

Doris Dixon Christensen Family

I.D.# 16.10

Bruce

Jenifer Lesa

Matthew Jason Kyle

Doris

1108 Hyde Avenue
San Jose, California

PERSONAL HISTORY OF
DORIS ANN DIXON CHRISTENSEN

I was born March 19, 1934, at home on First North between Fourth and Fifth West. I was the tenth child of Arnold Dixon and Letitia May Banks Dixon. I have seven brothers: Howard Banks, Grant DeGrey, Bruce Royden, Eldon Arnold, Floyd Preston, Robert Norman and Douglas Wayne. I have two sisters: Evelyn Smith and Gloria Richardson.

Evelyn was sixteen when I was born and watched the delivery. I was born breach and weighed 6 pounds and 3 ounces. Gloria said I had one eye opened and one shut when she first saw me. I have been told that I chose my own name by drawing it out of a hat which several names had been put into. May-be they just told me this so I wouldn't complain about my name.

When I was the age of two, my brothers Bob and Doug were pulling me in a little red wagon on a chair. The wagon tipped over and I fell out and broke my arm. At a later date Doug was carrying me on his shoulders and he tripped and I broke my arm again in the same place, the right elbow; and Doug chipped his tooth. Another time Doug and I were having a contest to see who could jump the fartherest, over some pillows, and I fell and broke my arm again in the same place. Doug and I were always in competition with each other and I would try so hard to beat him, but he being two years older would always win. I remember when I was in the second grade, some kids telling me I was a "tom boy" because I always played with my brothers.

I went to the Joaquin School for kindergarten, First and Second grades. I can remember walking to school in the snow and running to keep up with my brothers. When I was in the Third grade we moved to 5th West in the back apartment of Aunt Rye's house. I finished the rest of my elementary school at Timpanogos School.

Each summer at the end of school we would go up to Wildwood to spend the summer. I can remember sitting on a small chair between the back seat of the car. We used to always say a prayer as we reached a certain hill because our car wouldn't make it half of the time. We called it our"old tin Lizzie". I have many fond memories of Wildwood. We used to go bare footed all summer and our feet were one solid callus on the bottom. We used to go swimming in the river, make clay dishes out of clay from the clay mine; slide down Devils Slide on a paste board box, climb Eagles Cliff and yell down at Mother to come out and see us; have camp fires at night and go to Sunday School.

I attended Dixon Junior High - 7th, 8th and 9th grades. Then I went to Provo High for 10th, 11th and 12th grades. After school and on Saturday, during 11th and 12th grades, I worked at University Dairies. I had many good times there. I was a member of Provo Third Ward and taught Sunday School.

After graduating from Provo High, I went back East with my sister Evelyn and her husband Don. I'll never forget getting my drivers license before leaving. I had a learner's permit and wanted to get my license before leaving so it wouldn't expire. I had been taught to drive by a few boy friends. My brother Doug also had taken me out at times. Don, my brother-in-law, took me down and I drove his car for the first time that morning, down to take my test. I was really nervous and did everything wrong, even honked at a pedestrian. Needless to say, I didn't pass. Don talked to the man and asked him if I could try again that day as we were leaving for the East in the morning. So I went back later. This time my boy friend saw me and honked at me and I killed my motor right in the middle of Center and University Avenue. Then I almost hit a dog. When I got home everyone looked with anticipation on their face and I broke down in tears and told them I hadn't passed. Don talked the man into one more try. This time I didn't care whether I passed or not. After going through the test the man said I had passed with flying colors and wondered what had been the matter with me the other times. I think it was a case of nerves.

After arriving in Maryland a few days later, Evelyn put me on the train to go into Washington, D. C. to take a civil service test for a job. For a little sheltered Provo girl this was quite an experience. They gave me a map and said if I got lost to ask a policeman for help. I got a job as a clerk typist at the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D.C. I was only there about four months when Evelyn and Don were transferred to Hawaii. I had many interesting experiences while there. I went back to Provo and went to the BYU for one year. Then I went to Hawaii and spent a month's vacation staying with Evelyn and Don.

I was secretary for the Machinist Union for two years and a secretary at the GRA Credit Union for four years. I really enjoyed secretarial work.

My Mother passed away May 3, 1955, when I was 21 years old. I wasn't married at the time and really felt lost without her. I really appreciated Doug's love and care for me at that time. He liked to cook better than me so he did most of the cooking which had curry in everything. My specialty was Cream of Wheat and Rice Pudding.

I really appreciated my parents. They set such good examples for me. They had so much faith in me and this gave me a great deal of help and confidence. I remember so many times I would want my Mother to make up my mind and she would always tell me to pray and then make up my own mind. Mother was always so sweet and I didn't ever hear her say a bad thing about anyone. I remember Dad and Mother loved each other so much and were so kind and considerate of each other. Daddy always kissed Mother three times before leaving her.

I had several opportunities to get married and before making up my mind I prayed and asked the Lord's help. I made a list of the qualities of the last two boys and chose Bruce J. Christensen. We met in November of 1955. Bruce was going to the Y. On our second date, Bruce told me that in his patriarchal blessing it told him when he met the girl he was to marry, there would be no doubt in his mind, that she would be the right one. He told me I was the one. This didn't go over too well with me and it took him a while to convince me. We were engaged on July 6, 1956. I took out my endowments in the Salt Lake Temple on September 11, 1956. We were married in the Manti Temple September 13, 1956 by Louis R Anderson. He had married Bruce's grandparents and parents. The night before we got married I got cold feet and wasn't sure. Poor Bruce said it wasn't too late to call it off. After many tears and a night's sleep, I decided I was just nervous. When Bruce came over to get me I was still asleep and sweet Daddy said I was tired and needed the rest. We made it in time though. After the beautiful ceremony I had such a good peaceful feeling and knew the Lord had been watching over me and I had done what was right. It was a wonderful feeling standing on the hill that day looking down at that beautiful valley as we were to start our lives out together.

Our first three months of marriage were a riot. Bruce was assistant manager at the Academy Theater 50 hours a week and carried 16 hours at school. I worked 8 hours each day. We didn't see much of each other. I was very independent and had a lot of growing up to do. I had my own car and hadn't quite settled down. Bruce was so kind and understanding with me and since then each year has been better. I really feel privileged to be his wife. He treats me like a queen and is still as kind and considerate of me as he was before we were married.

Bruce has served on a mission and two stake missions. He has filled many positions in the Church and is presently 2nd Counselor to Bishop John R. Hulme in the San Jose 14th Ward. He was Vice-President and Controller for American Savings and Loan, Northern California Division for ten years and was manager of Corp. Accounting for Liquid Air in San Francisco. He is now controller for Orchard Supply Hardware in San Jose, California.

After we were married we lived in Provo and Daddy lived with us for about a year. We really did enjoy his love and companionship. Daddy passed away, September 1, 1969. We were all grateful that he would be with Mother again, for he lived a good full life.

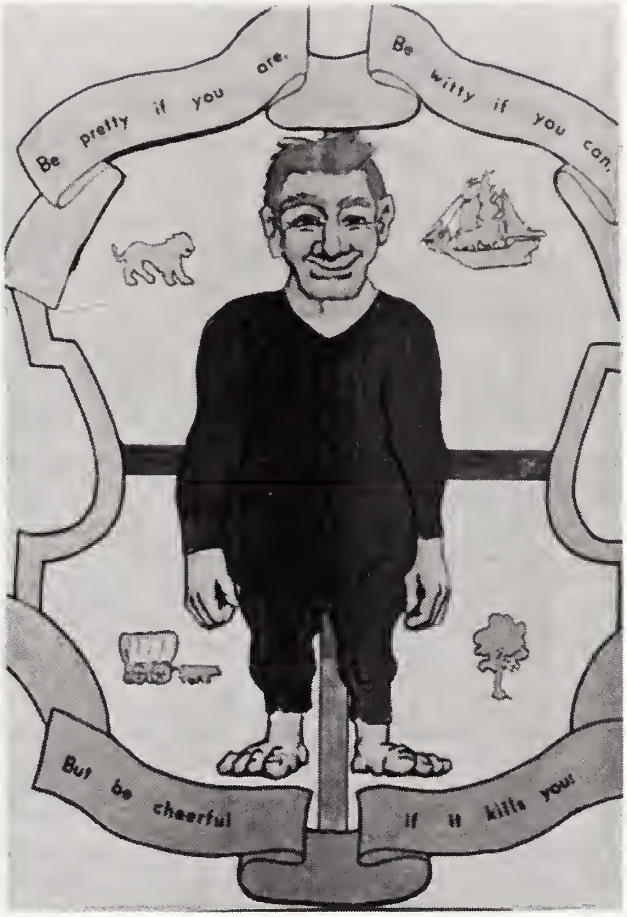
On February 17, 1958, in Utah Valley Hospital, our first baby, Lesa Ann, was born. This was three months before Bruce graduated from the BYU. I will never forget that experience. I had always wanted to be a mother and the anticipation was exciting for both of us. We had a long, hard time getting her here. I will never forget, Dr. Kartchner wheeling me down the hall and letting me tell Bruce what it was, and seeing the tears of joy run down his face as I held the small baby in my arms. I felt like a different person. I was a mother and my whole life had a different meaning and different responsibility. It was glorious.

After graduating we accepted a job with a CPA firm in San Francisco. We moved to Menlo Park. In 1959, July 15th, our second child, a son, Kyle DeGrey, was born in Stanford Hospital. We then moved to San Jose and Bruce went to work for American Savings. On January 19, 1960, Jennifer was born in the San Jose Hospital. On December 25, 1963, Matthew Bruce was born in the Los Gatos Hospital. He was named after his father and Matthew Cowley who set Bruce apart for his mission. When Matthew was six months old we moved to Lodi, California, for six months and then back to San Jose. On September 3, 1969, Jason Dixon was born in the Los Gatos Hospital. He is a very special spirit and we all enjoy him so much.

I have held many positions in the Church and through this my testimony has grown considerably. I have been a teacher in Primary, MIA, Relief Society, Sunday School and Jr. Sunday School Coordinator. I have been 1st and 2nd Counselor in the Relief Society. My present position is 1st Counselor in the Relief Society. I love the gospel with all my heart. There is no doubt in my mind of its truth. I'm so grateful for having the privilege of having such choice spirits for our children and for the guidance the Church gives us in raising them. I'm thankful for the family home evening lessons. It seems as though they were written just for us. I am appreciative of my patriarchal blessing and the guidance and strength it has given me. I am grateful for my husband and children's testimony of the gospel. I pray that the Lord's choicest blessing will be upon us all and that we will have the courage and faithfulness necessary to reach our eternal salvation. I say these things in the name of our Savior Jesus Christ. Amen.

SECTION V

THIRD WARD "SANDY ALLEY" DIXON SHIELD


Be pretty if you are.
Be witty if you can,
But be cheerful if it kills you!

1. The Lion -"King of Beasts" of Africa - Grandfather, Henry Aldous Dixon's birthplace.
2. The Sailing Ship "Unity" which Henry Aldous Dixon sailed on when he left Port Elizabeth, Cape Colony, South Africa in 1856.
3. The covered Wagon and Ox Team, Henry Aldous Dixon drove across the "plains" to reach Utah in 1857
4. The Elm Tree, Henry Aldous Dixon planted on his homesite in Provo in 1875 and which is still living (1970).
5. The Red Hair - A Dixon "trade mark" inherited from Henry Aldous Dixon by many of his posterity.
6. The Red Underwear - The course Woolen Mills Factory material worn by the Dixon children and in abundant display, on the Dixon drying line on washday

MOTTO: Be pretty if you are. Be witty if you can.
But be cheerful if it kills you!

Created from descriptive story of Maud Dixon Markham.
Illustration by Anthony H. Taylor

SECTION VI

DIXON INTERMENTS

ID. No.	Name	Buried at: Description:
	JOHN HENRY DIXON	Grahamstown, C. P. South Africa
	JUDITH BOARDMAN DIXON	Uitenhage, C. P., South Africa
	WILLIAM BOARDMAN	Bathurst, C. P., South Africa
	MARGARET HAYES BOARDMAN	Bathurst, C. P., South Africa
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
	SARAH DE GREY DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
	MARY SMITH DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
1	HENRY ALFRED DIXON	Salt Lake City Cem. Plat D, Bk. 12, Lot 4
2	JOHN DE GREY DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
2 w	Sarah Lewis Dixon	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
21	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON II	Washington Hts. Mem. Park, Ogden, Utah Circleview Plat, Row 16 Space 74
2117	ROBERT DIXON SHAW	
21111	MARY ELIZABETH SHAW	
22	JOHN WILLIAM DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
23	STANLEY LEWIS DIXON	Salt Lake City Cem. Plat X, Bk. 1, Lot 100, 3E
23 w	Luella Hannah Madsen Dixon	Provo City Cemetery, Block 4, Lot 72 A
236	DIXIE BETH DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
24	RULON STERLING DIXON	Salt Lake City Cem. Plat X, Bk. 1, Lot 94 3E
26	LUCIAN DE GREY DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
27	GRANT DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
3	ARTHUR DE GREY DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
3 w	Catherine Morgan Dixon	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
31 w	Eva Ruthe Mildenhall Dixon	Mausoleum, Las Vegas, Nevada
312	MICHAEL LAYNE DIXON	Mausoleum, Las Vegas, Nevada
4	ALICE DIXON DANGERFIELD	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 34
4 h	Jabez William Dangerfield	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 34
41	JABEZ ALDOUS DANGERFIELD	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 34
42	ROYDEN JAMES DANGERFIELD	Norman, Oklahoma
43	AFTON DANGERFIELD	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 34
45	CLIFFORD DIXON DANGERFIELD	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 34
47	DONNA MAE DANGERFIELD	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 34
4421 h	Roger Bowers	

DIXON INTERMENTS

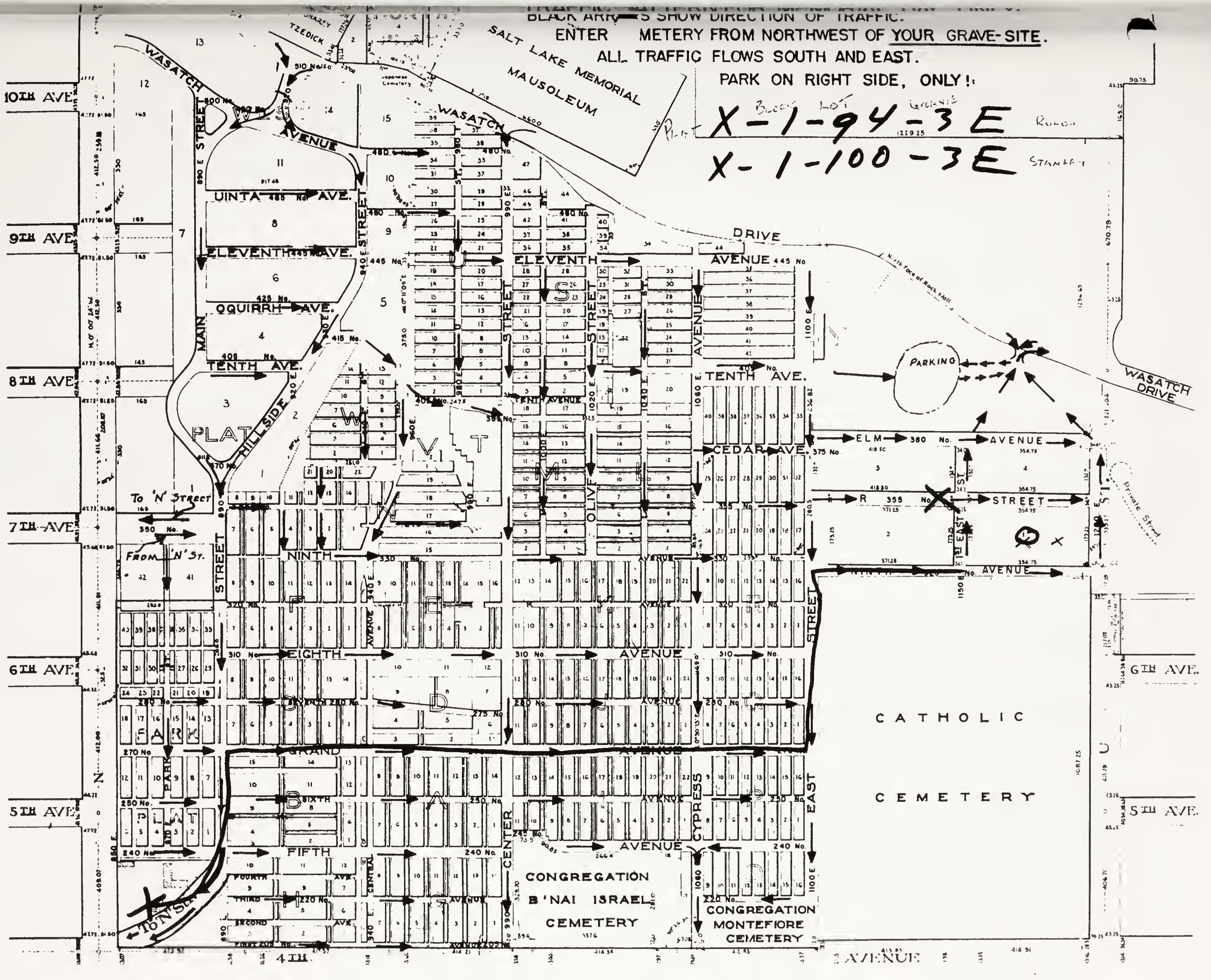
ID No.	Name	Buried at:	Description:
5	SARAH DIXON MC CONACHIE	Salt Lake City Cem.	Plat D, Bk. 12, Lot 4
5 h	Alexander C. McConachie	Salt Lake City Cem.	Plat D, Bk. 12, Lot 4
51	DONALD MC CONACHIE	Salt Lake City Cem.	Plat D, Bk. 12, Lot 4
521	MARY DORIS ARMSTRONG	Salt Lake City Cem.	Plat D, Bk. 12, Lot 4
6	MARIA DIXON TAYLOR	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 173
6 h	Arthur Nicholls Taylor	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 173
61	ARTHUR DIXON TAYLOR	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 139
62	LYNN DIXON TAYLOR	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 87
6325	DAVID HOEN TAYLOR	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 11, Lot 11
6329	KENT HOEN TAYLOR	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 11, Lot 11
64 w	Alta Hansen Taylor	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 87
67	ORSON KENNETH TAYLOR	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 173
68 h	Fred Dixon Kartchner	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 126
683	ELAINE KARTCHNER	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 126
7	WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 1, Lot 35
7 w	Harriet Hands Dixon	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 1, Lot 35
71	WILLIAM HANDS DIXON	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 1, Lot 35
73	GLEN HANDS DIXON	E. L. Mem. Hills-Provo.	Blk. 1 36, Lot A
741	HYRUM D. AIKELE	Santa Barbara Cem.-Cal.	
743	BONNIE ANN AIKELE CORNISH	Santa Barbara Cem.-Cal.	
743 h	Clayton J. Cornish, Jr.	Santa Barbara Cem.-Cal.	
8	ERNEST DE GREY DIXON	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 8, Lot 132
8 w	Mary Ann Painter Dixon	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 8, Lot 132
82	LEAH LILLIAN DIXON FORD	Wallsburg Cemetery	
83	ERNEST ARNOLD DIXON	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 8, Lot 132
84 w	Adryne Hodson Dixon	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 8, Lot 132
85	RALPH DIXON	E. L. Mem. Hills,	Sec. B, Lot 125, Space #3
8611	TRENT CROWLEY	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 8, Lot 132
82231	CAMILLE BIGELOW		
9	ROBERT SMITH DIXON	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 1, Lot 35
10.	CHARLES OWEN DIXON	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 37
10. w	Virginia Beckstead Dixon	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 37
10. 2 h	Angus Wayne Cowley	E. L. Mem. Hills-Provo,	Sec. 40 D # 5
10. 431	PETER JAMES PADEN		

DIXON INTERMENTS

ID No.	Name	Buried at: Description:
11.	ALBERT FREDERICK DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
11. w	Sena Rasmussen Dixon	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
11.3	CLIFTON R. DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
11.4	ELMO ARTHUR DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
11.5	NORMA DIXON JESS	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
11.6	VERA DIXON ANDERSON	Sunnyside Mem. Park, Long Beach, Cal.
11.7	RUTH DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
11.8	BABY DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
12.	WALTER DE GREY DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 10, Lot 208
12. w	Luthenia Maiben Dixon	Provo City Cemetery, Block 10, Lot 208
12.1 h	Fenton W. Reeve	Valhalla Mem. Park, No. Hollywood, Cal.
12.3	ALAN ROMNEY DIXON	Wasatch Lawn Mem. Park, Salt Lake City
12.5 h	Doyle O. Larson	Provo City Cemetery, Block 10, Lot 208
13.	PARLEY SMITH DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
13. w	Etta Dangerfield Dixon	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
13.21	DONNA MAE WAGSTAFF OLSON	Orem City Cemetery
13.5	INEZ DIXON DENISON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
13.5 h	Byron L. Denison	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
13.51	INEZ BERNIECE DENISON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 1, Lot 35
13.1131	CHRISTINA MC EWAN	
13.122 h	Donald Dale Linderman	
13.3 w	Martha Bernard Dixon	
14.	LE ROY DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
14. w	Electa Smoot Dixon	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
14.1	LE ROY SMOOT DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
14.2	PAUL SMOOT DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 11 c
14.5 h	Myron DeVere Childs	Springville Evergreen, Sec. B, Lot 168
14.532	JOSHUA NORMAN CHILDS	Springville Evergreen, Sec. G, Lot 69 #3
14.6 h	Ezrel Junius Payne	Phoenix, Arizona
14.452	FRANK SUMMERHAYS PITCHER	Evanston, Ill. Mt. Olive Cemetery, Sec. R
14.7	ARTHUR SMOOT DIXON	Provo City Cemetery, Block 3, Lot 6
15.	HARRIET DIXON WEST	Mt. View Cemetery, San Bernardino, Cal.
15. h	George Washington West	Mt. View Cemetery, San Bernardino, Cal.
15.1	LYNN DIXON WEST	Olive Mem. Park, Norwalk, Cal. Sec. D, Lot 63 A, Grave 1
15.11	AUDREY LORRAINE WEST	Cypress Hill Mem. Park, Petaluma, Cal. Lot 549 D

DIXON INTERMENTS

ID No.	Name	Buried at:	Description:
16.	ARNOLD DIXON	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 6
16. w	Letitia May Banks Dixon	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 3, Lot 6
16.1	HOWARD BANKS DIXON	Provo City Cemetery,	Block 2, Lot 51
16.2	EVELYN DIXON SMITH	Provo City Cemetery,	



BLACK ARROWS SHOW DIRECTION OF TRAFFIC.

ENTER METERY FROM NORTHWEST OF YOUR GRAVE-SITE.

ALL TRAFFIC FLOWS SOUTH AND EAST.

PARK ON RIGHT SIDE, ONLY!

Plat Block Lot Grave

X-1-94-3E Rulon

X-1-100-3E Stanley

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

	ID. No.		Birth	Death
		HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
#		Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
	2	JOHN DE GREY DIXON	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
		Sarah Ann Lewis	23 Apr 1868	23 Oct 1951
	21	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON II	29 Jun 1890	22 Jan 1967
		Lucile Knowlden	9 Dec 1891	
	211	PHYLLIS DIXON	21 Aug 1916	
		John Austin Shaw	1 Feb 1915	
	2111	JOHN AUSTIN SHAW II	5 May 1942	
		Mary Wilson	14 Feb 1946	
	21111	MARY ELIZABETH SHAW	23 Jun 1969	11 Oct 1969
	21112	MARIAN SHAW	2 Feb 1971	
	21113	JOHN CHRISTOPHER SHAW	18 May 1972	
	21114	DAVID AUSTIN SHAW	12 Mar 1975	
	21115	SARAH ANNE SHAW	3 May 1977	
	2112	SANDRA SHAW	16 Aug 1944	
		John Alleman Davies	24 Mar 1940	
	21121	JON SHAW DAVIES	18 Nov 1968	
	21122	MICHAEL SCOTT DAVIES	2 Feb 1971	
	21123	JENNIFER ERIN DAVIES	8 Aug 1974	
	21124	AMBER REBECCA DAVIES	6 Jun 1979	
	2113	KATHLEEN SHAW	3 Jan 1947	
		Will Bordeaux	6 Dec 1941	
		Kirk Edward Gambles	23 Sep 1941	
	*	Kerry Scott Gambles	13 Jun 1963	*
	*	Amy Suzanne Gambles	20 Dec 1969	*
	21131	ANNA KATHLEEN GAMBLES	2 Jan 1978	
	21132	ERIN GAMBLES	23 Nov 1979	
	2114	SYLVIA SHAW	4 Dec 1949	
		John Dalton Bell	27 Apr 1952	
	21141	MARY MELLISSA BELL	26 Apr 1979	
	2115	ERIN JEAN SHAW	16 Mar 1954	
		Douglas Andrew Taggart	13 Mar 1952	
	21151	STEPHANIE TAGGART	17 Jun 1975	
	21152	ROBERT JOHN TAGGART	3 Dec 1976	
	2116	PHYLLIS ANITA SHAW	13 Feb 1957	
		Jay Brad Wiggins	3 Apr 1956	
	21161	BRADFORD JAY WIGGINS	15 Nov 1978	
	2117	ROBERT DIXON SHAW	21 Dec 1958	23 Feb 1959
	2118	ROSE MARY SHAW	13 Sep 1960	
#	1	HENRY ALFRED DIXON	14 Nov 1865	1 Jul 1867

* Children of Kirk by a previous marriage.

HENRY A DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
2	JOHN DE GREY DIXON	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
	Sarah Ann Lewis	23 Apr 1868	23 Oct 1951
21	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON II	29 Jun 1890	22 Jan 1967
	Lucile Knowlden	9 Dec 1891	
212	DOROTHY DIXON	26 May 1918	
	Virl L. Harrison	30 Dec 1916	
2121	LINDA LUCILLE HARRISON	31 May 1944	
	David Robert Welling	24 Sep 1944	
21211	BART HARRISON WELLING	24 Aug 1972	
21212	MATHEW DEAN WELLING	24 Mar 1975	
21213	CASSANDRA ANN WELLING	5 Jun 1978	
2122	PATRICIA HARRISON	4 Feb 1947	
	Leonard John Patcyk	16 Feb 1947	
2123	JUDITH HARRISON	8 Aug 1950	
	Steven Michael George	17 Jan 1950	
21231	SAMUEL NEPHI GEORGE	24 Oct 1976	
2124	LISBETH HARRISON	19 Jan 1952	16 Feb 1980
	Steven Anthony Domine	14 Jul 1957	
2125	HEATHER HARRISON	22 Dec 1956	
2126	HOLLY HARRISON	22 Dec 1956	
	David Dee Jensen	1 Dec 1956	
2127	ANGELA HARRISON	17 Mar 1964	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
2	JOHN DEGREY DIXON	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
	Sarah Ann Lewis	23 Apr 1868	23 Oct 1951
21	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON II	29 Jun 1890	22 Jan 1967
	Lucile knowlden	9 Dec 1891	
213	LOUISE DIXON	18 Sep 1920	
	E. Ferrin Larkin	7 Jul 1917	
2131	DIXON FERRIN LARKIN	3 Jul 1947	
	Carol Lynn White	18 Sep 1946	
21311	DAVID DIXON LARKIN	7 Jul 1975	
21312	SARAH LARKIN	20 Jul 1977	
2132	JULIA LARKIN	13 Oct 1948	
	Ray White Squires	20 Apr 1949	
21321	LISA SQUIRES	7 May 1976	
21322	TERESA SQUIRES	22 Mar 1978	
2133	MARTHA ANN LARKIN	19 Jan 1951	
2134	JAMES ROBERT LARKIN	24 Jun 1952	
	Martha Christine Gleason	2 Oct 1951	
21341	JENNIFER LARKIN	2 Jan 1979	
2135	WILLIAM LYLE LARKIN	21 Aug 1953	
	Sharon Elzey	2 Oct 1953	
21351	NICOLE LARKIN	26 May 1977	
21352	PAUL BENJAMIN LARKIN	21 Jun 1979	
2136	JANE LARKIN	13 Aug 1957	
214	JOHN ALDOUS DIXON	16 Jul 1923	
	Karma Jeppson		
2141	STEVEN JOHN DIXON	13 May 1950	
	Val Fulmer		
21411	ADRIA ANN DIXON	30 Sep 1975	
21412	RYAN ALDOUS DIXON	16 Sep 1977	
2142	KAY DIXON	13 Nov 1951	
	David Lee		
21421	NICOLE LEE	17 Jan 1976	
21422	ALISON LEE	14 Feb 1978	
2143	LISA DIXON	25 Apr 1962	
215	RUTH MARION DIXON	19 May 1927	
	Mark W. Cannon	29 Aug 1928	
2151	LUCILE DIXON CANNON	12 Nov 1957	
2152	MARK DIXON CANNON	15 Sep 1959	
2153	KRISTEN DIXON CANNON	22 Dec 1962	
216	DAVID ROBERT DIXON	24 Jun 1931	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
2	JOHN DEGREY DIXON	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
	Sarah Ann Lewis	23 Apr 1868	23 Oct 1951
23	STANLEY LEWIS DIXON	3 Mar 1895	6 Apr 1947
	Luella Hannah Madsen	19 Jan 1900	27 Jul 1975
231	JEAN LUELLA DIXON	11 May 1921	
	Ralph Nye Smith		
2311	ROBERT NYE SMITH	9 Oct 1943	
2312	RODNEY SMITH	25 Mar 1948	
232	JUNE MARY DIXON	11 May 1921	
	George W. Robinson	29 Mar 1915	
2321	STANLEY WAYNE ROBINSON	30 Aug 1946	
	Brenda Marie Brotnov	20 Dec 1949	
2322	JULIE ANN ROBINSON	27 Jul 1951	
	Martin David Neilsen	30 Jan 1951	
23221	RYAN WAYNE NEILSEN	4 Nov 1976	
2323	JON JAY ROBINSON	1 Apr 1959	
233	BARBARA ANN DIXON	16 Oct 1922	
	Jack Alvin Clegg	23 Dec 1920	
2331	MICHAEL S. CLEGG	7 Sep 1953	
2332	BRENT D. CLEGG	10 Jan 1956	
23	STANLEY LEWIS DIXON	3 Mar 1895	6 Apr 1947
	Maureen Welker	1 Feb 1909	
234	DIXIE BETH DIXON	4 Mar 1933	13 Oct 1937
235	DE GREY LEROY DIXON	4 Jun 1935	
	Kay Darlene Dix	5 Apr 1938	
2351	DALE LEE DIXON	22 Apr 1960	
2352	BARBARA MAUREEN DIXON	14 Dec 1963	
2353	MICHAEL KENT DIXON	3 Jun 1968	
2354	MARK DE GREY DIXON	22 Oct 1970	
236	STANLEY LEWIS DIXON, Jr.	24 Sep 1938	
	Judith Louise Russ	8 Sep 1938	
2361	SHANNON DE GREY DIXON	5 Apr 1965	
2362	MEGAN DIXON	11 Jun 1966	
2363	RYAN PATRICK DIXON	21 Aug 1968	
2364	BRENNAN RUSS DIXON	29 May 1972	
237	LINDA DIXON	4 Mar 1940	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
2	JOHN DEGREY DIXON	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
	Sarah Ann Lewis	23 Apr 1868	23 Oct 1951
24	RULON STERLING DIXON	9 Sep 1898	27 Oct 1965
	Erma Murdock	5 Jul 1904	
241	JAMES R. DIXON	22 Jun 1929	
	Suzanne Eyring	20 Feb 1931	
2411	MARK EYRING DIXON	28 Mar 1954	
2412	DIANE DIXON	1 Aug 1957	
242	JOSEPH M. DIXON	12 Feb 1932	
	Carleen May Dyer	30 Sep 1939	
2421	CHRISTOPHER DYER DIXON	12 Aug 1967	
2422	NICOLE NOELLE DIXON	8 Aug 1969	
243	G. MICHAEL DIXON	2 Aug 1937	
	Yvonne Romney	16 Aug 1937	
2431	CATHERINE BRADFORD DIXON	28 Aug 1966	
2432	MICHAEL ROMNEY DIXON	11 Oct 1968	
244	PETER M. DIXON	21 Mar 1945	
	Maria Cristina Puerta	29 Aug 1945	
25	MAUD DIXON	28 Feb 1901	
	Fred L. Markham	3 Jul 1902	
251	JOHN FREDERICK MARKHAM	5 Sep 1928	
	Reeda Bjarnson	18 Jan 1927	
2511	STEVEN JOHN MARKHAM	18 Oct 1951	
	Rosanne Gibson	21 Nov 1955	
25111	BRIAN MARKHAM	23 Nov 1975	
25112	STEPHANIE	8 Aug 1977	
2512	DAVID PAUL MARKHAM	13 Dec 1952	
2513	REED B MARKHAM	14 Feb 1957	
2514	JAMES LEWIS MARKHAM	28 Jul 1959	
2515	ROBERT DIXON MARKHAM	4 Oct 1961	
2516	JAE DANIEL MARKHAM	11 May 1964	
2517	KAYE APRIL MARKHAM	3 Apr 1966	
2518	DOUGLAS FRED MARKHAM	31 May 1968	
252	DIXON JOSEPH MARKHAM	18 Sep 1931	
	Junece Jex	23 Jun 1935	
2521	MICHAEL DIXON MARKHAM	10 May 1957	
2522	KEVIN RICHARD MARKHAM	25 Jul 1958	
	Lisa Dawn Hansen	15 Sep 1959	
2523	MARY ANN MARKHAM	31 Jul 1963	
2524	KARL WILLIAM MARKHAM	4 Mar 1967	
2525	ALLEN LEWIS MARKHAM	26 Apr 1972	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
2	JOHN DEGREY DIXON	16 Jul 1867	4 Oct 1923
	Sarah Ann Lewis	23 Apr 1868	23 Oct 1951
25	MAUD DIXON	28 Feb 1901	
	Fred L. Markham	3 Jul 1902	
253	BARBARA ANN MARKHAM	29 May 1935	
	Weldon Lee Daines	14 Mar 1931	
2531	RICHARD WELDON DAINES	1 Oct 1958	
2532	ANNE ELAINE DAINES	25 May 1960	
2533	RUSSELL LEWIS DAINES	2 Feb 1964	
2534	JOHN THOMAS DAINES	1 May 1968	
254	DIANE LOUISE MARKHAM	28 Jun 1940	
	Gary Stewart	27 Mar 1937	
2541	ELIZABETH ANN STEWART	29 Aug 1963	
2542	EMILY STEWART	27 Feb 1968	
26	LUCIAN DEGREY DIXON	17 Jun 1903	22 Mar 1904
27	GRANT DIXON	30 Mar 1905	18 Dec 1905

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
3	ARTHUR DE GREY DIXON	5 Oct 1869	5 Jun 1911
	Catherine Kezia Morgan	19 Mar 1886	3 Mar 1966
31	RAYMOND LANE DIXON	26 Nov 1918	
	Eva Ruthe Mildenhall	20 May 1918	30 Mar 1973
311	LESLIE DIXON	7 Apr 1943	
	Thomas Ray Hardin	4 Jul 1942	
3111	LESLIE LAYNE HARDIN	1 May 1960	
3112	VERNON SHAYNE HARDIN	17 Dec 1961	
312	MICHAEL LAYNE DIXON	29 Jan 1947	14 Oct 1977
	Glenda Cleveland	2 Apr 1956	
3121	LE ANN LAYNE DIXON	12 May 1978	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
4	ALICE SMITH DIXON	29 Apr 1870	8 Dec 1948
	Jabez W. Dangerfield	17 Apr 1872	26 Sep 1949
41	JABEZ ALDOUS DANGERFIELD	20 Nov 1901	26 Mar 1902
42	ROYDEN J. DANGERFIELD	31 Dec 1902	1 Nov 1969
	Helen Morrison		
421	KAY DANGERFIELD		
	Nunnally		
422	KARREN DANGERFIELD		
	Fisher		
43	AFTON DANGERFIELD	18 May 1904	14 Feb 1905
44	HAROLD D. DANGERFIELD	14 May 1906	
	Florence John	17 Nov 1904	
441	DIANE DANGERFIELD	30 Jan 1930	
	James Bovingdon		
4411	JAMES BOVINGDON	23 Jul 1954	
4412	MICHAEL BOVINGDON	12 Aug 1957	
4413	LYNNE BOVINGDON	16 Feb 1961	
442	CAROLYN DANGERFIELD	3 Mar 1933	
	Edward Lanahan	6 Sep 1931	
4421	SUSAN LANAHAN	29 Apr 1956	
	Rodger Bowers	1 Mar 1954	26 Sep 1978
4422	MELISSA LANAHAN	18 Dec 1958	
4423	AMY LANAHAN	21 Jan 1961	
	Gerald Ejovec	17 Apr 1957	
45	CLIFFORD D. DANGERFIELD	14 May 1906	13 Feb 1973
451	J. WILLIAM DANGERFIELD	7 Apr 1940	
	Patricia Ellen McEwen	20 May 1941	
4511	J. WILLIAM DANGERFIELD, Jr.	1 Mar 1973	
4512	STEPHANIE DEANNE DANGERFIELD	26 May 1975	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
4	ALICE SMITH DIXON	29 Apr 1870	8 Dec 1948
	Jabez W. Dangerfield	17 Apr 1872	26 Sep 1949
46	GRACE DANGERFIELD	10 Sep 1910	
	Curtis P. Harding	1 Jun 1910	
461	MIRIAM HARDING	8 Apr 1939	
	Glen Waterman	18 Apr 1939	
4611	DAVID GLEN WATERMAN	26 Sep 1965	
4612	MICHAEL CURTIS WATERMAN	2 Dec 1967	
4613	BRADLEY JAMES WATERMAN	7 Jan 1974	
462	JUDY ANN HARDING	3 Dec 1941	
	Lorin K. Pugh	24 Jul 1941	
4621	SCOTT CHRISTOPHER PUGH	5 Jan 1968	
4622	KEVIN JAMES PUGH	23 Oct 1969	
4623	BRIAN CURTIS PUGH	27 Nov 1972	
4624	JASON RICHARD PUGH	26 Jan 1976	
47	DONNA MAE DANGERFIELD	11 Sep 1911	15 Mar 1912

	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
5	SARAH ANN DIXON	7 Dec 1871	26 Dec 1950
	Alexander Collie McConachie	8 Oct 1863	16 Jan 1938
51	DONALD MC CONACHIE	16 Aug 1898	4 Mar 1902
52	NANCY SHEARSMITH MC CONACHIE	7 Oct 1902	
	Anthon G. Armstrong	24 Jan 1911	
521	MARY DORIS ARMSTRONG	2 Jan 1945	2 Jan 1945

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
	Arthur N. Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sep 1935
61	ARTHUR DIXON TAYLOR	4 Oct 1895	20 Jul 1979
	Maurine Goodridge	2 Nov 1899	
611	ELAYNE TAYLOR	12 Jun 1922	
	Grant A. Fisher	8 Jun 1919	
6111	TERRI FISHER	27 May 1950	
	Lawrence Jeremy Jensen	17 Jan 1950	
61111	JENNIFER MAURINE JENSEN	29 Dec 1977	
6112	JEFFREY TAYLOR FISHER	24 May 1952	
	Donnette Morrison	18 Oct 1953	
61121	HILLARY FISHER	20 Dec 1978	
6113	KATHY FISHER	12 Apr 1955	
	Paul H. Duncan	10 Dec 1956	
61131	MEGAN DUNCAN	15 Jul 1979	
612	KENT G. TAYLOR	5 Dec 1925	
613	NANCY TAYLOR	15 Nov 1927	
	G. Keith Stewart	12 Aug 1928	
6131	BRENT TAYLOR STEWART	6 Mar 1954	
	Karen Gardner	24 Dec 1954	
6132	KIM TAYLOR STEWART	15 Apr 1956	
6133	JAN STEWART	9 Mar 1960	
6134	JON TAYLOR STEWART	25 Dec 1965	
614	DIXIE TAYLOR	9 Mar 1932	
	Boyd M. Frampton	30 Apr 1932	
6141	MARRIANNE FRAMPTON	25 Nov 1956	
	Ned Booth Bushnell	16 Jun 1956	
6142	DAVID TAYLOR FRAMPTON	9 May 1958	
	Keri Ann Wheadon	1 May 1959	
6143	BRUCE TAYLOR FRAMPTON	22 Feb 1960	
	Connie Lynne Bird	11 Dec 1959	
61431	JEREMY TAYLOR FRAMPTON	11 Sep 1978	
6144	SUSAN FRAMPTON	30 Nov 1961	
6145	PAUL TAYLOR FRAMPTON	12 Sep 1964	
6146	ALAN TAYLOR FRAMPTON	22 Dec 1967	
6147	KENT TAYLOR FRAMPTON	25 Sep 1969	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
	Arthur N. Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sep 1935
62	LYNN DIXON TAYLOR	6 May 1898	2 Jul 1967
	Celestia M. Johnson	8 Apr 1903	
621	JOHN ARTHUR TAYLOR	2 Oct 1928	
	Catherine Pearson	24 Dec 1931	
6211	JOHN ARTHUR TAYLOR, Jr.	13 May 1958	
6212	THOMAS TAYLOR	14 Aug 1959	
6213	DAVID PEARSON TAYLOR	21 Jan 1974	
622	JANICE TAYLOR	24 Feb 1931	
	Monte DeGraw	31 Mar 1929	
6221	MICHELE DE GRAW	9 Aug 1956	
6222	DERK TAYLOR DE GRAW	18 Aug 1958	
6223	GREGORY TAYLOR DE GRAW	21 Jul 1962	
6224	NICOLE DE GRAW	25 Jul 1966	
6225	MICHAEL DE GRAW	10 Dec 1979	
623	LYNN ANNE TAYLOR	17 May 1935	
	H. Bryan Richards	18 Mar 1934	
6231	CAROL LYN RICHARDS	29 Apr 1959	
	Kim Wolsey Gregson	10 Jan 1956	
62311	DANIEL KIM GREGSON	23 Jun 1979	
6232	SHARI RICHARDS	28 Nov 1960	
6233	BRYAN TAYLOR RICHARDS	20 Sep 1962	
6234	ROBYN RICHARDS	28 Dec 1965	
6235	HEIDI RICHARDS	3 May 1967	
6236	REBECCA RICHARDS	23 Jul 1970	
6237	JENNY LYNN RICHARDS	8 Nov 1972	
6238	JOHN TAYLOR RICHARDS	20 Jan 1975	
624	KATHRYN DEE TAYLOR	11 Sep 1941	
	Allen Brent Brockbank	25 Apr 1937	
6241	ALLEN BRENT BROCKBANK, Jr.	3 Sep 1964	
6242	ANNE BROCKBANK	4 Jan 1967	
6243	LYNN BROCKBANK (F)	29 Jul 1968	
6244	LAURA BROCKBANK	3 Jul 1970	
6245	REBECCA BROCKBANK	20 Jun 1973	
6246	DIXON TAYLOR BROCKBANK	11 Nov 1975	
6247	MARY KATHRYN BROCKBANK	30 Sep 1977	
625	GEORGE TERRY TAYLOR	13 Sep 1944	
	Debra Sue Wagstaff	12 Mar 1951	
6251	DOUGLAS DIXON TAYLOR	19 May 1972	
6252	DAVID LYNN TAYLOR	1 Dec 1973	
6253	ANNA LISE TAYLOR	21 Mar 1977	
6254	ALLEN CRAIG TAYLOR	9 Feb 1979	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
	Arthur N. Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sep 1935
63	ELTON LEROY TAYLOR	22 Jun 1900	
	Ethel L. Scott	13 Jul 1904	
631	JULIA TAYLOR	30 Aug 1927	
	Kenneth R. Anderson	2 Feb 1924	
6311	KRISTINE ANDERSON	25 May 1952	
	Phillip Bench Bandley	8 Feb 1953	
63111	JEREMIAH PHILLIP BANDLEY	27 Jun 1977	
6312	SCOTT TAYLOR ANDERSON	30 Mar 1954	
	Annette Buffo	27 Mar 1958	
63121	MANDI ALESE ANDERSON	26 Jan 1979	
6313	KENNEN ANDERSON	11 Apr 1958	
	Fred Bandley	2 Jul 1957	
63131	NICHOLAS EDWARD BANDLEY	18 Mar 1978	
6314	JED TAYLOR ANDERSON	1 May 1960	
632	JAMES SCOTT TAYLOR	10 Mar 1930	
	Deanna Kay Hoen	8 May 1940	
6321	JAMES HOEN TAYLOR	3 Dec 1960	
6322	SCOTT HOEN TAYLOR	15 Oct 1962	
6323	TERI TAYLOR	16 May 1964	
6324	KATHY TAYLOR	12 Nov 1965	
6325	DAVID HOEN TAYLOR	11 May 1967	13 May 1967
6326	JULIE TAYLOR	26 May 1969	
6327	STEVEN HOEN TAYLOR	8 Feb 1971	
6328	THOMAS HOEN TAYLOR	7 Apr 1973	
6329	KENT HOEN TAYLOR	29 Nov 1974	2 Dec 1974
632.10	SUSAN TAYLOR	3 Sep 1976	
632.11	ANNA TAYLOR	6 Oct 1978	
633	PAUL SCOTT TAYLOR	7 Jul 1933	
	Nancy Lee Tanner	30 Aug 1937	
6331	DIANE TAYLOR	27 Jun 1939	
	Scott Linn Hodson	4 Feb 1959	
63311	LANE TAYLOR HODSON	11 Sep 1978	
6332	WAYNE TANNER TAYLOR	27 May 1960	
6333	JOHN TANNER TAYLOR	18 Jul 1963	
6334	PAUL SCOTT TAYLOR, Jr.	25 Jul 1973	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
	Arthur N. Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sep 1935
63	ELTON LEROY TAYLOR	22 Jun 1900	
	Ethel L. Scott	13 Jul 1904	
634	LOUISE TAYLOR	1 Aug 1938	
	Clifford A. Woodruff	11 Dec 1937	
6341	SHELLY K. WOODRUFF	14 May 1958	
	John Craig	26 Dec 1957	
6342	BECKY LYNN WOODRUFF	11 Nov 1959	
	David Wood	19 Dec 1958	
63421	JENIFER LYNN WOOD	12 Nov 1977	
63422	TREVOR MARTIN WOOD	6 Apr 1979	
6343	BARRY CLIFFORD WOODRUFF	3 Mar 1962	
6344	RUSSELL ELTON WOODRUFF	21 Nov 1963	
6345	TAYLOR JARVIS WOODRUFF	30 Mar 1971	
6346	WENDY LOUISE WOODRUFF	13 Jun 1975	
64	HENRY DIXON TAYLOR	22 Nov 1903	
	Alta Hansen	17 Dec 1905	6 Jul 1967
641	HENRY DIXON TAYLOR, Jr.	27 Feb 1931	
	Colette Green	13 Apr 1933	
6411	HENRY DIXON TAYLOR III	14 Apr 1956	
	Denise Meshinski	28 Mar 1957	
64111	RACHEL TAYLOR	2 Aug 1977	
6412	THOMAS GREEN TAYLOR	10 Sep 1957	
6413	BRADFORD GREEN TAYLOR	8 Apr 1960	
6414	AMY TAYLOR	22 Sep 1961	
6415	GEORGE GREEN TAYLOR	3 Jun 1964	
6416	NICOLE TAYLOR	12 Nov 1965	
6417	BRIGHAM GREEN TAYLOR	8 Apr 1967	
6418	MEGAN TAYLOR	5 Apr 1969	
642	ANTHONY HANSEN TAYLOR	4 Apr 1935	
643	STEPHEN KROGE TAYLOR	6 Jan 1942	
	Lorna Bird	16 Feb 1947	
6431	STEPHEN KROGE TAYLOR, Jr.	15 May 1972	
6432	WILLIAM OLIVER TAYLOR	11 Mar 1974	
6433	AMELIA KATHARINE TAYLOR	12 Nov 1977	
644	DAVID ARTHUR TAYLOR	27 Mar 1946	
	Kristine Boynton	29 Oct 1952	
6441	EMILY TAYLOR	2 Aug 1973	
6442	ANNA TAYLOR	18 Sep 1975	
6443	PHILLIP DAVID TAYLOR	6 Mar 1978	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
	Arthur N. Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sep 1935
65	ALICE LOUISE TAYLOR	18 Nov 1906	
	G. El Roy Nelson	20 Jun 1905	
651	ARTHUR TAYLOR NELSON	22 May 1937	
	Bonnie McKay	22 Feb 1929	
6511	MICHAEL MCKAY NELSON	15 Dec 1966	
6512	JEANNE LOUISE NELSON	3 Jan 1970	
6513	THOMAS TAYLOR NELSON	12 Jan 1971	
652	JOHN CHRISTIAN NELSON	14 Jun 1940	
	Mary Lynne Sanders	9 Feb 1942	
6521	CHRISTINE NELSON	28 Aug 1966	
6522	DAVID CHRISTIAN NELSON	23 Oct 1968	
6523	CATHERINE LOUISE NELSON	18 Nov 1973	
6524	MATTHEW JOHN NELSON	7 Jul 1976	
6525	STEVEN SHARP NELSON	5 Jul 1977	
653	CHRISTINA LOUISE NELSON	18 May 1943	
	Ronald W. Preston	4 Nov 1942	
6531	SUZANNA PRESTON	15 May 1969	
6532	TREVOR JORGE PRESTON	3 Jun 1972	
6533	ELIZABETH PRESTON	16 Aug 1979	
654	HENRY ALDOUS NELSON	28 Apr 1946	
	Kristy Stewart	26 Jul 1949	
6541	REBECCA NELSON	9 Apr 1971	
6542	ANNIE NELSON	9 Aug 1973	
6543	SCOTT ALDOUS NELSON	29 Jun 1975	
6544	MELISSA NELSON	27 Apr 1977	
6545	ALLISON NELSON	23 Nov 1979	
655	JAMES NICHOLLS NELSON	3 Mar 1950	
	Consuelo Marquez	9 Aug 1946	
6551	SARAH JANE NELSON	21 Jun 1979	
66	CLARENCE DIXON TAYLOR	11 May 1909	
67	ORSON KENNETH TAYLOR	3 Nov 1913	31 Oct 1940
	Ethelyn Peterson	2 Dec 1914	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
6	MARIA LOUISE DIXON	5 Jan 1872	17 Feb 1947
	Arthur N. Taylor	2 Nov 1870	10 Sep 1935
68	RUTH ELAINE TAYLOR	20 Mar 1917	
	Fred Dixon Kartchner	6 Dec 1914	16 Mar 1980
681	LINDA KARTCHNER	23 Apr 1943	
	Steven L. Tyler	17 Feb 1943	
6811	MICHAEL TYLER	8 Dec 1968	
6812	DANIEL KARTCHNER TYLER	15 Jan 1970	
6813	JENNILYN TYLER	7 Jan 1972	
6814	RUTH ANN TYLER	16 Nov 1976	
682	KENNETH TAYLOR KARTCHNER	11 Dec 1944	
	MariAnne Allene Davis	12 Jun 1944	
6821	DREW KARTCHNER	5 May 1971	
6822	HEATHER KARTCHNER	27 Oct 1972	
6823	ROBIN KARTCHNER	27 Nov 1974	
6824	NATHAN KARTCHNER	14 Jul 1976	
683	ELAINE KARTCHNER	26 Jun 1947	21 Oct 1947
684	ELLEN KARTCHNER	13 Oct 1948	
	Rand Glen Farrer	12 Jul 1947	
6841	DAVID GLEN FARRER	14 Nov 1975	
685	RICHARD TAYLOR KARTCHNER	7 Apr 1950	
	Kathryn Andersen	21 Sep 1952	
6851	MARK ANDERSEN KARTCHNER	20 Feb 1974	
6852	KERIANNE KARTCHNER	19 Jul 1975	
6853	TAYLOR ANDERSEN KARTCHNER	21 Sep 1976	
6854	KELLI KARTCHNER	8 Jun 1978	
686	DAVID TAYLOR KARTCHNER	3 Apr 1951	
	Karen Renee Nelson	15 Mar 1952	
6861	JEFFREY NELSON KARTCHNER	6 Apr 1976	
6862	BENJAMIN NELSON KARTCHNER	8 Apr 1978	
687	ROSENA LOUISE KARTCHNER	14 Jul 1952	
	Alan Perry Heal	28 Nov 1950	
6871	MARIA ANN HEAL	27 Nov 1976	
6872	AMY LOUISE HEAL	22 Sep 1978	
688	MARY ANN KARTCHNER	27 Nov 1958	
	Steven Lane Warner	8 May 1956	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
7	WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON	21 Apr 1873	22 Jun 1937
	Harriet Hands	25 May 1874	10 Oct 1973
71	WILLIAM HANDS DIXON	22 May 1906	22 May 1906
72	VESTA DIXON	10 Jun 1907	
	Albert Warren Booth	22 Jan 1905	
721	GORDON DIXON BOOTH	16 Feb 1936	
	June Phoebe Erskine	7 Jan 1938	
7211	GORDON DAVID BOOTH	1 Feb 1961	
7212	CATHERINE BOOTH	8 Aug 1962	
7213	STEPHEN M. BOOTH	24 Feb 1963	
7214	CYNTHIA BOOTH	23 Sep 1968	
7215	MICHAEL THOMAS BOOTH	14 Jan 1974	
7216	CHRISTIANNE BOOTH	1 Apr 1976	
722	GARY LYNN BOOTH	4 Jun 1944	
	Sherry Ann Gaudio	10 Dec 1946	
7221	WARREN LYNN BOOTH	15 Aug 1963	
7222	GREGORY BOOTH	24 Nov 1966	
722	GARY LYNN BOOTH	4 Jun 1944	
	Tawn Lee	21 Sep 1948	
7223	GARY LEE BOOTH	2 May 1973	
722	GARY LYNN BOOTH	4 Jun 1944	
	Carrie Hendricksen	26 Jun 1950	
73	GLEN HANDS DIXON	5 Nov 1908	20 Jan 1965
	Elva Ellen Schemensky	28 Dec 1912	
731	MAX GLEN DIXON	7 Sep 1931	
	Ina Mae Woolsey	21 Jan 1934	
7311	TERRI MAE DIXON	16 Apr 1954	
	Kurt R. Vaksinick	20 Jul 1953	
73111	RUDOLPH KURT VAKSINICK	13 Jan 1973	
73112	APRIL ANN VAKSINICK	17 Mar 1975	
7312	CINDI MARLENE DIXON	16 May 1957	
	Rodney Kay Roberts	9 Aug 1955	
73121	RODNEY JORY ROBERTS	7 Jul 1979	
7313	LORI JEAN DIXON	7 Feb 1959	
7314	BRET GLEN DIXON	6 Sep 1960	
7315	STACY LYNN DIXON	10 Jun 1964	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
7	WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON	21 Apr 1873	22 Jun 1937
	Harriet Hands	25 May 1874	10 Oct 1973
732	SHIRLEY MAE DIXON	12 Sep 1935	
	Harold Keith Davis	23 Sep 1936	
7321	MICKI DAVIS	10 May 1960	
	Larry Ronald Johnson	19 Nov 1957	
73211	JASON LARRY JOHNSON	26 Aug 1975	
73212	LACY ANN JOHNSON	14 Dec 1977	
73213	JOSHUA KEITH JOHNSON	8 Aug 1979	
7322	BECKI DAVIS	11 Sep 1963	
7323	GLEN HAROLD DAVIS	17 Jul 1965	
7324	AMY ELLEN DAVIS	18 Jul 1969	
7325	JILL ANN DAVIS	7 Jun 1971	
733	ELVA JEAN DIXON	6 May 1940	
	Kenneth Lee Elliott	3 Dec 1936	
7331	KELLE JEAN ELLIOTT	20 Sep 1960	
	Wesley Taylor Witte	20 Nov 1957	
73311	CRYSTAL STAR WITTE	28 Jan 1978	
7332	KERI LEE ELLIOTT	13 Aug 1961	
7333	SHANE D. ELLIOTT	26 Dec 1968	
7334	TRAVIS GUNNER ELLIOTT	19 Aug 1972	
734	WILLIAM FRANK DIXON	4 Aug 1944	
	Karen McClellan	21 Oct 1947	
7341	TIMOTHY HUGH DIXON	13 Sep 1968	
7342	TODD WILLIAM DIXON	13 Sep 1968	
7343	LISA ANN DIXON	29 Jun 1971	
7344	CHERILYN JO DIXON	23 Sep 1972	
735	RICHARD S. DIXON	9 Dec 1946	
	Sherry Lynn Pyper	27 May 1949	
7351	DARIN RICHARD DIXON	22 Jan 1971	
7352	RYAN GLEN DIXON	10 Jul 1973	
7353	ANGIE LYNN DIXON	30 May 1975	
7354	KRISTIN ANN DIXON	19 Feb 1979	
74	MARY DIXON	23 Jan 1911	
	Hyrum Aikele	2 Jun 1912	
741	HYRUM D. AIKELE	21 Mar 1938	21 Mar 1938
742	WILLIAM EUGENE AIKELE	28 Feb 1941	
	Irene Svenssen	2 Jun 1944	
7421	ERIK ALLEN AIKELE	2 Sep 1965	
7422	SHAUNTY MAJA AIKELE	14 May 1969	
743	BONNIE ANN AIKELE	30 Jan 1944	28 Apr 1973
	Clayton J. Cornish, Jr.	19 Feb 1943	19 Dec 1968
7431	REBECCA LYNN CORNISH	20 Mar 1964	
7432	ASHLIE MELISSA CORNISH	28 Jun 1967	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
7	WILLIAM ALDOUS DIXON	21 Apr 1873	22 Jun 1937
	Harriet Hands	25 May 1874	10 Oct 1973
75	HARRIET FAYE DIXON	1 Apr 1913	
	Erling T. Bjorklund	12 Apr 1914	
751	ROBERT GARY BJORKLUND	16 Apr 1938	
	Pat Nicholes	27 Sep 1940	
7511	CINDY BJORKLUND	25 Sep 1960	
7512	DEBBIE BJORKLUND	4 Dec 1962	
7513	BOBBI JOAN BJORKLUND	22 Aug 1967	
752	BARBARA GAIL BJORKLUND	24 Feb 1941	
	Tom Meyers	1 Sep 1939	
7521	KENNETH MEYERS	9 Oct 1962	
7522	THOMAS CRAIG MEYERS	16 Dec 1966	
753	GLORIA FAYE BJORKLUND	30 Mar 1943	
	Clayton Nichols	23 May 1943	
7531	JULIE NICHOLS	8 Dec 1961	
7532	SHERRIE NICHOLS	10 Jan 1964	
7533	TINA NICHOLS	28 Feb 1966	
7534	ROBERTA ANN NICHOLS	28 Jan 1967	
754	JANET MARIE BJORKLUND	10 Dec 1945	
	Manuel H. Machado	24 Dec 1945	
7541	RODNEY WAYNE MACHADO	10 Jun 1967	
7542	KIMBERLY ANN MACHADO	12 Oct 1969	
755	RICHARD ERLING BJORKLUND	1 Jul 1947	
	Diane Bjorklund	8 Nov 1947	
7551	DEENA BJORKLUND	29 Oct 1967	
76	GEORGE S. DIXON	27 Sep 1915	
	Veon Collings	30 Dec 1914	
761	CONSTANCE LEE DIXON	22 Jul 1942	
	Eddie Karawowski		
7611	SCOTT EDWARD KARWOWSKI	29 Mar 1967	
	David Lee Rich	9 Oct 1946	
7612	DARRIN LEE RICH	12 Jan 1971	
762	ROBERT GEORGE DIXON	27 Jul 1944	
	Judy Gayle Wood	19 Nov 1948	
7621	JEREMY MATTHEW DIXON	21 Feb 1971	
763	SHIREL FERRIS DIXON	2 Mar 1935	
	Evelyn Rose		6 Mar 1966
	Alberta Mae	18 Mar 1934	
7631	LEE ANDREW DIXON	10 Apr 1962	
7632	TIMOTHY PAUL DIXON	11 May 1964	
7633	WAYNE DANIEL DIXON	27 Nov 1969	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
8	ERNEST DE GREY DIXON	22 Dec 1873	15 June 1938
	Mary Ann Painter	14 Sep 1875	23 Apr 1954
81	ERMA MAE DIXON	10 Sep 1900	
	Arnold Boshard	22 May 1898	
811	DEAN DIXON BOSHARD	5 Mar 1923	
	Norma Heatherly	28 Feb 1923	
8111	NORMAN DEAN BOSHARD	23 Dec 1948	
	Dianne Nelson	21 Sep 1950	
81111	CLIFFORD DEAN BOSHARD	4 May 1976	
81112	DALLAS NELSON BOSHARD	28 Jun 1978	
8112	BEVERLY ANN BOSHARD	23 Mar 1952	
	Alan Blaine Wakefield	8 Oct 1952	
81121	LORI ANN WAKEFIELD	18 May 1971	
81122	MICHELLE WAKEFIELD	7 May 1974	
81123	SCOTT WAKEFIELD	17 Feb 1976	
8113	ARNOLD VON HOLLEN BOSHARD	24 Aug 1956	
	Andrea Stubbs	30 Jul 1959	
812	ARNOLD BLISS BOSHARD	8 Jan 1929	
	Glenna Rae Edwards	29 Oct 1930	
8121	CARY BLISS BOSHARD	30 Sep 1952	
	Eileen Boswell	14 Nov 1956	
81211	JESSICA ANN BOSHARD	10 Jan 1977	
81212	KELLY BOSHARD	8 Jun 1978	
8122	STEVEN ALLAN BOSHARD	6 Jul 1956	
8123	GINA BOSHARD	24 Nov 1961	
82	LEAH LILLIAN DIXON	18 May 1903	2 Apr 1978
	Mayo Alton Ford	4 Mar 1906	
821	MARILYN MAE FORD	29 Sep 1926	
	Edwin Van Dyke Simmons	6 Aug 1923	
8211	WENDY LEE SIMMONS	6 May 1951	
	Robert William Tegeder	18 Jun 1951	
82111	ANDREW ROBERT TEGEDER	11 Jan 1978	
82112	TROY DIXON TEGEDER	21 Sep 1979	
8212	LORI JEAN SIMMONS	30 Jun 1953	
	Willard Gean Decker	24 Jun 1951	
82121	CHRISTOPHER GEAN DECKER	9 Sep 1976	
82122	BROOKE DECKER	14 Nov 1978	
8213	DAVID EDWIN SIMMONS	17 Oct 1954	
	Terrie Lee Brewer	16 Dec 1955	
82131	ADAM DAVID SIMMONS	28 Apr 1979	
8214	TIMOTHY FORD SIMMONS	24 Jul 1959	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
8	ERNEST DE GREY DIXON	22 Dec 1873	15 Jun 1938
	Mary Ann Painter	14 Sep 1875	23 Apr 1954
822	LOIS AMBER FORD	25 Nov 1928	
	Rex Bigelow	6 Aug 1931	
8221	BRENT R. BIGELOW	15 Jul 1948	
	Carol Ann Sutton	31 Jan 1951	
82211	BRANDIE LEE BIGELOW	8 Jul 1973	
82212	CODY REX BIGELOW	5 Sep 1974	
8222	ELAINE BIGELOW	21 Sep 1952	
	Steven Ted Nicol	6 Jul 1956	
82221	STEPHANIE NICOL	22 Jul 1969	
82222	JALAYNE NICOL	23 Jul 1970	
8222	ELAINE BIGELOW	21 Sep 1952	
	Kenneth Boyd Martinez	17 Aug 1950	
82223	TRAVIS KEN MARTINEZ	27 Dec 1973	
82224	JASON DALE MARTINEZ	10 Dec 1976	
8223	GLEN M. BIGELOW	5 Dec 1955	
	Vickie Lee Davis	1 Dec 1958	
82231	CAMILLE BIGELOW	22 Apr 1974	24 Apr 1974
82232	LESLIE AMBER BIGELOW	15 Jan 1977	
8224	CINDY BIGELOW	4 Feb 1958	
	Robert Michael Gunter	26 Jan 1954	
82241	JEREMIAH MICHAEL GUNTER	21 Jan 1976	
82242	GALE TEX GUNTER	8 Nov 1977	
8225	AMBER BIGELOW	26 May 1962	
823	DIXON ALTON FORD	30 Jul 1932	
	Anginita Maria Van Derbeck	26 Jan 1936	
8231	KATHLEEN FORD	9 Feb 1958	
8232	DALE FORD	13 Sep 1960	
8233	CYNTHIA FORD	16 Dec 1961	
8234	STEVEN MATHEW FORD	4 Jun 1969	
8235	MARIANNE FORD	1 Jun 1971	
824	JANICE ANN FORD	26 Jul 1934	
	John Theodore Neerings	24 Apr 1919	
8241	JILL NEERINGS	9 Jul 1958	
8242	TROY NEERINGS	14 Feb 1960	
8243	SHELIA NEERINGS	17 Nov 1961	
8244	LISA NEERINGS	17 Nov 1963	
83	ERNEST ARNOLD DIXON	25 Apr 1906	26 Jan 1915

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
8	ERNEST DE GREY DIXON	22 Dec 1873	15 Jun 1938
	Mary Ann Painter	14 Sep 1875	23 Apr 1954
84	VERL GRANT DIXON	26 Nov 1908	
	Adryne Hodson	11 Aug 1921	28 Jun 1945
841	LINDA DIXON	22 Jun 1944	
	Gary T. Rose	14 Nov 1940	
8411	ROBERT DIXON ROSE	11 Apr 1961	
8412	CHRISTINE ROSE	4 Feb 1965	
8413	JAMES ROSE	11 Aug 1966	
8414	ADRYNE CATHLENE ROSE	30 Apr 1970	
8415	GARY PAUL ROSE	15 Oct 1971	
84	VERL GRANT DIXON	26 Nov 1908	
	Virginia Poulson	7 Aug 1921	
842	MARY ELLEN DIXON	25 Jan 1960	
843	MERRILL VERL DIXON	31 Jan 1965	
85	RALPH DIXON	16 Sep 1912	9 Feb 1980
	Eva Ruth Ward	30 Jun 1920	
851	MARJORIE JEAN DIXON	22 Jul 1939	
	Robert Reed Boren	8 Nov 1936	
8511	DAVID BOREN	22 Dec 1959	
8512	MICHAEL BOREN	9 Aug 1962	
8513	ELISABETH BOREN	4 Mar 1969	
8514	STEPHEN RALPH BOREN	27 Feb 1973	
852	RALPH STANLEY DIXON	21 Jan 1941	
	Karen Lee Marrott	22 Mar 1943	
8521	ANDREE LYNN DIXON	3 Dec 1965	
8522	GINA LEE DIXON	29 Jan 1969	
8523	MARC STANLEY DIXON	18 Apr 1971	
8524	JOE ERIK DIXON	9 Jun 1973	
853	GERALD ERNEST DIXON	21 Mar 1944	
	Donna Penrod	21 Nov 1943	
8531	TERESA DIXON	9 Jul 1968	
8532	THAL WADE DIXON	16 Nov 1971	
8533	GUY WAYNE DIXON	3 Oct 1973	
8534	KIMBERLY DIXON	16 Dec 1975	
8535	DREW WARD DIXON	23 May 1979	
854	RONALD WARD DIXON	19 Dec 1948	
	Norma Jeanne Allan	27 Jun 1951	
8541	PAMELA JEANNE DIXON	22 Apr 1974	
8542	RONALD JESSE DIXON	4 Aug 1975	
8543	LAURA JOANNE DIXON	20 Sep 1977	
8544	RYAN JAMES DIXON	12 Aug 1979	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
8	ERNEST DE GREY DIXON	22 Dec 1873	15 Jun 1938
	Mary Ann Painter	14 Sep 1875	23 Apr 1954
855	CHERYL ANN DIXON	18 Jan 1952	
	Mark Stanley Becker	10 Jun 1948	
8551	JONATHAN LLOYD BECKER	20 Jun 1973	
8552	BENJAMIN MARK BECKER	13 Feb 1977	
856	SANDRA LEE DIXON	3 Mar 1954	
	Brent Lee Davis	9 May 1945	
8561	JORDAN DANIEL DAVIS	23 Apr 1975	
8562	BRANT COY DAVIS	6 Jul 1979	
86	RONALD DIXON	16 Sep 1912	
	Verneda Jackson	2 Sep 1919	
861	KATHRYN DIXON	15 May 1942	
	Thomas Edward Crowley	16 Jul 1939	
8611	TRENT CROWLEY	2 Dec 1962	14 Dec 1962
8612	COLETTE CROWLEY	7 May 1972	
8613	COLIN THOS. CROWLEY	14 Jul 1977	
862	DEANNA DIXON	6 Jan 1944	
	Steven B. Marshall	16 Apr 1944	
8621	ERIC STEVEN MARSHALL	25 Jan 1969	
8622	ERIN MARSHALL	7 July 1970	
8623	RYAN DIXON MARSHALL	9 May 1973	
8624	TERA CASSANDRA MARSHALL	17 Feb 1976	
8625	AMBER NICOLE MARSHALL	3 Mar 1980	
863	GARY RONALD DIXON	26 Sep 1949	
	Ann Marie Begin	6 Feb 1953	
8631	AMY MARIE DIXON	19 Apr 1978	
864	DORSEY DIXON	7 Nov 1956	
87	EDITH ALICE DIXON	2 Mar 1915	
	Bernard Carl Fallentine	17 Apr 1915	
871	JO ANN FALLENTINE	1 Sep 1937	
	Lynn U. Chidester	6 Aug 1937	
8711	SCOTT CHIDESTER	7 Aug 1963	
8712	BROOK CHIDESTER (f)	1 Dec 1966	
8713	WHITNEY KATE CHIDESTER	6 Feb 1970	
872	CAROLYN FALLENTINE	16 Feb 1940	
	Ralph M. Gilstrap	6 Oct 1936	
8721	CHRISTOPHER GILSTRAP	24 Aug 1965	
8722	MOLLIE GILSTRAP	16 Dec 1968	
873	ROBERT BERNARD FALLENTINE	23 Aug 1942	
	Kathleen Kastrinkas	25 Apr 1946	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
8	ERNEST DE GREY DIXON	22 Dec 1873	15 Jun 1938
87	EDITH ALICE DIXON	2 Mar 1915	
	Bernard Carl Fallentine	17 Apr 1915	
873	ROBERT BERNARD FALLENTINE	23 Aug 1942	
	Annette W. Bean	19 Aug 1947	
8731	DUSTIN CARL FALLENTINE	14 Jul 1979	
874	SUSAN FALLENTINE	8 Dec 1944	
	David R. Flatberg	1 Dec 1946	
8741	JENNY FLATBERG	14 May 1976	
875	MICHAEL DIXON FALLENTINE	3 Jul 1961	

	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
9	ROBERT SMITH DIXON	10 Nov 1874	18 Dec 1874

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
10.	CHARLES OWEN DIXON	22 Nov 1875	3 Mar 1943
	Virginia Elizabeth Beckstead	10 Dec 1886	19 Aug 1922
10.1	VA LERA DIXON	21 Aug 1910	
	Martin C. Ririe	23 Oct 1910	
10.11	DIXON FARRELL RIRIE	2 Apr 1936	
	Monta Mae Morris	12 May 1937	
10.111	STEPHEN DIXON RIRIE	2 Aug 1957	
10.112	SUSAN RIRIE	12 Apr 1960	
10.113	SHARI RIRIE	18 Jul 1965	
10.114	SHELLY RIRIE	26 May 1968	
10.115	SCOTT DAVID RIRIE	28 May 1971	
10.12	RICHARD OWEN RIRIE	23 Nov 1939	
	Larraine Humphries	25 Feb 1948	
10.121	JANEAL RIRIE	24 Mar 1969	
10.122	BRENT RICHARD RIRIE	18 Jun 1971	
10.123	MARK OWEN RIRIE	14 Aug 1973	
10.124	JAREM BOYD RIRIE	8 Oct 1975	
10.125	TAYLOR MARTIN RIRIE	19 Jan 1978	
10.126	MARIAH RIRIE	21 Aug 1979	
10.13	CRAIG MARTIN RIRIE	17 Apr 1943	
	Barbara Warrene Temple	4 Aug 1943	
10.131	PAIGE DIANE RIRIE	4 Apr 1967	
10.132	SETH STEPHEN RIRIE	5 Oct 1970	
10.133	THERON KEITH RIRIE	30 Nov 1971	
10.134	KENDALL ROCHELL RIRIE	19 Jul 1974	
10.14	ANNETTE RIRIE	17 Aug 1945	
	Ronald Morris Turner	27 Aug 1942	
10.141	ROBERT MORRIS TURNER	23 Jun 1965	
10.142	REED MARTIN TURNER	28 Jun 1967	
10.143	RYAN MICHAEL TURNER	29 Apr 1969	
10.144	RHETT MARSHALL TURNER	24 Mar 1972	
10.145	RICK MATHEW TURNER	10 Feb 1979	
10.15	KENT HYRUM RIRIE	24 Mar 1952	
	Margaret Valeer Jolley	16 Jul 1954	
10.151	VALERIE JO RIRIE	30 Nov 1971	
10.152	ADAM KENT RIRIE	27 Aug 1974	
10.2	RUBY DIXON	26 Jul 1912	
	Angus Wayne Cowley	29 Jul 1910	26 Sep 1960
10.21	WAYNE DIXON COWLEY	14 Oct 1938	
	Norma Jean Hadley	30 Mar 1946	
10.211	WENDY COWLEY	15 Jan 1969	
10.212	ROBIN COWLEY	22 May 1972	
10.213	SUSAN COWLEY	17 May 1977	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID. No.		Birth	Death
10.2	RUBY DIXON	26 Jul 1912	
	Angus Wayne Cowley	29 Jul 1910	26 Sep 1960
10.22	SHIRL CURTIS COWLEY	18 Dec 1941	
	Cheryl Janeene Tueller	30 Oct 1946	
10.221	SHERI LYN COWLEY	10 Oct 1971	
10.222	CORBIN TYLER COWLEY	15 Mar 1975	
10.223	WHITNEY ANNE COWLEY	26 Sep 1976	
10.3	STELLA DIXON	26 Jun 1915	
	Frederick Wesley Lewis	6 Jul 1915	
10.31	FREDERICK DIXON LEWIS	1 Apr 1947	
	Patty Kay Stott	19 Nov 1946	
10.311	JASON FREDERICK LEWIS	17 Feb 1970	
10.312	KERRY BRADFORD LEWIS	20 Jul 1971	
10.313	RACHEL LEWIS	29 Sep 1972	
10.314	ERIN LEWIS	24 May 1974	
10.315	JOSHUA DAVID LEWIS	12 Jun 1976	
10.316	JESSICA LEWIS	25 Nov 1978	
10.32	JOHN STEPHEN LEWIS	11 Oct 1949	
10.33	LYNN ANN LEWIS	23 Mar 1952	
	Kenneth E. Dahlberg, Jr.	12 Apr 1952	
10.331	WAYNE KENNETH DAHLBERG	2 Oct 1977	
10.34	SANDRA LEE LEWIS	23 Jul 1954	
10.4	ALICE DELENNA DIXON	18 Nov 1917	
	Robert Bruce Andrews	19 Jul 1917	
10.41	CHARLENE ANDREWS	15 Apr 1949	
	Michael G. Peppinger	3 Apr 1950	
10.411	JOHN ROBERT PEPPINGER	6 May 1975	
10.42	ROBERT DALE ANDREWS	6 Jun 1950	
	Jeanne Katherine Truxal	10 Oct 1954	
10.43	DIXIE LEE ANDREWS	8 Apr 1952	
	Donald Edward Paden		
10.431	PETER JAMES PADEN	17 Feb 1972	20 Sep 1973
10.432	HOPE ELIZABETH PADEN	3 Aug 1973	
10.433	MARK CHRISTOPHER PADEN	30 Oct 1974	
10.434	TIFFANY ANN PADEN	10 Nov 1978	
10.44	JOSEPH DIXON ANDREWS	13 Nov 1954	
10.5	OWEN GEORGE DIXON	28 Mar 1920	
	Florence Janeczko	13 May 1924	
10.51	LARRY OWEN DIXON	12 Sep 1946	
	Shirley Ann Orpen		
10.511	TRAVIS OWEN DIXON	10 Sep 1973	
10.512	GREGORY CHARLES DIXON	17 Oct 1975	
10.52	KEVIN CHARLES DIXON	30 Aug 1948	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
10.6	VIRGINIA DIXON	4 Jun 1922	
	Percy John Schugk	19 Jan 1921	
10.61	DENNIS CHARLES SCHUGK	29 Sep 1945	
	Sharon Kilpatrick	23 Aug 1948	
10.611	BABY SCHUGK		Deceased
10.612	STEFANIE SCHUGK	12 Oct 1970	
10.613	JOHN EDWARD SCHUGK II	10 May 1972	
	Elizabeth Hall Rees	8 May 1948	
10.614	STEPHANIE ANN SCHUGK	18 Apr 1968	
10.615	KRISTY LYNN SCHUGK	24 Apr 1970	
10.616	DAVID CHARLES SCHUGK	13 Dec 1975	
10.617	RICHARD ALFRED SCHUGK	13 Dec 1975	
10.62	SUZETTE SCHUGK	31 Jan 1948	
	Brent Bowles	8 Oct 1944	
10.621	ROBERT JOHN BOWLES	16 Jan 1968	
10.622	BRENT JASON BOWLES	5 Mar 1970	
10.623	JINETTE BOWLES	16 Oct 1972	
10.624	HEATHER BOWLES	15 Oct 1974	
10.625	RYAN DUANE BOWLES	8 Jul 1976	
10.626	VAUGHN JAY BOWLES	14 Feb 1978	
10.63	NANCY SCHUGK	16 Jul 1950	
	Ron Lynn Mendenhall	26 May 1949	
10.631	TROY LYNN MENDENHALL	3 Jun 1968	
10.632	ROCHELLE MENDENHALL	5 Jun 1970	
10.633	PAUL BRANDON MENDENHALL	21 Sep 1971	
10.634	MONICA MENDENHALL	7 Oct 1975	
10.635	JEROMY RON BENDENHALL	13 Jul 1979	
10.64	JUDY SCHUGK	27 Apr 1953	
10.65	SONJIA SCHUGK	19 Dec 1960	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

I.D. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
11.	ALBERT FREDERICK DIXON	31 Mar 1876	18 Aug 1945
	Sena Rasmussen	16 Oct 1885	16 Mar 1944
11.1	HARRY ALBERT DIXON	4 Oct 1910	
	Cecile Clark	1 Aug 1913	
11.11	CECILE MARJORIE DIXON	19 Feb 1951	
	Ronald Jay Smith	7 Oct 1945	
11.111	CORY GARNER SMITH	13 Dec 1974	
11.112	KIP DIXON SMITH	22 Oct 1979	
11.2	MILDRED DIXON	17 Jul 1912	
	James Colin Tangren	18 Apr 1913	
11.21	SHARON LYNN TANGREN	21 May 1945	
	James Lawrence Beyers	30 Mar 1945	
11.211	MARISSA SUZANNE BEYERS	27 Oct 1973	
11.212	JOHANNA BEYERS	3 Jul 1975	
11.213	KATHERINE NORMA BEYERS	24 Aug 1977	
11.22	NANCY ANN TANGREN	31 Jan 1947	
	James Eric Ford	4 Nov 1943	
11.221	CIMONY ANNA FORD	18 Oct 1974	
11.222	CAMBRIC EMMA FORD	10 Jun 1976	
11.223	DAVID MENTON FORD	18 Aug 1978	
11.23	JAMES DIXON TANGREN	20 May 1948	
11.3	CLIFTON R. DIXON	11 Mar 1914	25 Mar 1914
11.4	ELMO ARTHUR DIXON	24 Feb 1916	14 Mar 1917
11.5	NORMA DIXON	6 May 1918	20 Sep 1956
	Richard Graham Jess	11 Dec	
11.51	BARBARA ANN JESS	30 Sept 1953	
11.52	RICHARD STEVEN JESS	18 Sept 1955	
11.6	VERA DIXON	22 Feb 1920	11 Apr 1958
	Dean Albert Anderson		
11.61	CAROL LESLIE ANDERSON	28 Jan 1947	
	William E. Hipp		
11.611	DANIEL EDWARD HIPP	22 Jan 1970	
11.612	ROBERT DEAN HIPP	3 Jan 1972	
11.62	MICHAEL ALBERT ANDERSON	23 Jun 1949	
11.7	RUTH DIXON	23 Jan 1922	21 Mar 1923
11.8	BABY DIXON	22 May 1924	22 May 1924

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

I.D. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
11.	ALBERT FREDERICK DIXON	31 Mar 1876	18 Aug 1945
	Sena Rasmussen	16 Oct 1885	16 Mar 1944
11.9	MELVIN R. DIXON	22 Oct 1925	
	Carol Collard	21 Oct 1926	
11.91	LINDA KAY DIXON	30 Jun 1948	
	Francesco Mariotti	15 Sep 1941	
11.911	SARAH KATE MARIOTTI	16 Mar 1975	
11.912	AMANDA JAMIE MARIOTTI	25 Aug 1976	
11.92	SUSAN DIXON	19 Oct 1949	
	Kenneth Brent Adams	5 Aug 1950	
11.921	KENNETH DIXON ADAMS	31 Dec 1975	
11.922	LAURA ANN ADAMS	4 Jun 1977	
11.93	DEBORAH DIXON	8 Aug 1952	
11.94	DAVID HARRY DIXON	10 Mar 1959	
	Bonnie Kay Howell	23 Sep 1959	
11.941	JENNIFER KAY DIXON	13 Jul 1977	
11.95	AMY LYNNE DIXON	2 Dec 1960	
11.96	EMILY ANN DIXON	6 Oct 1969	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
12	WALTER DEGREY DIXON	15 Nov 1877	26 Nov 1921
	Luthenia (Louie) Maiben	30 Jan 1878	19 Apr 1964
12.1	RHEA LUTHENIA DIXON	21 Aug 1901	
	Fenton W. Reeve	29 Aug 1899	3 Sep 1976
12.11	RUTH REEVE	27 Jun 1929	
	Howard D. Lowe	11 Apr 1923	
12.111	KEVIN HOWARD LOWE	23 Mar 1953	
	Shauna Renee Johnson	2 Mar 1953	
12.1111	JULIE RENEE LOWE	21 Jan 1976	
12.1112	BRENDA LISA LOWE	16 Feb 1978	
12.112	LYNDA ANN LOWE	30 Mar 1955	
	David Gary Weaver	11 Oct 1956	
12.1121	DUSTIN DAVID WEAVER	29 Aug 1979	
12.113	DAVID JORDAN LOWE	20 Feb 1957	
12.114	KENTON ALAN LOWE	10 May 1959	
12.115	MARK DOUGLAS LOWE	22 Jul 1963	
12.2	FRED WALTER DIXON	30 Jul 1904	
	Helen Chipman	21 Sep 1902	
12.21	MARY LOU DIXON	16 May 1924	
	Floyd R. Taylor	24 Apr 1918	
12.211	COLLEEN TAYLOR	12 Apr 1950	
	Steven Thomas Densley	21 Feb 1947	
12.2111	STEVEN TRAVIS DENSLEY	16 Feb 1970	
12.2112	TIFFANY LYNN DENSLEY	2 Oct 1971	
12.2113	LONDON THOMAS DENSLEY	12 Apr 1974	
12.2114	MARIANNE DENSLEY	28 Nov 1975	
12.2115	WENDY DENSLEY	29 Jun 1977	
12.2116	LOGAN TAYLOR DENSLEY	17 Apr 1979	
12.212	DOUGLAS DIXON TAYLOR	6 Apr 1953	
	Lori Dunford	10 May 1955	
12.2121	CORI LYNN TAYLOR	26 Feb 1973	
12.2122	STACEY LEE TAYLOR	3 Sep 1975	
12.213	RICHARD FLOYD TAYLOR	23 Nov 1954	
	Diane Taylor	12 Aug 1956	
12.2131	SCOTT RICHARDSON TAYLOR	20 Mar 1978	
12.2132	LESLIE ANN TAYLOR	6 Oct 1979	
12.214	JULIE ANN TAYLOR	24 Jan 1956	
	Travis Moosman	17 Apr 1956	
12.2141	RYAN TRAVIS MOOSMAN	15 May 1976	
12.2142	ERIC TAYLOR MOOSMAN	6 Jan 1978	
12.2143	MELISSA ANN MOOSMAN	24 Mar 1980	
12.215	LISA JEANNE TAYLOR	11 Aug 1959	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
12.	WALTER DEGREY DIXON	15 Nov 1877	26 Nov 1921
	Luthenia (Louie) Maiben	30 Jan 1878	19 Apr 1964
12.22	FRED CHIPMAN DIXON	18 Jun 1932	
	Patricia Donahue	21 Sep 1935	
12.221	MICHELLE JO DIXON	11 Apr 1958	
	Mathew Gregg	4 Oct 1957	
12.222	CYNTHIA SUE DIXON	13 May 1960	
	Richard F. Gibbs	25 Feb 1958	
12.223	LISA KAY DIXON	2 Jul 1961	
12.224	JULIE ANNE DIXON	5 Dec 1967	
12.23	RICHARD DIXON	28 Apr 1936	
	Deanne Peterson	13 Nov 1938	
12.231	BRENDA DIXON	2 Jun 1960	
	Dal Hills	18 Aug 1958	
12.232	MICHAEL DIXON	16 Jan 1963	
12.233	DANIEL PETERSON DIXON	5 Oct 1969	
12.23	RICHARD DIXON	28 Apr 1936	
	Judy Williams	9 Apr 1945	
12.24	DAVID CHIPMAN DIXON	20 Oct 1944	
	Patricia Stewart	27 Nov 1943	
12.241	AUDRA DIXON	18 Aug 1972	
12.242	ASHLEY DIXON	22 Jul 1975	
12.243	DAVID CHIPMAN DIXON, Jr.	20 Sep 1977	
12.3	DONALD MAIBEN DIXON	12 Mar 1907	
	Lettie Vilate Romney	12 Jul 1909	
12.31	DIANE DIXON	7 Mar 1932	
	John Henry Tempest III	26 Jul 1933	
12.311	TERRI LYNN TEMPEST	8 Sep 1955	
	Brooke S. Williams	26 Apr 1952	
12.312	STEPHEN DIXON TEMPEST	24 Dec 1957	
12.313	DANIEL DIXON TEMPEST	18 Feb 1962	
12.314	WILLIAM HENRY TEMPEST	1 Jul 1966	
12.32	DONALD ROMNEY DIXON	18 Nov 1936	
	Diane Scott	4 Jun 1939	
12.321	DEBBIE DIXON	6 Feb 1960	
12.322	SCOTT DIXON	12 Jan 1962	
12.323	MICHELLE DIXON	28 Oct 1966	
12.324	SEAN R. DIXON	5 May 1970	
12.325	KERRY E. DIXON	25 Nov 1974	
12.33	ALAN ROMNEY DIXON	27 Jan 1945	18 Apr 1973

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
12.	WALTER DEGREY DIXON	15 Nov 1877	26 Nov 1921
	Luthenia (Louie) Maiben	30 Jan 1878	19 Apr 1964
12.4	EDNA DIXON	25 Oct 1911	
	Mark Squire Ballif	7 Nov 1906	
12.41	MARK DIXON BALLIF	18 Jun 1932	
	Kay Anderson	23 Apr 1937	
12.411	MICHAEL EDWARD BALLIF	5 May 1953	
	Linda Marie Towers	16 Apr 1954	
12.4111	CHELSEA BALLIF	13 Dec 1979	
12.412	MARK GORDON BALLIF	4 Jan 1955	
	Carolee Christensen	1 Mar 1955	
12.4121	BRITTANY KAY BALLIF	3 Apr 1978	
12.413	JAN BALLIF	22 Jan 1963	
12.42	BARBARA BALLIF	10 Nov 1933	
	Kenneth Olson	23 Mar 1930	
12.421	DAVID KENNETH OLSON WADE	19 Oct 1961	
	Lynne Harris	3 Mar 1963	
12.4211	KRISTALYN WADE	16 Jan 1980	
12.422	PAMELA OLSON WADE	10 Apr 1964	
12.42	BARBARA BALLIF	10 Nov 1933	
	Blaine Wade	4 Feb 1921	
12.423	DANIEL GEORGE WADE	15 Jun 1970	
12.43	SCOTT WALTER BALLIF	9 Dec 1935	
	Sherma Nancy Craven	30 May 1936	
12.431	BECKY JEAN BALLIF	29 Mar 1958	
	Vern J. Garner	12 Feb 1953	
12.4311	SHANE VERN GARNER	8 Jul 1978	
12.432	BRIAN SCOTT BALLIF	26 Jan 1961	
12.433	DEBRA ANN BALLIF	7 Apr 1963	
12.434	BRYCE DIXON BALLIF	23 Dec 1965	
12.5	AMY LAVERN DIXON	2 Jul 1915	
	Doyle R. Larson	9 May 1913	19 Nov 1978
12.51	LARRY O NEAL LARSON	5 Jan 1949	
	Anne Breinholt	1 Oct 1945	
12.511	SUZANNE LARSON	19 Sep 1974	
12.512	STACY JEAN LARSON	29 Aug 1977	
12.513	BARRY O NEAL LARSON	22 Apr 1979	
12.52	MICHAEL DIXON LARSON	18 May 1954	
	Kathy West	13 Oct 1958	
12.521	RYAN MICHAEL LARSON	10 Mar 1979	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
13.	PARLEY SMITH DIXON	9 Jun 1878	30 Jan 1947
	Mary Etola Dangerfield	18 Sep 1877	27 May 1952
13.1	VERNON LEE DIXON	22 May 1904	
	Loleta Wiscomb	12 Jun 1905	
13.11	LOIS DIXON	25 Aug 1924	
	Junius Harold McEwan	14 Aug 1924	
13.111	LYNDA MCEWAN	14 Aug 1945	
	Eldon Ray Morgan	11 Jan 1944	
13.1111	TERI LYN MORGAN	28 Oct 1966	
13.1112	ELDON RAY MORGAN	13 Dec 1967	
13.1113	LISA LA DAWN MORGAN	11 Jul 1970	
13.1114	CHERYL LEE MORGAN	7 Oct 1974	
13.1115	ROBERT ADAM MORGAN	24 Feb 1976	
13.1116	ALLISON KAY MORGAN	26 Apr 1979	
13.1117	AMBER JOY MORGAN	26 Apr 1979	
13.112	JAMES HAROLD MCEWAN	8 Apr 1948	
	Dorcus Rita Fowers	25 Jul 1949	
13.1121	SANDRA LEE MC EWAN	24 Apr 1971	
13.1122	TAMARA LYN MC EWAN	24 Apr 1971	
13.1123	MELISSA ANN MC EWAN	27 Nov 1973	
13.1124	CYNTHIA KAY MC EWAN	5 Sep 1975	
13.1125	RICHARD JAMES MC EWAN	12 Dec 1978	
13.113	ALAN DIXON MC EWAN	16 Oct 1951	
	Debra Lynn Cook	15 Jan 1955	
13.1131	CHRISTINA MC EWAN	10 Jun 1975	10 Jun 1975
13.1132	ALAN DIXON MC EWAN, Jr.	21 Aug 1976	
13.1133	AMANDA KAY MC EWAN	17 May 1978	
13.114	DAVID VERNON MC EWAN	19 Dec 1954	
	Mary Ann Warner	6 Sep 1956	
13.1141	ANDREA LYN MC EWAN	24 Jul 1978	
13.115	GLEN RICHARD NC EWAN	10 Apr 1960	
13.12	VERN LEE DIXON	8 Apr 1929	
	Margaret Anne Simpson	26 May 1924	
13.121	LEE ANN DIXON	24 Aug 1952	
	Thomas Robert Rowley	23 Jun 1953	
* 13.1211	ROBERT LEE ROWLEY	15 Apr 1975	
13.122	PAULINE DIXON	5 Jan 1954	
	Donald Dale Linderman		1976
13.1221	REBECCA LINDERMAN	11 Dec 1973	
13.1222	RANDY LINDERMAN	22 Mar 1975	
* 13.1212	MARIE ROWLEY	26 Nov 1978	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
13.	PARLEY SMITH DIXON	9 Jun 1878	30 Jan 1947
	Mary Etola Dangerfield	18 Sep 1877	27 May 1952
13.122	PAULINE DIXON	5 Jan 1954	
	Thomas C. Wilder	23 Nov 1957	
13.1223	CONNIE WILDER	6 Jan 1978	
13.123	SUZANE DIXON	24 Aug 1955	
	Don Wayne Pulsipher	18 Dec 1951	
13.1231	SHANTEL PULSIPHER	16 Jan 1974	
13.1232	KERRY LEE PULSIPHER	31 Oct 1975	
13.1233	MANDY RAE PULSIPHER	6 Nov 1977	
13.124	SHERLINE DIXON	3 Mar 1957	
	Jerry Leon Mitchell	21 Oct 1954	
13.1241	WENDY SUE MITCHELL	12 May 1975	
13.1242	JANIE LYN MITCHELL	24 Mar 1977	
13.13	CARL WILLIAM DIXON	21 May 1935	
	Gloria Ann Evans	14 May 1937	
13.131	DIANA LYNN DIXON	31 Oct 1959	
13.132	TERESSE KAY DIXON	13 Jun 1961	
13.133	CARL VERN DIXON	30 Aug 1962	
13.13	CARL WILLIAM DIXON	21 May 1935	
	Cleone Rappley Thurber	8 Oct 1934	
13.2	AFTON DIXON	20 Nov 1906	
	Dermont W. Wagstaff	19 Jan 1905	
13.21	DONNA MAE WAGSTAFF	28 Sep 1928	26 Apr 1979
	Jerald Russell Olson	6 Sep 1928	
13.211	DAVID RUSSELL OLSON	21 Nov 1949	
	Judy Mortenson	10 Aug 1951	
13.2111	DANE RUSSELL OLSON	16 Mar 1972	
13.2112	TRINDA LYNN OLSON	25 Aug 1974	
13.2113	MANDY SUE OLSON	16 Feb 1976	
13.2114	TRAVIS PAUL OLSON	12 Dec 1978	
13.212	SHELLY OLSON	19 Nov 1951	
	Gaylen Mel Buckley	29 Jun 1952	
13.2121	MAYKEN DOT BUCKLEY	29 Aug 1974	
13.2122	KIRSTEN MAE BUCKLEY	12 May 1976	
13.2123	TREVOR RUSKEN BUCKLEY	8 Sep 1978	
13.213	STEVEN CRAIG OLSON	20 Dec 1953	
	Jan Hogan	3 Aug 1953	
13.2131	ADAM HOGAN OLSON	9 Dec 1975	
13.2132	KIRK RUSSELL OLSON	30 Aug 1960	
13.214	CORY MONT OLSON	30 Nov 1957	
	Karen Dee Green	12 Apr 1962	
13.215	KURT DIXON OLSON	30 Aug 1960	
13.216	DENISE OLSON	26 Sep 1963	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

	ID No.		Birth	Death
		HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
		Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
	13.	PARLEY SMITH DIXON	9 Jun 1878	30 Jan 1947
		Mary Etola Dangerfield	18 Sep 1877	27 May 1952
	13.22	NORMA JEAN WAGSTAFF	18 Aug 1932	
		Jay Lorus Johnson	14 Aug 1933	
	13.221	LORI JOHNSON	21 Nov 1954	
	13.222	JAY LADD JOHNSON	25 Dec 1955	
		Tammy Jones Sutton	8 Jul 1958	
	13.2221	JAY LEMAR JOHNSON	13 Jun 1978	
	13.223	JERRY DIXON JOHNSON	2 Feb 1957	
		Sandra Jean Linford	14 Mar 1957	
	13.224	LISA JOHNSON	28 Jul 1963	
	13.225	JEFFRY WARREN JOHNSON	24 Feb 1965	
	13.23	GARY MONT WAGSTAFF	5 Dec 1940	
		Jolene Robb	22 Mar 1941	
	13.231	CINDY RAE WAGSTAFF	10 Aug 1964	
	13.232	MARK ALLEN WAGSTAFF	16 Dec 1969	
	13.233	BRENDA ANN WAGSTAFF	22 Feb 1972	
	13.234	STACEY WAGSTAFF	21 Aug 1974	
	13.24	KATHLEEN WAGSTAFF	16 Jan 1945	
		Blaine M. Yorgason	6 Dec 1942	
	13.241	TAMARA LYNN YORGASON	20 Jan 1966	
	13.242	NATHAN YORGASON	26 Apr 1967	
	13.243	STEVEN YORGASON	6 Apr 1968	
	13.244	DAVID TRAVIS YORGASON	12 Feb 1970	
	13.245	DANIEL GAYLE YORGASON	5 Nov 1972	
	13.246	MICHELLE YORGASON	22 Jan 1975	
	13.3	EUGENE PARL DIXON	17 Feb 1909	
		Martha Bernard	27 Jan 1919	1965
	13.31	JAMES EUGENE DIXON	Dec 1945	
	13.4	REED D. DIXON	19 Aug 1911	
		Mary Matilda Hills	13 Jul 1910	
	13.41	REED GARTH DIXON	7 Apr 1933	
		Mary Jane Chattin	9 Aug 1931	
	13.41	REED GARTH DIXON	7 Apr 1933	
		Di Ane McDonald	4 Nov 1933	
	13.411	BRIAN GARTH DIXON	1 Aug 1973	
	13.412	ROBERT REED DIXON	26 Nov 1966	
	13.42	MARY ANN DIXON	14 Nov 1935	
		Darrel W. Olson	13 Apr 1931	
*	13.421	CHRISTINE OLSON	1 Dec 1960	
	13.423	ROBERT REED OLSON	19 Nov 1962	
	13.424	DENISE LEONA OLSON	8 Nov 1966	
	13.425	STEPHEN JEFFERY OLSON	21 Dec 1967	
	13.426	VICKI OLSON	27 Jul 1970	27 Jul 1970
*	13.422	JAMES DARREL OLSON	5 Sep 1961	6 Sep 1961

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
13.	PARLEY SMITH DIXON	9 Jun 1878	30 Jan 1947
	Mary Etola Dangerfield	18 Sep 1877	27 May 1952
13.43	SHERRIE LILLIE DIXON	3 Dec 1941	
	Richard M. Austin	21 Jul 1934	
13.431	SHAUNA DEE AUSTIN	13 Jul 1961	
13.432	SANDRA KAY AUSTIN	15 Feb 1963	
13.433	MICHAEL REED AUSTIN	9 Jan 1966	
13.434	RICHARD SCOTT AUSTIN	1 Jan 1967	
13.435	JULIE ANN AUSTIN	23 Jul 1970	
13.436	KEITH AUSTIN	19 Feb 1972	
13.5	INEZ DIXON	20 Feb 1914	27 Dec 1969
	Byron Leslie Denison	4 Apr 1914	21 Sep 1937
13.51	INEZ BERNIECE DENISON	19 Nov 1933	20 Sep 1937
13.52	ELAINE JOYCE DENISON	12 Jan 1936	
	La Mar R. Laws	19 Nov	
13.521	CYNTHIA LAWS	9 Oct 1954	
	Bradley Ohran		
13.5211	JOSEPH SCOTT OHRAN	26 Sep 1970	
13.5212	ANGELIA ELAINE OHRAN	17 May 1972	
13.521	CYNTHIA LAWS	9 Oct 1954	
	Kenneth Boren	19 Feb 1955	
13.5213	EMILY KAY BOREN	15 Aug 1977	
13.5214	JOSHUA KENNETH BOREN	11 May 1979	
13.522	MARVIN LAWS	19 Jan 1955	
	Carol Eileen Patterson	Feb 1958	
13.5221	DENNIS MARVIN LAWS	31 Jan 1974	
13.523	TERRY LAWS	13 May 1956	
	Bruce Alvey	2 Apr 1949	
13.5231	ANN MARIE ALVEY	20 Jul 1973	
13.5232	ANDREW ARTHUR ALVEY	22 Sep 1974	
13.5233	DOUGLAS BYRON ALVEY	15 Jun 1976	
13.5234	KATRINA MICHELLE ALVEY	3 Nov 1979	
13.524	BECKY LAWS	22 May 1957	
	Creig B. Smith	7 Jun 1953	
13.5241	JACKSON KAY SMITH	26 Jul 1973	
13.5242	LUCUS ROBERT SMITH	2 Oct 1974	
13.5243	SARAH JANE SMITH	27 Nov 1975	
13.5244	JAKE SMITH	19 Feb 1976	
13.5245	SONJIA INEZ SMITH	Apr 1978	
13.525	LAMAR LAWS	9 Dec 1959	
13.526	LINDA LAWS	27 Nov 1961	
	Charles Carrol	14 Dec 1955	
13.5261	BERNIECE ELAINE CARROL	4 May 1977	
13.5262	SHAUN CARROL	1 Nov 1978	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
13.	PARLEY SMITH DIXON	9 Jun 1878	30 Jan 1947
	Mary Etola Dangerfield	18 Sep 1877	27 May 1952
13.52	ELAINE JOYCE DENISON	12 Jan 1936	
	Milton W. Patterson		
13.6	ANNA DIXON	13 Apr 1916	
	John Byron Barrett	23 May 1919	
13.61	SHIRL JACK BARRETT	13 Dec 1937	
	Carol Roundy		
13.611	JACKIE KIM BARRETT	16 Dec 1957	
	Tracy Lynn Jensen	-	
13.6111	RUSTY LEE BARRETT	12 Feb 1978	
13.6112	RYAN KIM BARRETT	7 Jun 1979	
13.612	LEWIS KEVIN BARRETT	27 Dec 1958	
13.613	KRISTINE BARRETT	7 Aug 1961	
	Gregary J. Harward		
13.6131	TAMERA LYNN HARWARD	5 Feb 1978	
13.6132	TASHA LEE HARWARD	10 Jan 1980	
13.614	VEDA KAY LYNN BARRETT	17 Jul 1963	
13.615	KANDIE LEE BARRETT	24 Oct 1964	
13.61	SHIRL JACK BARRETT	13 Dec 1937	
	Sandra Good		
13.62	MICHAEL WAYNE BARRETT	11 Dec 1946	
	Linda Dee Urvina		
13.62	MICHAEL WAYNE BARRETT	11 Dec 1946	
	Vicki A.		
13.62	MICHAEL WAYNE BARRETT	11 Dec 1946	
	Cynthia Gordon		
13.621	JOHN MICHAEL BARRETT	20 Jul 1977	
13.622	MELISSA DAWN BARRETT	Jun 1979	
13.7	BERT LESTER DIXON	17 Sep 1918	
	Virginia Oswald		
13.71	PATRICIA DIXON	1939	
13.7	BERT LESTER DIXON	17 Sep 1918	
	Helen Andelino	10 May 1915	
13.72	THOMAS ANTHONY DIXON	31 Jan 1947	
13.73	ROBERT TIMOTHY DIXON	13 Mar 1950	
	Mary DeGruchy		
13.731	PHAEDRA DIXON	12 Oct 1973	
13.74	JUDY DIXON	25 May 1954	
	Robert Daniel Baker		
13.741	ANDREW JAYSON BAKER	23 Apr 1977	
13.742	DANIEL JOSEPH BAKER	20 Dec 1979	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
14.	LE ROY DIXON	16 Oct 1881	28 Dec 1926
	Electa LaPrele Smoot	25 Sep 1883	25 Dec 1940
14.1	LEROY SMOOT DIXON	19 Nov 1904	6 Jan 1905
14.2	PAUL SMOOT DIXON	17 Apr 1906	4 Dec 1955
	Ora Anderson	5 Jul 1906	
14.21	PAUL SMOOT DIXON, Jr.	25 Feb 1932	
14.22	VIVIAN DIXON	13 Jun 1936	
	Richard Llewelyn McKay	26 Feb 1929	
14.221	REBECCA DIXON MCKAY	14 Aug 1958	
	Lance C. Larkin	25 Aug 1956	
14.222	CATHERINE DIXON MCKAY	6 Sep 1960	
14.223	CHRISTINE DIXON MCKAY	9 Oct 1962	
14.224	RICHARD LLEWELYN MCKAY	2 Oct 1965	
14.225	DAVID DIXON MCKAY	3 Oct 1973	
14.226	KIMBERLY DIXON MCKAY	6 Aug 1976	
14.23	MARGARET ELECTA DIXON	19 Jul 1945	
14.3	ALLIE DIXON	15 Apr 1909	
	Reed Snow Gardner	5 Sep 1900	
14.31	JAMES DIXON GARDNER	26 May 1943	
	Martha Grover	12 Feb 1943	
14.311	ROBERT GROVER GARDNER	16 May 1973	
14.312	GENEVIEVE GARDNER	18 Dec 1976	
14.313	THOMAS GROVER GARDNER	20 Aug 1977	
14.314	STEWART GROVER GARDNER	28 Sep 1978	
14.4	SARAH VERA DIXON	23 Mar 1911	
	Clyde J. Summerhays	28 Apr 1905	
14.41	SARAH SUMMERHAYS	16 Jul 1932	
	Raymond G. Anderson	9 Feb 1926	
14.411	LYNETTE ANDERSON	20 Jul 1952	
	Eldean Roy Engle	25 May 1953	
14.4111	MELISSA ENGLE	2 May 1974	
14.4112	JOSHUA ENGLE	18 Nov 1975	
14.4113	MELANIE ENGLE	27 Jun 1977	
14.4114	SPENCER CALEB ENGLE	16 Nov 1979	
14.412	CRAIG S. ANDERSON	19 Oct 1954	
14.413	CLAIR S. ANDERSON	2 May 1956	
	Linda Stokes	10 Aug 1959	
14.4131	TORI ANDERSON	30 Apr 1979	
14.414	BRIAN S. ANDERSON	26 Sep 1957	
*	Karen Amato Beveridge	13 Mar 1952	
14.4141	SHANE RAYMOND ANDERSON	16 Apr 1977	
14.4142	TIARA LYNN ANDERSON	16 Dec 1978	
*	Brian Beveridge	18 Jun 1970	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID. No.		Birth	Death
14.4	SARAH VERA DIXON	23 Mar 1911	
	Clyde J. Summerhays	28 Apr 1905	
14.41	SARAH SUMMERHAYS	16 Jul 1932	
	Raymond G. Anderson	9 Feb 1926	
14.415	COLLEEN ANDERSON	2 Apr 1959	
	Reed Chester Stokes	6 Apr 1954	
14.4151	TYLER A. STOKES	22 Aug 1978	
14.416	CLYDE SUMMERHAYS ANDERSON	28 Apr 1961	
14.417	JANAE ANDERSON	22 Jul 1962	
14.418	CATHERINE ANDERSON	2 Aug 1966	
14.419	CAROLINE ANDERSON	28 Mar 1969	
14.41.10	BRUCE SUMMERHAYS ANDERSON	30 Aug 1970	
14.41.11	DAVID SUMMERHAYS ANDERSON	7 Oct 1972	
14.41.12	SARA ANDERSON	11 Jul 1976	
14.42	CLYDE DIXON SUMMERHAYS	20 Jun 1936	
14.43	DIANA SUMMERHAYS	13 Sep 1943	
	Daniel Watkins Graham	28 Mar 1948	
14.44	MICHAEL DIXON SUMMERHAYS	15 Aug 1948	
	Janice Gayle Allen	1 Mar 1953	
14.441	MICHAEL ALLEN SUMMERHAYS	18 Jul 1974	
14.442	CANDICE SUMMERHAYS	28 Jul 1975	
14.443	ERIC ALLEN SUMMERHAYS	14 Jan 1977	
14.444	BETHANY ANN SUMMERHAYS	15 Apr 1978	
14.45	SANDRA SUMMERHAYS	28 May 1951	
	Frank Lee Pitcher	25 Mar 1948	
14.451	ALLISON PITCHER	15 May 1972	
14.452	FRANK SUMMERHAYS PITCHER	15 Aug 1973	15 Aug 1973
14.453	MARIANNE PITCHER	31 Jan 1975	
14.454	EMILEE PITCHER	27 Sep 1976	
14.455	MICHAEL SUMMERHAYS PITCHER	14 Jul 1979	
14.5	MAURINE DIXON	7 Oct 1913	
	Myron DeVere Childs	20 Aug 1907	21 Jun 1967
14.51	ANN CHILDS	29 Jan 1945	
	Grant Lanny Daybell	19 Jan 1944	
14.511	KEITH GRANT DAYBELL	20 Dec 1964	
14.512	JESSE GLEN DAYBELL	4 May 1967	
14.513	RICHARD MYRON DAYBELL	23 May 1971	
14.514	KATHERINE ANN DAYBELL	4 Aug 1978	
14.52	JUDITH CHILDS	7 Nov 1946	
	Thomas Allen Lucia	9 Apr 1946	
14.521	MATTHEW BRUCE LUCIA	25 Oct 1970	
14.522	RACHEL MAURINE LUCIA	5 Jul 1973	
14.523	SETH THOMAS LUCIA	6 Apr 1976	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

ID. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
14.	LE ROY DIXON	16 Oct 1881	28 Dec 1926
	Electa LaPrele Smoot	25 Sep 1883	25 Dec 1940
14.5	MAURINE DIXON	7 Oct 1913	
	Myron DeVere Childs	20 Aug 1907	21 Jun 1967
14.53	JOHN MYRON CHILDS	13 Apr 1949	
	Susan Parker	1 Dec 1950	
14.531	JASON MYRON CHILDS	23 Oct 1969	
14.532	JOSHUA NORMAN CHILDS	12 Dec 1971	11 Jan 1972
14.533	MARIE CHILDS	26 Apr 1973	
14.534	NATHAN JOHN CHILDS	13 Apr 1975	
14.535	CRYSTAL CHILDS	10 May 1977	
14.536	KENNETH PARKER CHILDS	3 Oct 1979	
14.54	RICHARD DIXON CHILDS	4 Dec 1951	
	Trudy Edna Jenson	1 Dec 1953	
14.541	YANCY RICHARD CHILDS	5 Dec 1976	
14.542	CODY BERNELL CHILDS	1 Nov 1978	
14.55	KRISTINE CHILDS	13 Apr 1955	
	Gregory Robert Osborn	9 Apr 1953	
14.551	JACOB GREGORY OSBORN	10 Jul 1973	
14.552	MEGAN KRISTINE OSBORN	21 Mar 1975	
14.553	LUKE CHILDS OSBORN	27 Oct 1976	
14.554	ERIN IRIS OSBORN	24 Aug 1978	
14.56	STEVEN LEROY CHILDS	22 Jul 1957	
	Ann Lee Averett	3 Oct 1957	
14.561	BENJAMIN STEVEN CHILDS	17 Oct 1976	
14.562	LINDA ANN CHILDS	17 Dec 1977	
14.6	HELEN DIXON	22 Jul 1915	
	E. Junius Payne	30 Oct 1912	9 Jul 1971
14.61	BARBARA JUNE PAYNE	31 Dec 1937	
	Robert Lee Ipsen	11 Aug 1936	
14.611	ROBIN LEE IPSEN	5 Sep 1957	
	Mark Lewis Harmon	21 May 1953	
14.612	JANALYN IPSEN	15 Dec 1959	
14.613	BRADLEY PAYNE IPSEN	28 Jan 1961	
14.614	DANA KAYE IPSEN	18 Dec 1964	
14.62	BETTE LYN PAYNE	8 Jul 1939	
	Robert Warren Petersen	27 May 1933	
14.621	KRISTI LYN PETERSEN	21 Feb 1961	
14.622	LISA ANN PETERSEN	21 May 1963	
14.623	BRIAN WARREN PETERSEN	11 Jun 1965	
14.624	DAVID WARREN PETERSEN	1 Sep 1968	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
14.	LE ROY DIXON	16 Oct 1881	28 Dec 1926
	Electa LaPrele Smoot	25 Sep 1883	25 Dec 1940
14.7	ARTHUR SMOOT DIXON	5 Nov 1918	14 Jan 1922
14.8	GLADYS DIXON	18 Jul 1921	
	Ivan William Nelson	3 Apr 1921	
14.81	IVAN WILLIAM NELSON II	7 Jul 1943	
	Jeanne Newman	14 Jan 1947	
14.811	RYAN WILLIAM NELSON	5 Jun 1973	
14.812	SHANNON NELSON	6 Oct 1975	
14.813	KEVIN WAYNE NELSON	4 May 1979	
14.82	DAVID LEROY NELSON	7 Oct 1946	
	Claudia Greene	14 Jul 1948	
14.821	HEATHER NELSON	25 Jan 1976	
14.822	DAVID TAYLOR NELSON	15 Oct 1978	
14.83	DIANE NELSON	17 Oct 1951	
14.84	KENT DIXON NELSON	18 Oct 1954	
	Kathleen Jo Dana	5 Feb 1952	
14.841	WAYNE KENT NELSON	2 Dec 1976	
14.842	STEVEN AARON NELSON	3 Jun 1978	
14.85	CAROLYN NELSON	14 Aug 1956	
14.86	JULIE ANNE NELSON	18 Dec 1960	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

ID No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Mary Ann Smith	3 Oct 1852	27 Jun 1907
15.	HARRIET AMELIA DIXON	24 May 1882	23 Apr 1931
	George Washington West	24 Feb 1866	26 Feb 1932
15.1	LYNN DIXON WEST	18 Aug 1908	12 Jun 1940
	Mabel May Hansen	10 Sep 1909	
15.11	AUDREY LORRAINE WEST	5 Dec 1928	11 Feb 1980
15.12	DONALD LYNN WEST	9 Jul 1930	
	Jackie Jean Ricks	27 Sep 1932	
15.121	SUSAN LYNNE WEST	14 Sep 1950	
	Darwin McKibben		
15.1211	SHAWN C. MC KIBBEN	18 Jan 1971	
15.12	DONALD LYNN WEST	9 Jul 1930	
	Winifred Marie Marker	17 Dec 1932	
15.122	DENISE IRENE WEST	12 Nov 1952	
	Robert Lee Rowley, Jr.	4 Jul 1949	
15.1221	ROBERT LEE ROWLEY III	1 Nov 1974	
15.1222	LYNETTE DAWN ROWLEY	23 Sep 1975	
15.1223	KRISTINE RUBY ROWLEY	17 Apr 1977	
15.1224	SARAH IRENE ROWLEY	21 Oct 1979	
15.123	DONALD LYNN WEST, Jr.	22 Apr 1955	
	Helen Kae Neilsen	18 Aug 1957	
15.1231	CHRISTINE MARIE WEST	26 Jan 1979	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER

As of December 31, 1979

I.D. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
16.	ARNOLD DIXON	30 May 1884	1 Sep 1960
	Letitia May Banks	15 May 1891	3 May 1955
16.1	HOWARD BANKS DIXON	11 Dec 1912	7 Sep 1975
	Fulvia Call	11 Nov 1916	
16.11	JERALD LAMAR DIXON	26 May 1939	
	Karen Haymond	11 Feb 1942	
16.111	CAMILLE DIXON	23 May 1966	
16.112	DIANA DIXON	15 Apr 1970	
16.113	MATTHEW JERALD DIXON	16 Sep 1971	16 Sep 1971
16.114	ANDREW JERALD DIXON	25 Mar 1975	
16.115	HOWARD MARK DIXON	25 Apr 1976	
16.12	HOWARD ALLEN DIXON	31 Oct 1942	
	Linda Jean Mangum	28 May 1946	
16.121	KRISTINA DIXON	20 Nov 1969	
16.122	JULIA DIXON	19 Apr 1972	
16.123	DAVID ALLEN DIXON	5 Jun 1975	
16.124	SHAUNNA DIXON	10 Feb 1978	
16.13	JANET DIXON	2 Sep 1946	
	David Michael Rees	21 Oct 1943	
16.131	STEVEN MICHAEL REES	22 Jul 1969	
16.132	MICHELLE REES	6 Dec 1972	
16.133	WENDY REES	5 Sep 1974	
16.14	KENNETH CALL DIXON	9 Nov 1951	
16.2	EVELYN DIXON	30 May 1917	
	Donald H. Smith	15 Feb 1918	
16.21	KAREN ANN SMITH	4 Feb 1945	
	Wilford Charles Griggs	5 Oct 1942	
16.211	BRIAN WILFRED GRIGGS	23 Dec 1967	
16.212	DEBORAH KAY GRIGGS	19 Jun 1970	
16.213	STEPHEN SMITH GRIGGS	28 Sep 1972	
16.214	KENT DAVID GRIGGS	16 Jan 1974	
16.215	KATHRYN ANN GRIGGS	27 Jun 1975	
16.216	JULIE DIONNE GRIGGS	11 Jan 1977	
16.22	SUSAN LOUISE SMITH	30 Jul 1948	
	Robert Byron Purves	11 Feb 1945	
16.221	DAVID BYRON PURVES	28 May 1970	
16.222	JENNIFER LYNNE PURVES	25 Mar 1972	
16.223	KATHERINE ANN PURVES	13 Jan 1974	
16.224	LORRAINE DAWN PURVES	13 Jun 1975	
16.225	NATHAN DANIEL PURVES	30 Nov 1977	
16.3	GRANT DE GREY DIXON	11 Apr 1919	
	Florence Rosella Marks	14 May 1945	
16.31	GREGORY MARKS DIXON	26 Jun 1952	
16.32	MICHAEL DE GREY DIXON	4 Feb 1954	
16.33	BRENT DIXON	31 Jan 1958	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

I.D. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
16.	ARNOLD DIXON	30 May 1884	1 Sep 1960
	Letitia May Banks	15 May 1891	3 May 1955
16.4	ELDON ARNOLD DIXON	31 Mar 1921	
	Sarah Jean Dastrup	1 Jan 1925	
16.41	ELDON REED DIXON	21 Jul 1946	
16.42	LARRY DEAN DIXON	3 Jan 1949	
	Shiela Higgins	24 Dec 1949	
16.421	CAMILLE DIXON	31 Jan 1971	
16.422	HAYLEY DIXON	5 Oct 1975	
16.423	LAURA DIXON	26 Aug 1977	
16.43	DENNIS DASTRUP DIXON	2 Oct 1950	
16.44	ROGER DUANE DIXON	4 Jun 1953	
	Cindy Roberts	15 Jan 1956	
16.45	JEANNINE DIXON	21 Jun 1959	
16.4	ELDON ARNOLD DIXON	31 Mar 1921	
	Ila Jean Hair	8 Sep 1926	
16.5	BRUCE ROYDEN DIXON	13 Feb 1923	
	Colleen Callister	28 Jan 1926	
16.51	LYNN ANN DIXON	20 Nov 1952	
	Paul J. Farnsworth	18 Oct 1953	
16.52	JOAN DIXON	13 Jun 1954	
16.53	DAVID CALLISTER DIXON	13 Dec 1957	
16.54	KRISTIN DIXON	28 Jan 1961	
16.6	FLOYD PRESTON DIXON	6 Nov 1924	
	Lois Mai Dickenson	21 Apr 1930	
16.61	DANA JOHN DIXON	6 May 1958	
16.62	PAUL RAYMOND DIXON	23 Aug 1959	
16.63	STEPHANIE GWYN DIXON	16 Mar 1962	
16.7	GLORIA MAY DIXON	1 Dec 1926	
	Thomas Weslie Richardson	6 Jul 1925	
16.71	CYNTHIA RICHARDSON	29 Jun 1951	
	Stephen Henry Petersen	23 Feb 1949	
16.711	SCOTT WESLIE PETERSEN	25 May 1973	
16.712	CHRISTINE PETERSEN	4 May 1975	
16.713	SUZANNE PETERSEN	3 Sep 1977	
16.714	EMILY PETERSEN	20 May 1980	
16.72	DOUGLAS WESLIE RICHARDSON	2 Mar 1953	
	Colleen Larsen	19 Feb 1955	
16.721	PAUL DOUGLAS RICHARDSON	19 Apr 1976	
16.722	THOMAS BLAINE RICHARDSON	29 May 1978	

HENRY A. DIXON FAMILY - ROSTER
As of December 31, 1979

I.D. No.		Birth	Death
	HENRY ALDOUS DIXON	14 Mar 1835	4 May 1884
	Sarah DeGrey	4 Feb 1844	17 Apr 1926
16.	ARNOLD DIXON	30 May 1884	1 Sep 1960
	Letitia May Banks	15 May 1891	3 May 1955
16.7	GLORIA MAY DIXON	1 Dec 1926	
	Thomas Weslie Richardson	6 Jul 1925	
16.73	MARILYN RICHARDSON	17 Sep 1955	
	Robert Frank Devine	8 Nov 1955	
16.731	MELISSA DEVINE	19 Sep 1979	
16.74	DAVID THOMAS RICHARDSON	18 Apr 1958	
16.75	DON DIXON RICHARDSON	17 Nov 1959	
16.76	GLEN ALAN RICHARDSON	3 Feb 1961	
16.77	SANDRA RICHARDSON	24 May 1962	
16.78	PATRICK ARNOLD RICHARDSON	12 Jun 1964	
16.79	REBECCA RICHARDSON	15 Nov 1967	
16.7.10	DIANA RICHARDSON	19 Jul 1969	
16.7.11	LINDA RICHARDSON	25 Nov 1973	
16.8	ROBERT NORMAN DIXON	15 May 1930	
	Genniel Larsen	9 Dec 1931	
16.81	STEVEN LEWIS DIXON	21 Jun 1952	
	Emarene Graff	21 Jun 1955	
16.811	MONICA DIXON	22 Dec 1976	
16.812	COLLETTE DIXON	4 Feb 1979	
16.82	DENISE DIXON	18 Aug 1956	
	Mark E. Kelly	17 May 1953	
16.821	LISA ANNE KELLY	3 Dec 1978	
16.83	NORMAN PAUL DIXON	27 Feb 1965	
16.84	ANGELA DIXON	15 Mar 1973	
16.9	DOUGLAS WAYNE DIXON	5 May 1932	
	Helen Konopelski	17 Jul 1935	
16.91	KAREN JOAN DIXON	22 Jul 1960	
16.92	MICHELE DIXON	21 Sep 1961	
	Don Belback	4 Jan 1960	
16.921	CRYSTAL BELBACK	11 May 1979	
16.93	TODD DE GREY DIXON	29 Apr 1964	
16.94	KURT DOUGLAS DIXON	2 Sep 1963	
16.10	DORIS ANN DIXON	19 Mar 1934	
	Bruce J. Christensen	21 Sep 1929	
16.10.1	LESA ANN CHRISTENSEN	17 Feb 1958	
16.10.2	KYLE DE GREY CHRISTENSEN	15 Jul 1959	
16.10.3	JENNIFER CHRISTENSEN	19 Jan 1961	
16.10.4	MATTHEW B. CHRISTENSEN	25 Dec 1963	
16.10.5	JASON DIXON CHRISTENSEN	3 Sep 1969	
16.10.6	JOSHUA DANIEL CHRISTENSEN	27 Jul 1979	

INDEX TO DESCENDANTS OF H. A. DIXON

I.D. No.		Page
	ADAMS	
11.92 h	Kenneth Brent	503
11.921	Kenneth Dixon	503
11.922	Laura Ann	503
11.92	Susan Dixon	503
	AIKELE	
743	Bonnie Ann (Cornish)	492
7421	Eric Allen	492
74 h	Hyrum	492
	Photo	267
741	Hyrum D.	492
742 w	Irene Svensen	492
74	Mary Dixon	492
	Photo	267
	History	269
	Family Photo	268
	Home Photo	268
7422	Shaunty Maja	492
742	William Eugene	492
	ALVEY	
13.5232	Andrew Arthur	510
13.5231	Ann Marie	510
13.523 h	Bruce	510
13.5233	Douglas Byron	510
13.5234	Katrina Michelle	510
13.523	Terry Laws	510
	ANDERSON	
6312 w	Annette Buffo	487
14.414	Brian S.	512
14.41.10	Bruce Summerhays	513
14.419	Caroline	513
14.418	Catherine	513
11.61	Carol Leslie (Hipp)	502
14.413	Clair S.	512
14.416	Clyde Summerhays	513
14.415	Colleen (Stokes)	513
14.412	Craig S.	512
14.41.11	David Summerhays	513
11.6 h	Dean Albert	502
14.417	Janae	513
6314	Jed Taylor	487
631	Julia Taylor	487
14.414 w	Karen Amato Beveridge	512
6313	Kennen (Bandley)	487
631 h	Kenneth R.	487
6311	Kristine (Bandley)	487
14.413 w	Linda Stokes	512
14.411	Lynette (Engle)	512
63121	Mandi Alese	487
11.62	Michael Albert	502
14.41 h	Raymond G.	512
14.41 12	Sara	513
14.41	Sarah Summerhays	512
6312	Scott Taylor	487
14.4141	Shane Raymond	512
14.4142	Tiara Lynn	512
14.4131	Tori	512
11.6	Vera Dixon	502

I.D. No.		Page
	ANDREWS	
10.4	Alice Delenna Dixon	500
	Photo	387
	History	389
	Family Photo	388
	Home Photo	388
10.41	Charlene (Peppinger)	500
10.43	Dixie Lee (Paden)	500
10.42	Jeanne Katherine Truxal	500
10.44	Joseph Dixon	500
10.4	Robert Bruce	500
	Photo	387
10.42	Robert Dale	500
	ARMSTRONG	
52 h	Anthon H.	484
	Photo	145
521	Mary Doris	484
52	Nancy McConachie	484
	Photo	145
	History	147
	Family Photo	146
	Home Photo	146
	AUSTIN	
13.435	Julie Ann	510
13.436	Keith	510
13.433	Michael Reed	510
13.43 h	Richard M.	510
13.434	Richard Scott	510
13.432	Sandra Kay	510
13.431	Shauna Dee	510
13.43	Sherrie Lillie Dixon	510
	BALLIF	
12.42	Barbara (Olson)(Wade)	506
12.431	Becky Jean (Garner)	506
12.432	Brian Scott	506
12.4121	Brittany Kay	506
12.434	Bryce Dixon	506
12.412 w	Carolee Christensen	506
12.4111	Chelsea	506
12.433	Debra Ann	506
12.4	Edna Dixon	506
	Photo	289
	History	291
	Family Photo	290
	Home Photo	290
12.413	Jan	506
12.41 w	Kay Anderson	506
12.411 w	Linda Marie Towers	506
12.41	Mark Dixon	506
12.412	Mark Gordon	506
12.4 h	Mark Squires	506
	Photo	289
12.411	Michael Edward	506
12.43	Scott Walter	506
12.43 w	Sherma Nancy Craven	506
	BAKER	
13.741	Andrew Jayson	511
13.742	Daniel Joseph	511
13.74	Judy Dixon	511
13.74 h	Robert Daniel	511

INDEX TO DESCENDANTS OF H. A. DIXON

I.D. No.		Page
	BANDLEY	
6313 h	Fred	487
63111	Jeremiah Phillip	487
6313	Kennen Anderson	487
6311	Kristine Anderson	487
63131	Nicholas Edward	487
6311 h	Phillip Bench	487
	BARRETT	
13.6	Anna Dixon	511
	Photo	369
	History	371
	Family Photo	370
13.61 w	Carol Roundy	511
13.62 w	Cynthia Gordon	511
13.611	Jackie Kim	511
13.6 h	John Byron	511
	Photo	369
13.621	John Michael	511
13.615	Kandie Lee	511
13.613	Kristine (Harward)	511
13.612	Lewis Kevin	511
13.62 w	LindaDee Urvina	511
13.622	Melissa Dawn	511
13.62	Michael Wayne	511
13.6111	Rusty Lee	511
13.6112	Ryan Kim	511
13.61 w	Sandra Good	511
13.61	Shirl Jack	511
13.611 w	Tracy Lynn Jensen	511
13.614	Veda Kay Lynn	511
13.62 w	Vicki A.	511
	BECKER	
8552	Benjamin Mark	497
855	Cheryl Ann Dixon	497
8551	Jonathan Lloyd	497
855 h	Mark Stanley	497
	BELBACK	
16.921	Crystal	519
16.92 h	Don	519
16.92	Michele Dixon	519
	BELL	
2114 h	John Dalton	477
21141	Mary Mellissa	477
2114	Sylvia Shaw	477
	BEYERS	
11.21 h	James Lawrence	502
11.212	Johanna	502
11.213	Katherine Norma	502
11.211	Marrissa Suzanne	502
11.21	Sharon Lynn Tangren	502
	BIGELOW	
8225	Amber	495
82211	Brandie Lee	495
8221	Brent R.	495
82231	Camille	495
8221 w	Carol Ann Sutton	495
8224	Cindy (Gunter)	495
82212	Cody Rex	495
8222	Elaine (Nicol)(Martinez)	495
8223	Glen M.	495
82232	Leslie Amber	495

I.D. No.		Page
	BIGELOW	
822	Lois Amber Ford	495
822 h	Rex	495
8223 w	Vickie Lee Davis	495
	BJORKLUND	
752	Barbara Gail (Meyers)	493
7513	Bobbi Joan	493
7511	Cindy	493
7512	Debbie	493
7551	Deena	493
755 w	Diane	493
75 h	Erling T.	493
	Photo	321
753	Gloria Faye (Nichols)	493
75	Harriett Faye Dixon	493
	Photo	321
	History	323
	Family Photo	322
	Home Photo	322
754	Janet Marie (Machado)	493
751 w	Pat Nicholes	493
755	Richard Erling	493
751	Robert Gary	493
	BOOTH	
72 h	Albert Warren (Photo) 213	491
722 w	Carrie Hendricksen	491
7212	Catherine	491
7216	Christianne	491
7214	Cynthia	491
7223	Gary Lee	491
722	Gary Lynn	491
7211	Gordon David	491
721	Gordon Dixon	491
7222	Gregory	491
721 w	June Phoebe Erskine	491
7215	Michael Thomas	491
722 w	Sherry Ann Gaudio	491
7213	Stephen M.	491
722 w	Tawn Lee	491
72	Vesta Dixon	491
	Photo	213
	History	215
	Family Photo	214
	Home Photo	214
7221	Warren Lynn	491
2113 h	BORDEAUX, Will	477
	BOREN	
13.521	Cynthia Laws	510
8511	David	496
8513	Elisabeth	496
13.5213	Emily Kay	510
13.5214	Joshua Kenneth	510
13.52 h	Kenneth	510
851	Marjorie Jean Dixon	496
8512	Michael	496
851 h	Robert Reed	496
8514	Stephen Ralph	496
	BOSHARD	
8113 w	Andrea Stubbs	494
81 h	Arnold	494
	Photo	129
812	Arnold Bliss	494

INDEX TO DESCENDANTS OF H. A. DIXON

I.D. No.		Page
	BOSHARD	
8113	Arnold Von Hollen	494
8112	Beverly Ann (Wakefield)	494
8121	Cary Bliss	494
81111	Clifford Dean	494
81112	Dallas Nelson	494
811	Dean Dixon	494
8111 w	Dianne Nelson	494
8121 w	Eileen Boswell	494
81	Erma Mae Dixon	494
	Photo	129
	History	131
	Family Photo	130
	Home Photo	130
	Wildwood Home	130
8123	Gina	494
812 w	Glenna Rae Edwards	494
81211	Jessica Ann	494
81212	Kelly	494
811 w	Norma Heatherly	494
8111	Norman Dean	494
8122	Steven Allan	494
	BOVINGDON	
441	Diane Dangerfield	483
441 h	James	483
4411	James, Jr.	483
4413	Lynne	483
4412	Michael	483
	BOWERS	
4421 h	Roger	483
4421	Susan Lanahan	483
	BOWLES	
10.62 h	Brent	501
10.622	Brent Jason	501
10.624	Heather	501
10.623	Jinette	501
10.621	Robert John	501
10.625	Ryan Duane	501
10.62	Suzette Schugk	501
10.626	Vaughn Jay	501
	BROCKBANK	
624 h	Allen Brent	486
6241	Allen Brent, Jr.	486
6242	Anne	486
6246	Dixon Taylor	486
624	Kathryn Dee Taylor	486
6244	Laura	486
6243	Lynn (F)	486
6247	Mary Kathryn	486
6245	Rebecca	486
	BUCKLEY	
13.212 h	Gaylen Mel	508
13.2122	Kirsten Mae	508
13.2121	Mayken Dot	508
13.212	Shelly Olson	508
13.2123	Trevor Rusken	508
	BUSHNELL	
6141	Marrianne Frampton	485
6141 h	Ned Booth	485

I.D. No.		Page
	CANNON	
2153	Kristen Dixon	479
2151	Lucile Dixon	479
2152	Mark Dixon	479
215 h	Mark W.	479
215	Ruth Dixon	479
	CARROL	
13.5261	Berniece Elaine	510
13.526 h	Charles	510
13.526	Linda Laws	510
13.5262	Shaun	510
	CHIDESTER	
8712	Brook	497
871	Jo Ann Fallentine	497
871 h	Lynn U.	497
8711	Scott	497
8713	Whitney Kate	497
	CHILDS	
14.51	Ann (Daybell)	513
14.56 w	Ann Lee Averett	514
14.561	Benjamin Steven	514
14.542	Cody Bernell	514
14.535	Crystal	514
14.531	Jason Myron	514
14.53	John Myron	514
14.532	Joshua Norman	514
14.52	Judith (Lucia)	513
14.536	Kenneth Parker	514
14.55	Kristine (Osborn)	514
14.562	Linda Ann	514
14.533	Marie	514
14.5	Maurine Dixon	513
	Photo	325
	History	327
	Family Photo	326
	Home Photo	326
	Ranch House	326
14.5	Myron DeVere	513
	Photo	325
14.534	Nathan John	514
14.54	Richard Dixon	514
14.56	Steven LeRoy	514
14.53 w	Susan Parker	514
14.54 w	Trudy Edna Jenson	514
14.541	Yancy Richard	514
	CHRISTENSEN	
16.10 h	Bruce J.	519
	Photo	463
16.10	Doris Ann Dixon	519
	Photo	463
	History	465
	Family Photo	464
	Home Photo	464
16.10.5	Jason Dixon	519
16.10.3	Jennifer	519
16.10.6	Joshua Daniel	519
16.10.2	Kyle DeGrey	519
16.10.1	Lesa Ann	519
16.10.4	Matthew B.	519

I.D. No.		Page
	CLEGG	
233	Barbara Ann Dixon	480
2332	Brent D.	480
233 h	Jack Alvin	480
2331	Michael S.	480
	CORNISH	
7432	Ashlie Melissa	492
743	Bonnie Ann Aikele	492
743 h	Clayton J., Jr.	492
7431	Rebecca Lynn	492
	COWLEY	
10.2 h	Angus Wayne	499
	Photo	301
10.22 w	Cheryl Janeene Tueller	500
10.222	Corbin Tyler	500
10.21 w	Norma Jean Hadley	499
10.212	Robin	499
10.2	Ruby Dixon	499
	Photo	301
	History	303
	Family Photo	302
	Home Photo	302
10.221	Sheri Lyn	500
10.22	Shirl Curtis	500
10.213	Susan	499
10.21	Wayne Dixon	499
10.211	Wendy	499
10.223	Whitney Anne	500
	CRAIG	
6341 h	John	488
6341	Shelly K. Woodruff	488
	CROWLEY	
8612	Colette	497
8613	Colin Thos.	497
861	Kathryn Dixon	497
861 h	Thomas Edward	497
8611	Trent	497
	DAHLBERG	
10.33 h	Kenneth E., Jr.	500
10.33	Lynn Ann Lewis	500
10.331	Wayne Kenneth	500
	DAINES	
2532	Anne Elaine	482
253	Barbara Ann Markham	482
2534	John Thomas	482
2531	Richard Weldon	482
2533	Russell Lewis	482
253 h	Weldon Lee	482
	DANGERFIELD	
43	Afton	483
4	Alice Smith Dixon	483
	Very Brief Life Sketch	194
442	Carolyn (Lanahan)	483
45	Clifford Dixon	483
	Photo , History	197, 195
	Birthplace	195
441	Diane (Bovingdon)	483
47	Donna Mae	484
44 w	Florence John	483
	Photo	191
46	Grace (Harding)	484

I.D. No.		Page
	DANGERFIELD	
44	Harold Dixon	483
	Photo	191
	History	193
	Family Photo	192
	Home Photo	192
42 w	Helen Morrison	483
41	Jabez Aldous	483
4 h	Jabez W.	483
	Very Brief Life Sketch	262
451	J. William	483
4511	J. William, Jr.	483
422	Karen (Fisher)	483
421	Kay (Nunnally)	483
451	Patricia Ellen McEwen	483
42	Royden J.	483
	Photo	151
	History	153
	Birthplace	151
4512	Stephanie Deanne	483
	DAVIES	
21124	Amber Rebecca	477
21123	Jennifer Erin	477
2112 h	John Alleman	477
21121	Jon Shaw	477
21122	Michael Scott	477
2112	Sandra Shaw	477
	DAVIS	
7324	Amy Ellen	492
7322	Becki	492
8562	Brant Coy	497
856 h	Brent Lee	497
7323	Glen Harold	492
732 h	Harold Keith	492
7325	Jill Ann	492
8561	Jordan Daniel	497
7321	Micki	492
856	Sandra Lee Dixon	497
732	Shirley Mae Dixon	492
	DAYBELL	
14.51	Ann Childs	513
14.51 h	Grant Lanny	513
14.512	Jesse Glen	513
14.514	Katherine Ann	513
14.511	Keith Grant	513
14.513	Richard Myron	513
	DECKER	
82122	Brooke	494
82121	Christopher Gean	494
8212	Lori Jean Simmons	494
8212 h	Willard Gean	494
	DE GRAW	
6222	Derk Taylor	486
622	Janice Taylor	486
6223	Gregory Taylor	486
6225	Michael	486
6221	Michele	486
622 h	Monte	486
6224	Nicole	486
	DE GREY	
	Sarah DeGrey Dixon	477
	Photo	12

I.D. No.		Page
	DENISON	
13.5 h	Byron Leslie	510
	Photo	337
13.52	Elaine Joyce (Laws) (Patterson)	510
13.51	Inez Berniece	510
13.5	Inez Dixon	510
	Photo	337
	History	339
	Family Photo	338
	Home Photo	338
	DENSLEY	
12.211	Colleen Taylor	504
12.2116	Logan Taylor	504
12.2113	London Thomas	504
12.2114	Marianne	504
12.211 h	Steven Thomas	504
12.2111	Steven Travis	504
12.2112	Tiffany Lynn	504
12.2115	Wendy	504
	DEVINE	
16.73	Marilyn Richardson	518
16.731	Melissa	518
16.73 h	Robert Frank	518
	DIXON	
21411	Adria Ann	479
84 w	Adryne Hodson	496
13.2	Afton (Wagstaff)	508
12.33	Alan Romney	505
11.	Albert Frederick	502
	Very Brief Life Sketch	300
763 w	Alberta Mae	493
10.4	Alice Delenna (Andrews)	500
4	Alice Smith (Dangerfield)	483
14.3	Allie (Gardner)	512
16.84	Angela	519
7353	Angie Lynn	492
863 w	Ann Marie Begin	497
13.6	Anna (Barrett)	511
12.5	Amy LaVern (Larson)	506
11.95	Amy Lynne	503
8631	Amy Marie	497
16.114	Andrew Jerald	517
8521	Andree Lynn	496
16.	Arnold	517
	Very Brief Life Sketch	408
3	Arthur DeGrey	482
	Very Brief Life Sketch	398
14.7	Arthur Smoot	515
12.242	Ashley	505
12.241	Audra	505
11.8	Baby	502
233	Barbara Ann (Clegg)	480
2352	Barbara Maureen	480
13.7	Bert Lester	511
	Photo	395
	History	396
	Family Photo	395
	Home Photo	395
11.94 w	Bonnie Kay Howell	503
12.231	Brenda (Hills)	505
2364	Brennan Russ	480
16.33	Brent	517
	DIXON	
7314	Bret Glen	491
13.411	Brian Garth	509
16.5	Bruce Royden	518
	Photo	431
	History	433
	Family Photo	432
	Home Photo	432
16.111	Camille	517
16.421	Camille	518
13.133	Carl Vern	508
13.13	Carl William	508
242 w	Carleen May Dyer	481
11.9 w	Carol Collard (Photo)	503
2431	Catherine Bradford	481
3 w	Catherine Kezie Morgan	482
	Very Brief Life Sketch	398
11.1 w	Cecile Clark	502
	Photo	263
11.11	Cecile Marjorie (Smith)	502
10.	Charles Owen	499
	Very Brief Life Sketch	414
7344	Cherilyn Jo	492
855	Cheryl Ann Dixon (Becker)	497
2421	Christopher Dyer	481
7312	Cindi Marlene (Roberts)	491
16.44 w	Cindy Roberts	518
13.13 w	Cleone Rappley Thurber	508
11.3	Clifton Rasmussen	502
16.5 w	Colleen Callister	518
	Photo	431
16.812	Collette	519
761	Constance Lee (Rich)	493
12.222	Cynthia Sue (Gibbs)	505
2351	Dale Lee	480
16.61	Dana John	518
12.233	Daniel Peterson	505
7351	Darin Richard	492
16.123	David Allen	517
16.53	David Callister	518
12.24	David Chipman	505
12.243	David Chipman, Jr.	505
11.94	David Harry	503
216	David Robert	479
862	Deanna (Marshall)	497
12.23 w	Deanne Peterson	505
12.321	Debbie	505
11.93	Deborah	503
235	DeGrey LeRoy	480
16.82	Denise (Kelly)	519
16.43	Dennis Dastrup	518
16.112	Diana	517
2412	Diane	481
13.131	Diana Lynn	508
12.31	Diane (Tempest)	505
13.41 w	Di Ane McDonald	509
12.32 w	Diane Scott	505
234	Dixie Beth	480
12.3	Donald Maiben	505
	Photo	207
	History	209
	Family Photo	208
	Home Photo	208

INDEX TO DESCENDANTS OF H. A. DIXON

I.D. No.		Page
	DIXON	
12.32	Donald Romney	505
853 w	Donna Penrod	496
16.10	Doris Ann (Christensen)	519
212	Dorothy (Harrison)	478
864	Dorsey	497
16.9	Douglas Wayne	519
	Photo	459
	History	461
	Family Photo	460
	Home Photo	460
8535	Drew Ward	496
87	Edith Alice (Fallentine)	497
12.4	Edna (Ballif)	506
16.4	Eldon Arnold	518
	Photo	415
	History	417
	Family Photo	416
	Home Photo	416
16.41	Eldon Reed	518
14. w	Electa LaPrele Smoot	512
	Very Brief Life Sketch	362
11.4	Elmo Arthur	502
73 w	Elva Ellen Schemensky	491
	Photo	225
733	Elva Jean (Elliott)	491
16.81 w	Emarene Graff	519
11.96	Emily Ann	503
81	Erma Mae (Boshard)	494
24 w	Erma Murdock	481
	Photo	113
83	Ernest Arnold	495
8	Ernest DeGrey	494
	Very Brief Life Sketch	314
13.3	Eugene Parl	509
	Photo	233
	History	235
	Home Photo	233
31 w	Eva Ruthe Mildenhall	482
	Photo	399
85 w	Eva Ruth Ward	496
	Photo	307
16.2	Evelyn (Smith)	517
763	Evelyn Rose	493
10.5 w	Florence Janeczko	500
	Photo	411
16.3 w	Florence Rosella Marks	517
	Photo	403
16.6	Floyd Preston	518
	Photo	437
	History	439
	Family Photo	438
	Home Photo	438
12.22	Fred Chipman	505
12.2	Fred Walter	504
	Photo	175
	History	177
	Family Photo	176
	Home Photo	176
16.1	Fulvia Call	517
	Photo	315
243	G. Michael	481
	DIXON	
863	Gary Ronald	497
16.8 w	Genniel Larsen	519
	Photo	453
76	George S.	493
	Photo	363
	History	365
	Family Photo	364
	Home Photo	364
853	Gerald Ernest	496
8522	Gina Lee	496
14.8	Gladys (Nelson)	515
73	Glen Hands	491
	Photo	225
	History	227
	Family Photo	226
	Home Photo	226
312 w	Glenda Cleveland	482
13.13 w	Gloria Ann Evans	508
16.7	Gloria May (Richardson)	518
27	Grant	482
16.3	Grant DeGrey	517
	Photo	403
	History	405
	Family Photo	404
10.512	Gregory Charles	500
16.31	Gregory Marks	517
8533	Guy Wayne	496
15.	Harriet Amelia (West)	516
75	Harriet Faye (Bjorklund)	493
7 w	Harriet Hands	491
	Very Brief Life Sketch	368
11.1	Harry Albert	502
	Photo	263
	History	265
	Family Photo	264
	Home Photo	264
16.422	Hayley	518
14.6	Helen (Payne)	514
13.7 w	Helen Andelino	511
	Photo	395
12.2 w	Helen Chipman	504
	Photo	175
16.9 w	Helen Konopelski	519
	Photo	459
	Henry Aldous	477
	Photo	11
21	Henry Aldous II	477
	Photo	75
	History	77
	Family Photo	76
	Home Photo	76
1	Henry Alfred	477
16.12	Howard Allen	517
16.1	Howard Banks	517
	Photo	315
	History	317
	Family Photo	316
	Home Photo	316
16.115	Howard Marks	517
16.4 w	Ila Jean Hair	518
	Photo	415

I.D. No.		Page
	DIXON	
731 w	Ina Mae Woolsey	491
13.5	Inez (Denison)	510
13.31	James Eugene	509
241	James R.	481
16.13	Janet (Rees)	517
231	Jean Luella (Smith)	480
16.45	Jeannine	518
11.941	Jennifer Kay	503
16.11	Jerald Lamar	517
7621	Jeremy Matthew	493
16.52	Joan	518
8524	Joe Erik	496
214	John Aldous	479
2	John DeGrey	477
	Very Brief Life Sketch	88
242	Joseph M.	481
236 w	Judith Louise Russ	480
13.74	Judy (Baker)	511
762 w	Judy Gayle Woods	493
12.23 w	Judy Williams	505
16.122	Julia	517
12.224	Julie Anne	505
232	June Mary (Robinson)	480
16.11 w	Karen Haymond	517
16.91	Karen Joan	519
852 w	Karen Lee Marrott	496
734 w	Karen McClellan	492
214 w	Karma Jeppson	479
861	Kathryn (Crowley)	497
2142	Kay (Lee)	479
235 w	Kay Darlene Dix	480
16.14	Kenneth Call	517
12.325	Kerry E.	505
10.52	Kevin Charles	500
8534	Kimberly	496
16.54	Kristin	518
7354	Kristin Ann	492
16.121	Kristina	517
16.94	Kurt Douglas	519
16.42	Larry Dean	518
10.51	Larry Owen	500
16.423	Laura	518
8543	Laura Joanne	496
3121	Le Ann Layne	482
82	Leah Lillian (Ford)	494
7631	Lee Andrew	493
13.121	Le Ann (Rowley)	507
14.	Le Roy	512
	Very Brief Life Sketch	282
14.1	Le Roy Smoot	512
311	Leslie (Hardin)	482
12.3 w	Lettie Vilate Romney	505
	Photo	207
16. w	Letitia May Banks	517
	Very Brief Life Sketch	408
237	Linda	480
841	Linda (Rose)	496
16.12 w	Linda Jean Mangum	517
11.91	Linda Kay (Mariotti)	503
2143	Lisa	479
7343	Lisa Ann	492

I.D. No.		Page
	DIXON	
12.223	Lisa Kay	505
13.11	Lois (McEwan)	507
16.6 w	Lois Mai Dickenson	518
	Photo	437
13.1 w	Loleta Wiscomb	507
	Photo	169
7313	Lori Jean	491
213	Louise (Larkin)	479
26	Lucian DeGrey	482
21 w	Lucile Knowlden	477
	Photo	75
23 w	Luella Hannah Madsen	480
	Photo	83
12. w	Luthenia (Louie) Maiben	504
	Very Brief Life Sketch	144
16.51	Lynn Ann (Farnsworth)	518
8523	Marc Stanley	496
13.12 w	Margaret Anne Simpson	507
14.23	Margaret Electa	512
244 w	Maria Cristina Puerta	481
6	Maria Louise (Taylor) 4,	485
851	Marjorie Jean (Boren)	496
2354	Mark DeGrey	480
2411	Mark Eyring	481
74	Mary (Aikele)	492
13.42	Mary Ann (Olson)	509
8 w	Mary Ann Painter	494
	Very Brief Life Sketch	314
	Mary Ann Smith	483
	Photo	12
13.73 w	Mary DeGruchy	511
842	Mary Ellen	496
13. w	Mary Etola Dangerfield	507
	Very Brief Life Sketch	372
13.41 w	Mary Jane Chattin	509
12.21	Mary Lou (Taylor)	504
13.4 w	Mary Matilda Hills	509
	Photo	283
13.3 w	Martha Bernard	283
16.113	Matthew Jerald	517
25	Maud (Markham)	481
23 w	Maureen Welker	480
	Photo	83
14.5	Maurine (Childs)	513
731	Max Glen	491
2362	Megan	480
11.9	Melvin Rasmussen	503
	Photo	443
	History	445
	Family Photo	444
	Home Photo	444
843	Merrill Verl	496
12.232	Michael	505
16.32	Michael DeGrey	517
2353	Michael Kent	480
312	Michael Layne	482
2432	Michael Romney	481
16.92	Michele (Belback)	519
12.323	Michelle	505
12.221	Michelle Jo (Gregg)	505
11.2	Mildred (Tangren)	502

INDEX TO DESCENDANTS OF H. A. DIXON

I.D. No.		Page
	DIXON	
16.811	Monica	519
2422	Nicole Noelle	481
11.5	Norma (Jess)	502
854 w	Norma Jeanne Allan	496
16.83	Norman Paul	519
14.2 w	Ora Anderson	512
	Photo	181
10.5	Owen George	500
	Photo	411
	Home Photo	411
	History	412
8541	Pamela Jeanne	496
13.	Parley Smith	507
	Very Brief Life Sketch	372
13.71	Patricia	511
12.22 w	Patricia Donahue	505
12.24 w	Patricia Stewart	505
16.62	Paul Raymond	518
14.2	Paul Smoot	512
	Photo	181
	History	183
	Family Photo	182
	Home Photo	182
14.21	Paul Smoot, Jr.	512
13.122	Pauline (Wilder)	508
244	Peter M.	481
13.731	Phaedra	511
211	Phyllis (Shaw)	477
85	Ralph	496
	Photo	307
	History	309
	Family Photo	308
	Home Photo	308
852	Ralph Stanley	496
31	Raymond Lane	482
	Photo	399
	History	401
	Family Photo	400
	Home Photo	400
13.4	Reed Dangerfield	509
	Photo	283
	History	285
	Family Photo	284
	Home Photo	284
13.41	Reed Garth	509
12.1	Rhea Luthenia (Reeve)	504
12.23	Richard	505
735	Richard S.	492
762	Robert George	493
16.8	Robert Norman	519
	Photo	453
	History	455
	Family Photo	454
	Home Photo	454
13.412	Robert Reed	509
9	Robert Smith	498
13.73	Robert Timothy	511
16.44	Roger Duane	518

I.D. No.		Page
	DIXON	
86	Ronald	497
	Photo	311
	History	313
	Family Photo	312
	Home Photo	312
	Wildwood Home	312
8542	Ronald Jesse	496
854	Ronald Ward	496
10.2	Ruby (Cowley)	499
24	Rulon Sterling	481
	Photo	113
	History	115
	Family Photo	114
	Home Photo	114
11.7	Ruth	502
215	Ruth Marion (Cannon)	479
21412	Ryan Aldous	479
7352	Ryan Glen	492
8544	Ryan James	496
2363	Ryan Patrick	480
856	Sandra Lee (Davis)	497
5	Sarah Ann (McConachie)	484
2 w	Sarah Ann Lewis	477
	Very Brief Life Sketch	122
	Sarah DeGrey	477
	Photo	12
16.4 w	Sarah Jean Dastrup	518
	Photo	415
14.4	Sarah Vera (Summerhays)	512
12.322	Scott	505
12.324	Sean R.	505
11. w	Sena Rasmussen	502
	Very Brief Life Sketch	446
2361	Shannon DeGrey	480
16.124	Shaunna	480
13.124	Sherline (Mitchell)	508
13.43	Sherrie Lillie (Austin)	510
735 w	Sherry Lynn Pyper	492
16.42 w	Shiela Higgins	518
763	Shirel Ferris	493
10.51 w	Shirley Ann Orpen	500
732	Shirley Mae (Davis)	492
7315	Stacy Lynn	491
23	Stanley Lewis	480
	Photo	83
	History	85
	Family Photo	84
	Home Photo	84
236	Stanley Lewis, Jr.	480
10.3	Stella (Lewis)	500
16.63	Stephanie Gwyn	518
2141	Steven John	479
16.81	Steven Lewis	519
11.92	Susan (Adams)	503
13.123	Suzane (Pulsipher)	508
241 w	Suzanne Eyring	481
8531	Teresa	496
13.132	Teresse Kay	508
7311	Terri Mae (Vaksinick)	491
8532	Thal Wade	496

I.D. No.		Page
	DIXON	
13.72	Thomas Anthony	511
7341	Timothy Hugh	492
7632	Timothy Paul	493
16.93	Todd DeGrey	519
7342	Todd William	492
10.511	Travis Owen	500
2141 w	Val Fulmer	477
10.1	VaLera (Ririe)	499
76 w	Veon Collings	493
	Photo	363
11.6	Vera (Anderson)	502
84	Verl Grant	496
	Photo	229
	History	231
	Family Photo	230
	Home Photo	230
	Wildwood Home	230
13.12	Vern Lee	507
86 w	Verneda Jackson	497
	Photo	311
13.1	Vernon Lee	507
	Photo	169
	History	171
	Family Photo	170
	Home Photo	170
72	Vesta (Booth)	491
10.6	Virginia (Schugk)	501
10 w	Virginia Beckstead	499
	Very Brief Life Sketch	414
13.7 w	Virginia Oswald	511
84 w	Virginia Poulson	496
	Photo	229
14.22	Vivian (McKay)	512
12.	Walter DeGrey	504
	Very Brief Life Sketch	143
7633	Wayne Daniel	493
7	William Aldous	491
	Very Brief Life Sketch	272
734	William Frank	492
71	William Hands	491
243 w	Yvonne Romney	481
	DOMINE	
2124	Lisbeth Harrison	478
2124 h	Steven Anthony	478
	DUNCAN	
6113	Kathy Fisher	485
61131	Megan	485
6113 h	Paul H.	485
	EJOVEC	
4423	Amy Lanahan	483
4423 h	Gerald	483
	ELLIOTT	
733	Elva Jean Dixon	492
7331	Kellie Jean (Witte)	492
733 h	Kenneth Lee	492
7332	Keri Lee	492
7333	Shane D.	492
7334	Travis Gunner	492
	ENGLE	
14.411 h	Eldean Roy	512
14.4112	Joshua	512
14.411	Lynette Anderson	512

I.D. No.		Page
	ENGLE	
14.4113	Melanie	512
14.4111	Melissa	512
14.4114	Spencer Caleb	512
	FALLENTINE	
873 w	Annette W. Bean	498
87 h	Bernard Carl	497
	Photo	341
872	Carolyn (Gilstrap)	497
8731	Dustin Carl	498
87	Edith Alice Dixon	497
	Photo	341
	History	343
	Family Photo	342
	Home Photo	242
871	Jo Ann (Chidester)	497
873 w	Kathleen Kastrinkas	497
875	Michael Dixon	498
873	Robert Bernard	498
874	Susan (Flatberg)	498
	FARNSWORTH	
16.51	Lynn Ann Dixon	518
16.51 h	Paul J.	518
	FARRER	
6841	David Glen	490
684	Ellen Kartchner	490
684 h	Rand Glen	490
	FISHER	
611	Elayne Taylor	485
611 h	Grant A.	485
61121	Hillary	485
6112	**Jeffrey** Taylor	485
422	Karren Dangerfield	483
6113	Kathy (Duncan)	485
6112 w	Donnette Morrison	485
6111	Terri (Jensen)	485
	FLATBERG	
874 h	David R.	498
8741	Jenny	498
874	Susan Fallentine	498
	FORD	
823 w	Anginita Maria Van Derbeck	494
11.222	Cambric Emma	502
11.221	Cimony Anna	502
8233	Cynthia	494
8232	Dale	494
11.223	David Menton	502
823	Dixon Alton	494
11.22 h	James Eric	502
824	Janice Ann (Neerings)	494
8231	Kathleen	494
82	Leah Lillian Dixon	494
	Photo	155
	History	157
	Family Photo	156
	Home Photo	156
	Wallsburg Home	156
822	Lois Amber (Bigelow)	495
8235	Marianne	494
821	Marilyn Mae (Simmons)	494
82 h	Mayo Alton	494
	Photo	155
11.22	Nancy Ann Tangren	502

I.D. No.		Page
	FORD	
8234	Steven Mathew	494
	FRAMPTON	
6146	Alan Taylor	485
614 h	Boyd M.	485
6143	Bruce Taylor	485
6143 w	Connie Lynne Bird	485
6142	David Taylor	485
614	Dixie Taylor	485
61431	Jeremy Taylor	485
6147	Kent Taylor	485
6142 w	Keri Ann Wheadon	485
6141	Marrianne (Bushnell)	485
6145	Paul Taylor	485
6144	Susan	485
	GAMBLES	
2113 hc	Amy Suzanne	477
21131	Anna Kathleen	477
21132	Erin	477
2113	Kathleen Shaw	477
2113 hc	Kerry Scott	477
2113 h	Kirk Edward	477
	GARDNER	
14.3	Allie Dixon	512
	Photo	237
	History	239
	Family Photo	238
	Home Photo	238
14.312	Genevieve	512
14.31	James Dixon	512
14.31 w	Martha Grover	512
14.3 h	Reed Snow	512
	Photo	237
14.311	Robert Grover	512
14.314	Stewart Grover	512
14.313	Thomas Grover	512
	GARNER	
12.431	Becky Jean Ballif	506
12.4311	Shane Vern	506
12.431 h	Vern J.	506
	GEORGE	
2123	Judith Harrison	478
21231	Samuel Nephi	478
2123	Steven Michael	478
	GIBBS	
12.222	Cynthia Sue Dixon	505
12.222 h	Richard F.	505
	GILSTRAP	
872	Carolyn Fallentine	497
8721	Christopher	497
8722	Mollie	497
8721 h	Ralph M.	497
	GRAHAM	
14.43 h	Daniel Watkins	513
14.43	Diana Summerhays	513
	GREGG	
12.221 h	Mathew	505
12.221	Michelle Jo Dixon	505
	GREGSON	
6231	Carol Lyn Richards	486
62311	Daniel Kim	486
6231 h	Kim Wolsey	486

I.D. No.		Page
	GRIGGS	
16.211	Brian Wilfred	517
16.212	Deborah Kay	517
16.216	Julie Dionne	517
16.21	Karen Ann Smith	517
16.215	Kathryn Ann	517
16.214	Kent David	517
16.213	Stephen Smith	517
16.21 h	Wilford Charles	517
	GUNTER	
8224	Cindy Bigelow	495
82242	Gale Tex	495
82241	Jeremiah Michael	495
8224 h	Robert Michael	495
	HARDIN	
311	Leslie Dixon	482
3111	Leslie Layne	482
311 h	Thomas Ray	482
3112	Vernon Shayne	482
	HARDING	
46 h	Curtis P.	484
	Photo	257
46	Grace Dangerfield	484
	Photo	257
	History	259
	Family Photo	258
	Home Photo	258
462	Judy Ann (Pugh)	484
461	Miriam (Waterman)	484
	HARMON	
14.611 h	Mark Lewis	514
14.611	Robin Lee Ipsen	514
	HARRISON	
2127	Angela	478
212	Dorothy Dixon	478
2125	Heather	478
2126	Holly (Jensen)	478
2123	Judith (George)	478
2121	Linda Lucille (Welling)	478
2124	Lisbeth (Domine)	478
2122	Patricia (Patcyk)	478
212 h	Virl L.	478
	HARWARD	
13.613 h	Gregory J.	511
13.613	Kristine Barrett	511
13.6131	Tamera Lynn	511
13.6132	Tasha Lee	511
	HEAL	
687 h	Alan Perry	490
6872	Amy Louise	490
6871	Maria Ann	490
687	Rosena Louise Kartchner	490
	HILLS	
12.231	Brenda Dixon	505
12.231 h	Dal	505
	HIPP	
11.61	Carol Leslie Anderson	502
11.611	Daniel Edward	502
11.612	Robert Dean	502
11.61 h	William E.	502
	HODSON	
6331	Diane Taylor	487
63311	Lane Taylor	487
6331 h	Scott Linn	487

I.D. No.		Page
	IPSEN	
14.61	Barbara June Payne	514
14.613	Bradley Payne	514
14.614	Dana Kaye	514
14.612	Janalyn	514
14.61 h	Robert Lee	514
14.611	Robin Lee (Harmon)	514
	JENSEN	
2126 h	David Dee	478
2126	Holly Harrison	378
61111	Jennifer Maurine	485
6111 h	Lawrence Jeremy	485
6111	Terri Fisher	485
	JESS	
11.51	Barbara Ann	502
11.5	Norma Dixon	502
	Photo	393
	History	394
11.5 h	Richard Graham	502
11.52	Richard Steven	502
	JOHNSON	
73211	Jason Larry	492
13.222	Jay Ladd	509
13.2221	Jay Lamar	509
13.22 h	Jay Lorus	509
13.225	Jeffry Warren	509
13.223	Jerry Dixon	509
73213	Joshua Keith	492
73212	Lacy Ann	492
7321 h	Larry Ronald	492
13.224	Lisa	509
13.221	Lori	509
7321	Micki Davis	492
13.22	Norma Jean Wagstaff	509
13.223 w	Sandra Jean Linford	509
13.222 w	Tammy Jones Sutton	509
	KARAWOWSKI	
761	Constance Lee Dixon	493
761 h	Eddie	493
7611	Scott Edward	493
	KARTCHNER	
6862	Benjamin Nelson	490
686	David Taylor	490
6821	Drew	490
683	Elaine	490
684	Ellen (Farrer)	490
68 h	Fred Dixon	490
	Photo	373
6822	Heather	490
6861	Jeffrey Nelson	490
686 w	Karen Renee Nelson	490
685 w	Kathryn Andersen	490
6854	Kelli	490
682	Kenneth Taylor	490
6852	Kerianne	490
681	Linda (Tyler)	490
682 w	MariAnne Allene Davis	490
6851	Mark Andersen	490
688	Mary Ann (Warner)	490
6824	Nathan	490
685	Richard Taylor	490
6823	Robin	490

I.D. No.		Page
	KARTCHNER	
687	Rosena Louise (Heal)	490
68	Ruth Elaine Taylor	490
	Photo	373
	History	375
	Family Photo	374
	Home Photo	374
	Wildwood Home	374
6853	Taylor Andersen	490
	KELLY	
16.82	Denise Dixon	519
16.821	Lisa Anne	519
16.82 h	Mark E.	519
	LANAHAN	
4423	Amy (Ejovec)	483
442	Carolyn Dangerfield	483
442 h	Edward	483
4422	Melissa	483
4421	Susan (Bowers)	483
	LARKIN	
2131 w	Carol Lynn White	479
21311	David Dixon	479
2131	Dixon Ferrin	479
213 h	E. Ferrin	479
2134	James Robert	479
2136	Jane	479
2132	Julia (Squires)	479
21341	Jennifer	479
14.221	Lance C.	512
213	Louise Dixon	479
2133	Martha Ann	479
2134 w	Martha C. Gleason	479
21351	Nicole	479
21352	Paul Benjamin	479
14.221	Rebecca Dixon McKay	512
21312	Sarah	479
2135 w	Sharon Elzey	479
2135	William Lyle	479
	LARSON	
12.5	Amy LaVern	506
	Photo	351
	History	353
	Family Photo	352
	Home Photo	352
12.51 w	Anne Breinholt	506
12.513	Barry O Neal	506
12.5	Doyle R.	506
	Photo	351
12.52 w	Kathy West	506
12.51	Larry O Neal	506
12.52	Michael Dixon	506
12.521	Ryan Michael	506
12.512	Stacy Jean	506
12.511	Suzanne	506
	LAWS	
13.524	Becky	510
13.522 w	Carol Eileen Patterson	510
13.521	Cynthia (Boren)	510
13.5221	Dennis Marvin	510
13.52	Elaine Joyce Denison	510
13.52 h	LaMar R.	510
13.525	Lamar	510

I.D. No.		Page
	LAWS	
13.526	Linda (Carrol)	510
13.522	Marvin	510
13.523	Terry (Alvey)	510
	LEE	
21422	Allison	479
2142 h	David	479
2142	Kay Dixon	479
21421	Nicole	479
	LEWIS	
10.314	Erin	500
10.31	Frederick Dixon	500
10.3 h	Frederick Wesley	500
	Photo	345
10.311	Jason Frederick	500
10.316	Jessica	500
10.32	John Stephen	500
10.315	Joshua David	500
10.312	Kerry Bradford	500
10.33	Lynn Ann (Dahlberg)	500
10.31 w	Patty Kay Stott	500
10.313	Rachel	500
10.34	Sandra Lee	500
10.3	Stella Dixon	500
	Photo	345
	History	347
	Family Photo	346
	Home Photo	346
	LINDERMAN	
13.122 h	Donald Dale	507
13.122	Pauline Dixon	507
13.1222	Randy	507
13.1221	Rebecca	507
	LOWE	
12.1112	Brenda Lisa	504
12.113	David Jordan	504
12.11 h	Howard D.	504
12.1111	Julie Renee	504
12.114	Kenton Alan	504
12.111	Kevin Howard	504
12.112	Lynda Ann (Weaver)	504
12.115	Mark Douglas	504
12.11	Ruth Reeve	504
12.111 w	Shauna Renee Johnson	504
	LUCIA	
14.52	Judith Childs	513
14.521	Matthew Bruce	513
14.522	Rachel Maurine	513
14.523	Seth Thomas	513
14.52 h	Thomas Allen	513
	MACHADO	
754	Janet Marie Bjorklund	493
7542	Kimberly Ann	493
754 h	Manuel H.	493
7541	Rodney Wayne	493
	MARIOTTI	
11.912	Amanda Jamie	503
11.91 h	Francesco	503
11.91	Linda Kay Dixon	503
11.911	Sarah Kate	503

I.D. No.		Page
	MARKHAM	
2525	Allen Lewis	481
253	Barbara Ann (Daines)	482
25111	Brian	481
2512	David Paul	481
254	Diane Louise (Stewart)	482
2518	Douglas Fred	481
25 h	Fred Lewis	481
	Photo	133
2516	Jae Daniel	481
2514	James Lewis	481
251	John Frederick	481
252	Joseph Dixon	481
252 w	Junece Jex	481
2524	Karl William	481
2517	Kay April	481
2522	Kevin Richard	481
2522 w	Lisa Dawn Hansen	481
2523	Mary Ann	481
25	Maud Dixon	481
	Photo	133
	History	135
	Family Photo	134
	Home Photo	134
	Wildwood Home	134
2521	Michael Dixon	481
2513	Reed B.	481
251 w	Reeda Bjarnson	481
2515	Robert Dixon	481
2511 w	Rosanne Gibson	481
25112	Stephanie	481
2511	Steven John	481
	MARSHALL	
8625	Amber Nicole	497
862	Deanna Dixon	497
8621	Eric Steven	497
8622	Erin	497
8623	Ryan Dixon	497
862 h	Steven B.	497
8624	Tera Cassandra	497
	MARTINEZ	
8222	Elaine Bigelow	495
82224	Jason Dale	495
8222 h	Kenneth Boyd	495
82223	Travis Ken	495
	MC CONACHIE	
5 h	Alexander Collie	484
	Very Brief Life Sketch	150
51	Donald	484
52	Nancy Shearsmith(Armstrong)	484
5	Sarah Ann Dixon	484
	Very Brief Life Sketch	150
	MC EWAN	
13.113	Alan Dixon	507
13.1132	Alan Dixon, Jr.	507
13.1133	Amanda Kay	507
13.1141	Andrea Lyn	507
13.1131	Christina	507
13.1124	Cynthia Kay	507
13.114	David Vernon	507

INDEX TO DESCENDANTS OF H. A. DIXON

I.D. No.		Page
	MC EWAN	
13.113 w	Debra Lynn Cook	507
13.112 w	Dorcus Rita Fowers	507
13.115	Glen Richard	507
13.112	James Harold	507
13.11 h	Junius Harold	507
13.11	Lois Dixon	507
13.111	Lynda (Morgan)	507
13.114 w	Mary Ann Warner	507
13.1123	Melissa Ann	507
13.1125	Richard James	507
13.1121	Sandra Lee	507
13.1122	Tamara Lyn	507
	McKay	
14.222	Catherine Dixon	512
14.223	Christine Dixon	512
14.225	David Dixon	512
14.226	Kimberly Dixon	512
14.221	Rebecca Dixon (Larkin)	512
14.22 h	Richard Llewelyn	512
14.224	Richard Llewelyn, Jr.	512
14.22	Vivian Dixon	512
	MC KIBBEN	
15.121 h	Darwin	516
15.1211	Shawn C.	516
15.121	Susan Lynne	516
	MENDENHALL	
10.635	Jeromy Ron	501
10.634	Monica	501
10.63	Nancy Schugk	501
10.633	Paul Brandon	501
10.632	Rochelle	501
10.63 h	Ron Lynn	501
10.631	Troy Lynn	501
	MEYERS	
752	Barbara Gail Bjorklund	493
7521	Kenneth	493
752 h	Tom	493
7522	Thomas Craig	493
	MITCHELL	
13.1242	Janie Lyn	508
13.124 h	Jerry Leon	508
13.124	Sherline	508
13.1241	Wendy Sue	508
	MOOSMAN	
12.2142	Eric Taylor	504
12.214	Julie Ann Taylor	504
12.2143	Melissa Ann	504
12.2141	Ryan Travis	504
12.214 h	Travis	504
	MORGAN	
13.1116	Allison Kay	507
13.1117	Amber Joy	507
13.1114	Cheryl Lee	507
13.111 h	Eldon Ray	507
13.1112	Eldon Ray, Jr.	507
13.1113	Lisa La Dawn	507
13.111	Lynda Mc Ewan	507
13.1115	Robert Adam	507
13.1111	Teri Lyn	507

I.D. No.		Page
	NEERINGS	
824	Janice Ann Ford	495
8241	Jill	495
824 h	John Theodore	495
8244	Lisa	495
8243	Shellia	495
8242	Troy	495
	NEILSEN	
2322	Julie Ann Robinson	480
2322 h	Martin David	480
23221	Ryan Wayne	480
	NELSON	
65	Alice Louise Taylor	489
	Photo	199
	History	201
	Family Photo	200
	Home Photo	200
	Brickerhaven Home	200
6545	Allison	489
6542	Annie	489
651	Arthur Taylor	489
651 w	Bonnie McKay	489
14.85	Carolyn	515
6523	Catherine Louise	489
653	Christina Louise (Preston)	489
6521	Christine	489
14.82 w	Claudia Greene	515
655 w	Consuelo Marquez	489
6522	David Christian	489
14.82	David LeRoy	515
14.882	David Taylor	515
14.83	Diane	515
65 h	G. El Roy	489
	Photo	199
14.8	Gladys Dixon	515
	Photo	419
	History	421
	Family Photo	420
	Home Photo	420
14.821	Heather	515
654	Henry Aldous	489
14.8	Ivan William	515
	Photo	419
14.81	Ivan William II	515
655	James Nicholls	489
6512	Jeanne Louise	489
14.81 w	Jeanne Newman	515
652	John Christian	489
14.86	Julie Anne	515
14.84 w	Kathleen Jo Dana	515
14.84	Kent Dixon	515
14.813	Kevin Wayne	515
654 w	Kristy Stewart	489
652 w	Mary Lynne Sanders	489
6524	Matthew John	489
6544	Melissa	489
6511	Michael McKay	489
6541	Rebecca	489
14.811	Ryan William	515
6551	Sarah Jane	489

I.D. No.		Page
	NELSON	
6543	Scott Aldous	489
14.812	Shannon	515
14.842	Steven Aaron	515
6525	Steven Sharp	489
6513	Thomas Taylor	489
14.841	Wayne Kent	515
	NICHOLS	
753 h	Clayton	493
753	Gloria Faye Bjorklund	493
7531	Julie	493
7534	Roberta Ann	493
7532	Sherrie	493
7533	Tina	493
	NICOL	
8222	Elaine Bigelow	495
82222	Jalayne	495
82221	Stephanie	495
8222 h	Steven Ted	495
	NUNNALLY	
421	Kay Dangerfield	483
	OHRAN	
13.5212	Angelia Elaine	510
13.521 h	Bradley	510
13.521	Cynthia Laws	510
13.5211	Joseph Scott	510
	OLSON	
13.2131	Adam Hogan	508
12.42	Barbara Ballif	506
13.214	Cory Mont	508
13.421	Christine	509
13.2111	Dane Russell	508
13.42 h	Darrel W.	509
13.211	David Russell	508
13.216	Denise	508
13.424	Denise Leona	509
13.21	Donna Mae Wagstaff	508
13.422	James Darrel	509
13.213 w	Jan Hogan	508
13.21 h	Jerald Russell	508
13.211 w	Judy Mortenson	508
13.214 w	Karen Dee Green	508
12.42 h	Kenneth	506
13.2132	Kirk Russell	508
13.215	Kurt Dixon	508
13.2113	Mandy Sue	508
13.42	Mary Ann Dixon	509
13.423	Robert Reed	509
13.212	Shelly (Buckley)	508
13.425	Stephen Jeffery	509
13.213	Steven Craig	508
13.2114	Travis Paul	508
13.2112	Trinda Lynn	508
13.426	Vicki	509
	OSBORN	
14.554	Erin Iris	514
14.55 h	Gregory Robert	514
14.551	Jacob Gregory	514
14.55	Kristine Childs	514
14.553	Luke Childs	514
14.552	Megan Kristine	514

I.D. No.		Page
	PADEN	
10.43	Dixie Lee Andrews	500
10.43 h	Donald Edward	500
10.432	Hope Elizabeth	500
10.433	Mark Christopher	500
10.431	Peter James	500
10.434	Tiffany Ann	500
	PATCYK	
2122 h	Leonard John	478
2122	Patricia Harrison	478
	PATTERSON	
13.52	Elaine Joyce Denison	511
13.52 h	Milton W.	511
	PAYNE	
14.61	Barbara June (Ipsen)	514
14.62	Bette Lyn (Petersen)	514
14.6 h	E. Junius	514
	Photo	357
14.6	Helen Dixon	514
	Photo	357
	History	359
	Family Photo	358
	Home Photo	358
	PEPPINGER	
10.41	Charlene Andrews	500
10.411	John Robert	500
10.41 h	Michael G.	500
	PETERSEN	
14.62	Bette Lyn Payne	514
14.623	Brian Warren	514
16.712	Christine	518
16.71	Cynthia Richardson	518
14.624	David Warren	514
14.621	Kristi Lyn	514
14.622	Lisa Ann	514
14.62 h	Robert Warren	514
16.711	Scott Weslie	518
16.71 h	Stephen Henry	518
16.713	Suzanne	518
	PITCHER	
14.451	Allison	513
14.454	Emilee	513
14.45 h	Frank Lee	513
14.452	Frank Summerhays	513
14.453	Marianne	513
14.455	Michael Summerhays	513
14.45	Sandra Summerhays	513
	PRESTON	
653	Christina Louise Nelson	489
6533	Elizabeth	489
653 h	Ronald W.	489
6531	Suzanna	489
6532	Trevor Jorge	489
	PUGH	
4623	Brian Curtis	484
4624	Jason Richard	484
462	Judy Ann Harding	484
4622	Kevin James	484
462 h	Lorin K.	484
4621	Scott Christopher	484

I.D. No. Page
PULSIPHER
13.123 h Don Wayne 508
13.1232 Kerry Lee 508
13.1233 Mandy Rae 508
13.1231 Shantel 508
13.123 Suzanne Dixon 508
PURVES
16.221 David Byron 517
16.222 Jennifer Lynne 517
16.223 Katherine Ann 517
16.224 Lorraine Dawn 517
16.225 Nathan Daniel 517
16.22 h Robert Byron 517
16.22 Susan Louise Smith 517
REES
16.13 h David Michael 517
16.13 Janet Dixon 517
16.132 Michelle 517
16.131 Steven Michael 517
16.133 Wendy 517
REEVE
12.1 h Fenton W. 504
Photo 137
12.1 Rhea Luthenia 504
Photo 137
History 139
Family Photo 138
Home Photo 138
12.11 Ruth (Lowe) 504
RICH
7612 Darrin Lee 493
761 h David Lee Rich 493
761 Constance Lee Dixon 493
RICHARDS
6233 Bryan Taylor 486
6231 Carol Lyn (Gregson) 486
623 h H. Bryan 486
6235 Heidi 486
6237 Jenny Lynn 486
6238 John Taylor 486
623 Lynn Anne Taylor 486
6236 Rebecca 486
6234 Robyn 486
6232 Shari 486
RICHARDSON
16.72 w Colleen Larsen 518
16.71 Cynthia (Petersen) 518
16.74 David Thomas 518
16.7.10 Diana 518
16.75 Don Dixon 518
16.72 Douglas Weslie 518
16.76 Glen Alan 518
16.7 Gloria May Dixon 518
Photo 447
History 449
Family Photo 448
Home Photo 448
16.7.11 Linda 518
16.73 Marilyn (Devine) 518
16.78 Patrick Arnold 518
16.721 Paul Douglas 518
16.79 Rebecca 518

I.D. No. Page
RICHARDSON
16.77 Sandra 518
16.722 Thomas Blaine 518
16.7 h Thomas Weslie 518
Photo 447
RIRIE
10.152 Adam Kent 499
10.14 Annette (Turner) 499
10.13 w Barbara Warrene Temple 499
10.122 Brent Richard 499
10.13 Craig Martin 499
10.11 Dixon Farrell 499
10.121 Janeal 499
10.124 Jarrem Boyd 499
10.134 Kendall Rochell 499
10.15 Kent Hyrum 499
10.12 w Larraine Humphries 499
10.15 w Margaret Valee Jolley 499
10.126 Mariah 499
10.123 Mark Owen 499
10.1 h Martin C. 499
Photo 249
10.11 w Monta Mae Morris 499
10.131 Paige Diane 499
10.12 Richard Owen 499
10.115 Scott David 499
10.132 Seth Stephen 499
10.113 Shari 499
10.114 Shelly 499
10.111 Stephen Dixon 499
10.112 Susan 499
10.125 Taylor Martin 499
10.133 Theron Keith 499
10.1 VaLera Dixon 499
Photo 249
History 251
Family Photo 250
Home Photo 250
10.151 Valerie Jo 499
ROBERTS
7312 Cindi Marlene Dixon 491
73121 Rodney Jory 491
7312 h Rodney Kay 491
ROBINSON
2321 w Brenda Marie Brotnov 480
232 h George W. 480
2322 Julie Ann (Neilsen) 480
2323 Jon Jay 480
232 June Mary Dixon 480
2321 Stanley Wayne 480
ROSE
8414 Adryne Cathlene 496
8412 Christine 496
8415 Gary Paul 496
841 h Gary T. 496
8413 James 496
841 Linda Dixon 496
8411 Robert Dixon 496
ROWLEY
15.122 Denise Irene West 516
15.1223 Kristine Ruby 516
13.121 Le Ann Dixon 507

I.D. No.		Page
	ROWLEY	
15.1222	Lynette Dawn	516
13.1212	Marie	507
13.1211	Robert Lee	507
15.122 h	Robert Lee, Jr.	516
15.1221	Robert Lee III	516
15.1224	Sarah Irene	516
13.121 h	Thomas Robert	507
	SCHUGK	
10.611	Baby	501
10.616	David Charles	501
10.61	Dennis Charles	501
10.61 w	Elisabeth Hall Rees	501
10.613	John Edward II	501
10.64	Judy	501
10.615	Kristy Lynn	501
10.63	Nancy (Mendenhall)	501
10.6 h	Percy John	501
	Photo	425
10.617	Richard Alfred	501
10.61 w	Sharon Kilpatrick	501
10.65	Sonjia	501
10.612	Stefanie	501
10.614	Stephanie Ann	501
10.62	Suzette (Bowles)	501
10.6	Virginia Dixon	501
	Photo	425
	History	427
	Family Photo	426
	Home Photo	426
	SHAW	
21114	David Austin	477
2115	Erin Jean (Taggart)	477
211 h	John Austin	477
2111	John Austin II	477
21113	John Christopher	477
2113	Kathleen (Gambles)	477
21112	Marian	477
21111	Mary Elizabeth	477
2111 w	Mary Wilson	477
2116	Phyllis Anita (Wiggins)	477
211	Phyllis Dixon	477
2117	Robert Dixon	477
2118	Rose Mary	477
2112	Sandra (Davies)	477
21115	Sarah Anne	477
2114	Sylvia (Bell)	477
	SIMMONS	
82131	Adam David	494
8213	David Edwin	494
821 h	Edwin Van Dyke	494
8212	Lori Jean (Decker)	494
821	Marilyn Mae Ford	494
8213 w	Terrie Lee Brewer	494
8214	Timothy Ford	494
8211	Wendy Lee (Tegeder)	494
	SMITH	
13.524	Becky Laws	510
11.11	Cecile Marjorie Dixon	502
11.111	Cory Garner	502
13.524 h	Creig B.	510
	SMITH	
16.2 h	Donald H.	517
	Photo	381
16.2	Evelyn Dixon	517
	Photo	381
	History	383
	Family Photo	382
13.5241	Jackson Kay	510
13.5244	Jake	510
231	Jean Luella Dixon	480
16.21	Karen Ann (Griggs)	517
11.112	Kip Dixon	502
13.5242	Lucas Robert	510
	Mary Ann Smith (Dixon)	483
231 h	Ralph Nye	480
2311	Robert Nye	480
2312	Rodney	480
11.11 h	Ronald Jay	502
13.5243	Sarah Jane	510
13.5245	Sonjia Inez	510
16.22	Susan Louise (Purves)	517
	SQUIRES	
2132	Julia Larkin	479
21321	Lisa	479
2132 h	Ray White	479
21322	Teresa	479
	STEWART	
6131	Brent Taylor	485
254	Diane Louise Markham	482
2541	Elizabeth Ann	482
2542	Emily	482
613 h	G. Keith	485
254 h	Gary	482
6133	Jan	485
6134	Jon Taylor	485
6131 w	Karen Gardner	485
6132	Kim Taylor	485
613	Nancy Taylor	485
	STOKES	
14.415	Colleen Anderson	513
14.415 h	Reed Chester	513
14.4151	Tyler A.	513
	SUMMERHAYS	
14.444	Bethany Ann	513
14.442	Candice	513
14.42	Clyde Dixon	513
14.4	Clyde J.	513
	Photo	273
14.43	Diana (Graham)	513
14.443	Eric Allen	513
14.44 w	Janice Gayle Allen	513
14.441	Michael Allen	513
14.44	Michael Dixon	513
14.45	Sandra (Pitcher)	513
14.41	Sarah (Anderson)	513
14.4	Sarah Vera Dixon	513
	Photo	273
	History	275
	Family Photo	274
	Home Photo	274
	Brickerhaven Home	274

I.D. No.		Page
	TAGGART	
2115 h	Douglas Andrew	477
2115	Erin Jean Shaw	477
21152	Robert John	477
21151	Stephanie	477
	TANGREN	
11.2 h	James Colin	502
	Photo	295
11.23	James Dixon	502
11.2	Mildred Dixon	502
	Photo	295
	History	297
	Family Photo	296
	Home Photo	296
11.22	Nancy Ann (Ford)	502
11.21	Sharon Lynn (Beyers)	502
	TAYLOR	
65	Alice Louise (Nelson)	489
6254	Allen Craig	486
64 w	Alta Hansen	488
	Photo	161
6433	Amelia Katharine	488
6414	Amy	488
632.11	Anna	487
6442	Anna	488
6523	Anna Lise	486
642	Anthony Hansen	488
61	Arthur Dixon	485
	Photo	89
	History	91
	Family Photo	89
	Home Photo	89
6 h	Arthur Nicholls	485
	Very Brief Life Sketch	8
6413	Bradford Green	488
6417	Brigham Green	488
621 w	Catherine Pearson	486
62 w	Celestia M. Johnson	486
	Photo	97
66	Clarence Dixon	489
	Photos	241
641	Colette Green	488
12.211	Colleen (Densley)	504
12.2121	Cori Lynn	504
644	David Arthur	488
6325	David Hoen	487
6252	David Lynn	486
6213	David Pearson	486
632 w	Deanna Kay Hoen	487
625 w	Debra Sue Wagstaff	486
6411 w	Denise Meshinski	488
6331	Diane (Hodson)	487
12.213 w	Diane Taylor	504
614	Dixie (Frampton)	485
12.212	Douglas Dixon	504
6251	Douglas Dixon	486
611	Elayne (Fisher)	485
63	Elton LeRoy	487
	Photo	123
	History	125
	Family Photo	124
	Home Photo	124
	Farm Photo	124

I.D. No.		Page
	TAYLOR	
6441	Emily	488
63 w	Ethel L. Scott	487
	Photo	123
67 w	Ethelyn Peterson	489
	Photo	329
12.21 h	Floyd R.	504
6415	George Green	488
625	George Terry	486
64	Henry Dixon	488
	Photo	161
	History	163
	Family Photo	162
	Home Photo	162
	Brickerhaven Home	162
641	Henry Dixon, Jr.	488
6411	Henry Dixon III	488
6321	James Hoen	487
632	James Scott	487
622	Janice (DeGraw)	486
621	John Arthur	486
6211	John Arthur, Jr.	486
6333	John Tanner	487
631	Julia (Anderson)	487
6326	Julie	487
12.214	Julie Ann (Moosman)	504
624	Kathryn Dee (Brockbank)	486
6324	Kathy	487
612	Kent G.	485
6329	Kent Hoen	486
644 w	Kristine Boynton	488
12.2132	Leslie Ann	504
12.215	Lisa Jeanne	504
12.212 w	Lori Dunford	504
643 w	Lorna Bird	488
634	Louise (Woodruff)	488
62	Lynn Dixon	486
	Photo	97
	History	99
	"Our home on the hill"	100
	Family Photo	98
	Home Photo	98
	Brickerhaven Home	98
623	Lynn Anne (Richards)	486
6	Maria Louise Dixon	485
	Photo	5
	Very Brief Life Sketch	7
12.21	Mary Lou Dixon	504
61 w	Maurine Goodridge	485
	Photo	89
6418	Megan	488
613	Nancy (Stewart)	485
633 w	Nancy Lee Tanner	487
6416	Nicole	488
67	Orson Kenneth	489
	Photo	329
	History	331
	Home Photo	330
	Brickerhaven	330
633	Paul Scott	487
6334	Paul Scott, Jr.	487
6443	Phillip David	488
64111	Rachel	488

I.D. No		Page
	TAYLOR	
12.213	Richard Floyd	504
68	Ruth Elaine (Kartchner)	490
6322	Scott Hoen	487
12.2131	Scott Richardson	504
12.2122	Stacey Lee	504
643	Stephen Kroge	488
6431	Stephen Kroge, Jr.	488
6327	Steven Hoen	487
632.10	Susan	487
6323	Teri	487
6212	Thomas	486
6412	Thomas Green	488
6328	Thomas Hoen	487
6332	Wayne Tanner	487
6432	William Oliver	488
	TEGEDER	
82111	Andrew Robert	494
8211 h	Robert William	494
82112	Troy Dixon	494
8211	Wendy Lee Simmons	494
	TEMPEST	
12.313	Daniel Dixon	505
12.31	Diane Dixon	505
12.31 h	John Henry III	505
12.312	Stephen Dixon	505
12.311	Terri Lynn (Williams)	505
12.314	William Henry	505
	TURNER	
10.14	Annette Ririe	499
10.142	Reed Martin	499
10.144	Rhett Marshall	499
10.145	Rick Mathew	499
10.141	Robert Morris	499
10.14 h	Ronald Morris	499
10.143	Ryan Michael	499
	TYLER	
6812	Daniel Kartchner	490
6813	Jennilynn	490
681	Linda Kartchner	490
6811	Michael	490
6814	Ruth Ann	490
781 h	Steven L.	490
	WADE	
12.42	Barbara Ballif	506
12.42 h	Blaine	506
12.423	Daniel George	506
12.421	David Kenneth Olson	506
12.4211	Kristalyn	506
12.421 w	Lynne Harris	506
12.422	Pamela Olson	506
	WAGSTAFF	
13.2	Afton Dixon	508
	Photo	203
	History	205
	Family Photo	204
	Home Photo	204
13.233	Brenda Ann	509
13.231	Cindi Rae	509
13.2 h	Dermont W.	508
	Photo	203
13.21	Donna Mae (Olson)	508

I.D. No.		Page
	WAGSTAFF	
13.23	Gary Mont	509
13.23 w	Jolene Robb	509
13.24	Kathleen (Yorgason)	509
13.232	Mark Allen	509
13.22	Norma Jean (Johnson)	509
13.234	Stacey	509
	WAKEFIELD	
8112 h	Alan Blaine	494
8112	Beverly Ann Boshard	494
81121	Lori Ann	494
811.22	Michelle	494
81123	Scott	494
	WARNER	
688	Mary Ann Kartchner	490
688 h	Steven Lane	490
	WATERMAN	
4613	Bradley James	484
4611	David Glen	484
461 h	Glen	484
4612	Michael Curtis	484
461	Miriam Harding	484
	WEAVER	
12.112 h	David Gary	504
12.1121	Dustin David	504
12.112	Lynda Ann Lowe	504
	WELLING	
21211	Bart Harrison	478
21213	Cassandra Ann	478
2121 h	David Robert	478
2121	Linda Lucille Harrison	478
21212	Mathew Dean	478
	WEST	
15.11	Audrey Lorraine	516
15.1231	Christine Marie	516
15.122	Denise Irene (Rowley)	516
15.12	Donald Lynn	516
	"Our conversion to the Mormon Church"	222
15.123	Donald Lynn, Jr.	516
15. h	George Washington	516
	Very Brief Life Sketch	218
15.	Harriet Amelia Dixon	516
	Very Brief Life Sketch	218
15.123 w	Helen Kae Neilsen	516
15.12 w	Jackie Jean Ricks	516
15.1	Lynn Dixon	516
	Photo	219
	Short History	221
	Family Photo	220
15.1 w	Mabel May Hansen (Photo)	219
15.121	Susan Lynne (McKibben)	516
15.12 w	Winifred Marie Marker	516
	WILDER	
13.1223	Connie	508
13.122	Pauline Dixon	508
13.122 h	Thomas C.	508
	WILLIAMS	
12.311 h	Brooke S.	505
12.311	Terri Lynn Tempest	505

I.D. No.		Page
	WIGGINS	
21161	Bradford Jay	477
2116 h	Jay Brad	477
2116	Phyllis Anita Shaw	477
	WITTE	
73311	Crystal Star	492
7331	Kellie Jean Elliott	492
7331 h	Wesley Taylor	492
	WOOD	
6342	Becky Lynn Woodruff	488
6342 h	David	488
63421	Jenifer Lynn	488
63422	Trevor Martin	488
	WOODRUFF	
6343	Barry Clifford	488
6342	Becky Lynn (Wood)	488
634 h	Clifford A.	488
634	Louise Taylor	488
6344	Russell Elton	488
6341	Shelly K. (Craig)	488
6345	Taylor Jarvis	488
6346	Wendy Louise	488

I.D. No.		Page
	VAKSINICK	
73112	April Ann	491
7311 h	Kurt R.	491
73111	Rudolph Kurt	491
7311	Terri Mae Dixon	491
	YORGASON	
13.24 h	Blaine M	509
13.245	Daniel Gayle	509
13.244	David Travis	509
13.24	Kathleen Wagstaff	509
13.246	Michelle	509
13.242	Nathan	509
13.243	Steven	509
13.241	Tamara Lynn	509

EXPLANATION OF FAMILY IDENTIFICATION NUMBER

The family identification number is a simple way of being able to look at any of the names of Henry Aldous Dixon's posterity and by the identification number assigned to this individual, immediately determine which of the sixteen children they descend from. It will also show if they are of the first, second, third or so, generation and where they fit into each family according to date of birth.

As an example:

13.112 is the I. D. No. of JAMES HAROLD MC EWAN.
13. (I.D.No.) The 13th child of H.A. Dixon is Parley Smith.
13.1 (I.D.No.) is Parley's oldest child Vernon.
13.11 (I.D.No.) is Vernon's oldest child, Lois.
13.112 (I.D.No.) is Lois' 2nd oldest child James Harold.

Or:

2142 (I.D.No.) is assigned to KAY DIXON.
2 (I.D.No.) is John DeGrey Dixon, 2nd child of Henry A. Dixon.
21 (I.D.No.) is the oldest child of John DeGrey Dixon, who is Henry Aldous Dixon II
214 (I.D.No.) is John Aldous Dixon, 4th child of Henry Aldous Dixon II.
2142 (I.D.No.) is Kay Dixon, 2nd child of John Aldous Dixon.

Or:

16.10.2 is the I.D. No. of KYLE DEGREY CHRISTENSEN.
16. (I.D.No.) is Arnold Dixon, the 16th child of Henry Aldous Dixon.
16.10 (I.D.No.) is the 10th child of Arnold Dixon, Doris Ann.
16.10.2 (I.D. No.) is Kyle DeGrey Christensen, 2nd child of Doris Ann Dixon Christensen.

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